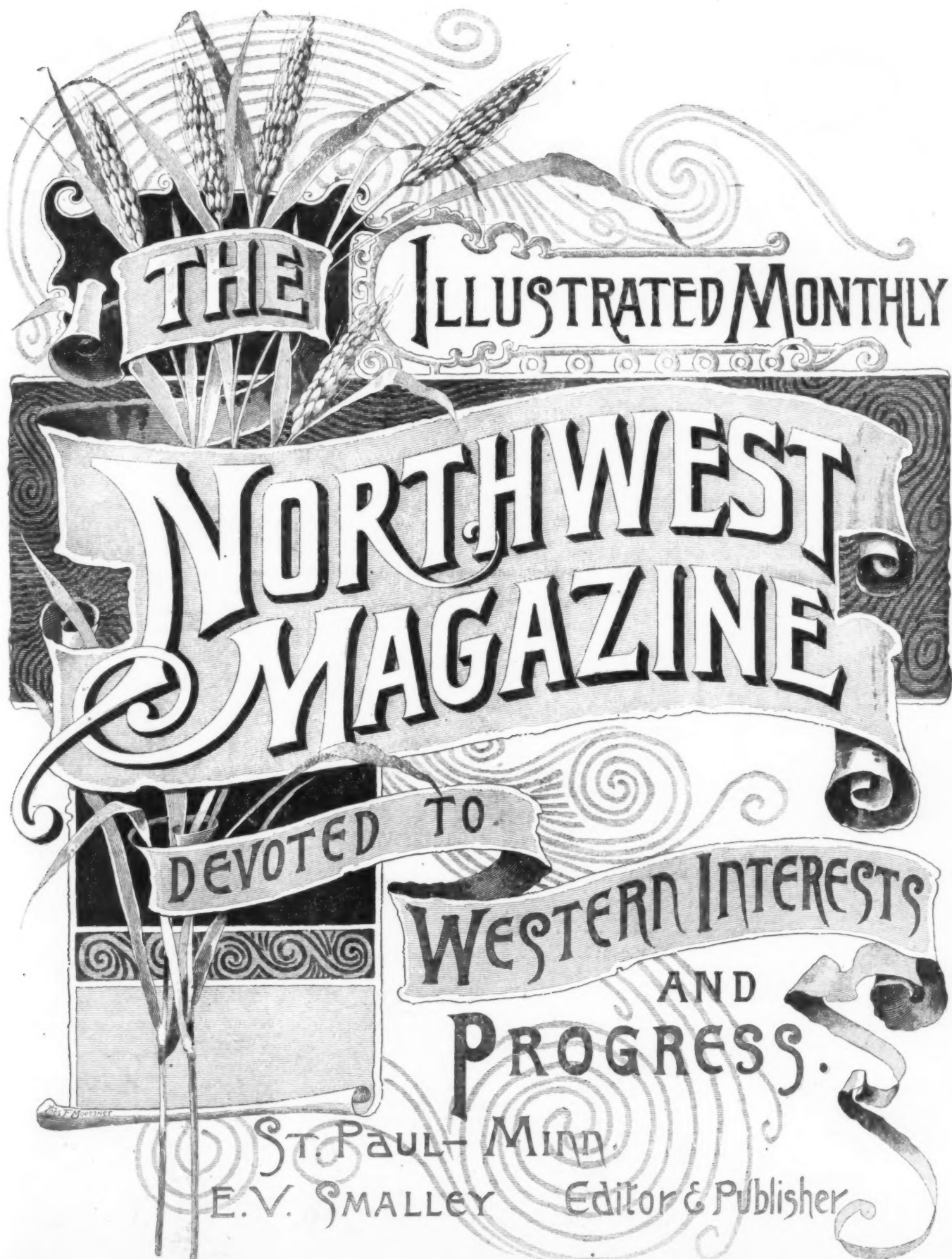


2
The only Illustrated Literary Magazine in the Northwest.

JANUARY, 1895. VOL. XIII. NO. 1.



Subscription Price \$2 Per Year. Single Copies, 20 Cents.

Gorham Manufacturing Co.,

SILVERSMITHS,

Broadway & 19th St.,

NEW YORK.

Silverware for Hotel, Club and Dining Car Service.



The Tableware for use in club service should be of the most substantial character in manufacture, of good design and correct proportion. The GORHAM Plated Ware has almost exclusively been adopted by the first-class houses, as possessing not only those qualities but because it has been found the most economical for the purpose. This now celebrated ware has been on the market for 25 years and during that time has maintained the reputation of being the

FINEST AND MOST DURABLE WARE MADE.

The borders, bezels and all mounts are silver soldered, and all joints are made from one solid piece. New and attractive forms are being constantly added to the assortment.

Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.
DEALERS IN
**GENERAL
MILL
SUPPLIES**
COPYRIGHT 1899
**BELTING, OIL & LATHYARNS,
TWINES, CORDAGE & WIRE ROPE.**
COPYRIGHT 1899
202-208 S. WATER ST., CHICAGO.

SHIFFLER BRIDGE CO.,

Main Office and Works:

Forty-Eighth Street and A. V. R. R.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The ROBERT W. HUNT & CO. BUREAU OF INSPECTION, TESTS AND CONSULTATION.

INSTRUCTION of Ralls, Fish Plates, Cars and other Railway Materials, Chemical and Physical Laboratories. ANALYSIS of Ores, Irons, Steels and Oils. CONSULTATION on Iron and Steel Metallurgy and Construction.

Principal Office, THE ROOKERY, CHICAGO. Branch Offices, Hamilton Building, PITTSBURGH; No. 328 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA; No. 80 Broadway, NEW YORK.

ROBERT W. HUNT, M.Am.Soc.C.E., M.Am.Inst.M.E., M.Am.Soc.M.E., late Gen.Sup.Troy Steel and Iron Co. JOHN J. CONE, Engineer of Tests; A.W. FIERO, Insp'g Engin'r; G.W.G. FERRIS, C.E.; JAMES C. HALLSTED, C.E.; WM. P. GRONAU, C.E.; D.W. McNAUGHER, C.E.—Northwestern Agents for Riehle Bros. Testing Machines.

AARON FRENCH, Chairman.
JULIUS E. FRENCH, Vice Chairman.

GEO. W. MORRIS, Gen'l Manager.
P. N. FRENCH, Gen'l Superintendent.

D. C. NOBLE, Sec'y & Treas.

A. FRENCH SPRING CO.,

PITTSBURGH, PENN.

Elliptic and Spiral Springs of Every Description.

NEW YORK, 88 Boreel Building.

BOSTON, 52 Mason Building.

CHICAGO, Phoenix Building.

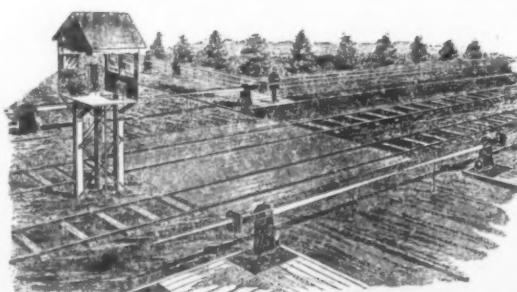
BOGUE & MILLS M'F'G CO.

—MANUFACTURERS—

Bogue & Mills System Pneumatic Lever and Cable Gates for Railroad Crossings.

The Bogue & Mills' Pneumatic Gate is less complicated in its construction than any crossing gate made, therefore less liable to get out of order.

The Bogue & Mills' Pneumatic Gate that locks its arms down and well as up and that operates its arms together against strong winds. This is a very essential point to consider, as we can show where accidents have occurred where one arm had come down into position and the other arm but partly down, thus allowing teams to pass through and under the arm on to the tracks.



LONDON, ENG.

TORONTO, ONT

UNDERWOOD'S
Type Writer's
RIBBONS
AND
Carbon Papers
are acknowledged to be
THE BEST.
Send for prices.
163 La Salle St., CHICAGO.
30 Vesey St., NEW YORK.
BOSTON, MASS.

IRON GLAD PAINT CO.,

Office, No. 3 Chase Bld'g, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

No. 1, Rosine Red.

No. 3, Brown Purple.

" 2, Light Brown.

" 4, Brown.



Trade Mark patented. Paint patented.
Standard Bridge Paint adopted by N. P. R. R.

RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S

CELEBRATED

INDEXED POCKET MAPS

—OF—

Every State and Territory,
Revised to Date.

PRICE 25 CENTS EACH.

For sale everywhere.

RAND, McNALLY & CO., Publishers,
CHICAGO and NEW YORK.



CHARLES H. BESLEY & CO. 10-12 N. CANAL ST. CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.

JULIUS DeLONG & CO.,

Manufacturers of

HAIR FELT,

For Steam Pipes, Boilers, etc.

Refrigerator Car Orders a specialty.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

"There Is No Royal Road To public favor any more than to earning. This is true, at all events, in America where intrinsic excellence is necessary to secure and retain the popular favor. The reason The North-Western Line is one of the most popular railroads is that is service is not only always up to date, but *away ahead of the date*. In our opinion, this is the best line between Chicago and the Twin Cities.—The Excursionist, Chicago.

Of the Western Roads Extensively Using Our Gates, We refer you to the

Chicago & Northwestern;
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy;
Chicago & Western Indiana;
Northern Pacific;
Chicago & Grand Trunk;
Illinois Central;
Chicago & West Michigan;
Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh;
Chicago & Alton;
Chicago & Eastern Illinois;
Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago;
Union Pacific System.

Correspondence solicited.

Office, 218 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

ONT

st.

by
HIO.
rpla.

MARK

r. p.

S

PS

ta.

ORK.

ity.

ng
ere
ure
son
ost
not
In
and

n-

ch;

ro;

u.

=
V
=
C

af
w
av
al
su
cl
pe
n
pi
m
ta
n
an
un
w

in
fo
T
re
M
th
"
th
it
00
an
F
of
th
at
lo

th
to
th
be
th
li
th
bi
th
bi
co
an
ac
ot
th
on

THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

Copyrighted, 1895, by E. V. SMALLEY.

VOL. XIII.—No. 1.

ST. PAUL, JANUARY, 1895.

TERMS: } 20 CENTS PER COPY.
} \$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

CLIMBING MOUNT HOOD.

Even ten years ago old pioneers living, day after day, beneath the shadows of the great white pyramids of a Western world, looked with awe upon mountain peaks rivaling the Alps in altitude and beauty, and declared, as do the superstitious Indians, that no one had ever dared climb their summits. In truth, at that time few people had undertaken the ascent of the snow peaks of the Cascades, and not all of the small number had succeeded. Recently, with the improvement of roads and trails and the establishment of stage lines, the timber line of the mountains, 6,000 feet or more in elevation, offers innumerable attractions for camps and outings, and hundreds of people desert the towns in July and August for a trip to the hills, sure to return unrecognizably browned, and invariably charmed with their experience.

Mountain climbing in the Northwest developed into a pronounced fad this last summer. Nearly forty persons climbed to the crater of Mount Tacoma—as many, perhaps, as had ever before reached that point in all the years of its invasion. Mountain fever in Oregon culminated in the attack and capture of Hood by the "Mazamas" on the nineteenth of July. At that time over 190 men and women reached its summit and saw from an altitude of 12,000 feet the cycloramic canvas of the hills and plains of Oregon and Washington. Fields of wheat in the east, great stretches of fir in the west—golden and green in their beauty—kingdoms of wealth separated by the Cascades' snow-tipped battalion of boulders.

Three hundred people had come from thirty towns to join the pilgrim army in a toilsome ascent of Mt. Hood. They left the last shelter of the evergreens hours before sunrise, and in the cold midst of a thunder storm began the climb. A long line of invaders marked the course far up the mountain side, and from two o'clock in the morning until sunset the Alpenstock brigade marched up the snowy slopes, and then marched down again. They resisted the attacks of snow and incisive hail, braved the fierceness of cyclonic wind, conquered a steep and slippery slope of ice, and crawled around the edge or even across a deep crevasse. These were the obstacles that lay in the Mazamas' trail—the incidents that turned the less experienced down the mountains, but urged the

pluckier climbers on to the summit. At that height was formed an organization of mountain climbers that will undertake in the future the scaling of Cascades, Olympics and Selkirks, and will contribute towards those sciences which have already been enriched by mountain exploration. The permanency of the club, if it has one, will be due to the test of the members' zeal, no one being permitted to join until he has climbed a high snow peak. From the Spanish comes the word "Mazama"—meaning the mountain goat, or American chamois. Out of respect to the rapidly diminishing species, and indicative of the proposed feats, the club has chosen its name, and 120 men and women of the Northwest are proud of charter membership.

Compared to the ascent of Mt. Tacoma, that of Hood is not difficult. The writer made the climb from timber line to summit in seven hours, while the ascent from the same altitude to the top of Mt. Tacoma required seventeen. There is comparatively little exhaustion occasioned on the Oregon peak, but the difficulty of respiration renders the climb on Tacoma a tiresome task. Save the crossing of one large crevasse there is no danger to encounter on the former mountain;

on the latter the crawl beneath precipitous Gibraltar and the scramble over loose ledges of moving rock are fraught with peril. The ascent of Mt. Hood affords the experience of climbing long, tedious snowfields. Those who have reached its summit are no longer uninitiated in steep ice climbing, neither are they without a definite knowledge of the last crater formation, and a distinct memory of sulphurous odor and volcanic steam.

Yet even with these expressions of life, Hood is as calm as marble, as serene as an October moon, as chaste in contour as a Greek statue. Across the hills, a hundred and fifty miles away, staunch Tacoma stands full of active life. It is not strange that an old legend of the Indians speaks of Ta-ho-ma as a lover who wooed the beautiful Pat-to (Hood). To one spending a night upon their summits, half buried within banks of snow, these two peaks are suggestively sexed. The lights of stars and moon fall on a still, calm peak of snow in one State, while across the Columbia on another—grander—hill, the rocks roar over steep escarpments and bound like veritable Mazamas down broken glaciers into murky streams below. The hurly of its avalanche speaks



CLIMBING MOUNT HOOD, JULY, 1894.—From a photo taken at an altitude of 7,500 feet.

AP2
N85

of life, that like a refractory child, rebels at being lulled to sleep. One is thrilled by each burst and break of rock, telling of the mountain's restless sleep—it slumbers but lightly—some night, perhaps—to wake.
FAY FULLER.
Tacoma, Washington.

SUNDAY AT THE TIN-TYPE TENT.

In the bottom of a trunk full of the accumulated rubbish of years I found, the other day, a collection of those masterpieces of the itinerant artist once so dear to the heart of country youth. The stratum of letters in which the box was embedded bore dates corresponding with the earliest years of my life on the Pacific Coast, when all the world was young, and all unbroken, even to the bridle of public sentiment.

The artist whose creations I have cherished had plenty of time on work-days to arrange his two backgrounds and three or four "properties" in all their possible combinations, to suit the caprices of the groups and couples of school-girls who sought to preserve the semblance of their frizzed locks and be-ribboned dresses; to coax a tired and tearful cherub into picturesque smiles and poses for the gratification of the proud pair of "kid" parents who had brought the youngster ten miles on horseback for the ceremony; time even to tie up the door of his tabernacle and sit in the parlor of the one hotel of the little "string" town and play an exciting game of whist with the ladies of the house for stakes of ice-cream and candy.

But on Sunday—the old, untrammelled, Pacific Coast Sunday—where was naught of idling nor amusement for any one whose business it was to beguile the idle hours of others. The farming people were in town to do their trading for the week; herders, miners, freighters, took their "lay-off" on that day, and emigrants camped by the creek-side to rest their teams, buy provisions, and wash-up.

The Indian—always on the outskirts of the white man's festivities—were there also, racing ponies, playing cards in vacant corners, and supplying the place of forbidden stimulants by imbibing fiery extracts of peppermint, lemon and ginger, until Uncle Sam laid a prohibitory finger upon those refreshments also. Every door-way held picturesque figures, and groups worthy of Remington idled along the street and loafed upon every corner.

As naturally as beauty looks in the glass did these grotesque and picturesque holiday-makers drift in front of the camera. Well do I remember this radiant bridal pair, whose gorgeous semblance the artist has so deliciously preserved, as they marched—nay, sailed, swam, floated—down from the hotel, delighting all eyes with a noonday splendor of snow finery, fluttering, streaming, trailing and nodding in the lively wind. The orange blossoms were of paper, the bridal veil was brief and cottony, the gloves of both were ditto, and the groom's voluminous white tie had been tortured by the bride's patient fingers into the semblance of an enormous butterfly vainly struggling to escape from the impaling scarf-pin. It is all here in its Arcadian beauty, with the look of exaltation in the blue eyes of the bride, and the moral heroism with which the groom faced the crowd on that great day. The man who could wed a pretty girl in those days had need to bear his good luck modestly, and clothe himself with humility in the presence of the hosts of his defeated rivals.

Here is Chief Looking-Glass—or White Bird, I have really forgotten which—who soon after exchanged his very becoming blanket for war-paint and feathers, and got himself killed in one of Joseph's futile struggles of '77 or '78.

Next is another dandy, a white one, the obtuse and smiling victim of a thousand jokes, the

unsuspecting butt of the community. He posed before the camera for every girl in town, and in this instance wore the be-flowered hat and flowing curls of an ideal shepherd lad at the bidding of some bevy of minxes who were doubtless giggling behind the curtain all the time.

Here is a vivid reminder of our "woolly, wild days" in a group of youth arranged about a card table, with a white-aproned bartender in the background. They are dressed—or, rather, overdressed—in cowboy paraphernalia of sombreros, neckerchiefs, leggins, revolvers, etc. On the table are bottles, glasses, cards, and stacks of coin, but any Westerner can see that all this air of "toughness" is mere posing. The tenderfoot is all too evident in every one of their frank, girlish faces, and I knew them all as such, and afterwards as good, exemplary citizens and pillars of society. I trust that the gentle brothers and sisters at home, whom this picture was expected to horrify, were sufficiently versed in boy nature to waste no tears over this well-studied group.

Under all the others is a memento of the first ceremonious funeral in the town (for even funerals seemed always to occur on Sunday, in those days) and the members of the first lodge of Something-or-Other, as they looked in all the pomp of regalia worn for the first time. How well do I mind the festive air of that solemn day, with such extravagance of black drapery, such efflorescence of uniforms, swords and floral emblems, and such blood-chilling minor music by the newly organized band as had never astonished the green hills about the cemetery before. The Indians followed in the rear of the procession, the susceptible hearts of the squaws occasionally breaking forth in sympathetic wallings. The hovering spirit of the lamented brother and fellow citizen in whose last honor we paraded must have shared in our pride, as we that day outstripped all our rival towns in the splendor of our funeral pomp.

Our little frontier town is a city now; the tin-type artist comes no more, and the Sabbath is, outwardly, at least, a holy day. Yet, even as he luxurious dweller in the modern city longs for an occasional outing in the primitive woods, so do we who enjoy these improved conditions for ourselves and children love to go back, sometimes, to those cheerful days when all was chaos, and laugh at our own youthful confidence, and weep, perhaps, that the kindly fraternal sentiment of those days seems crushed out of all our hearts forever.

E. BARNARD FOOTE.

Spokane, Wash.

ES IST ABEND.

Thro' the trees I hear the night-wind
Chant in cadence to the branches
Which have rocked the birds to slumber,
As a mother rocks her infant,
When the shadows, evening shadows,
Idly stray and idly wander,
And the breezes softly murmur—
Es ist Abend.

In the great quiescent heavens,
In that dome of changeless azure,
Where the stars in twinkling brilliance
Brighter seem, then fade a second,
Only to revive their splendor
With the fullness of the contrast;
By their presence indicating
Es ist Abend.

Silent all. The day has vanished
As a change to life immortal;
And the sun in golden setting
Sunk again beyond the mountains,
Like a soul, whose course unfinished,
Passes to another kingdom,
To a sphere of which we know not;
Light and life together fading—
Es ist Abend.

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

Dubuque, Iowa.

A CHURCH SOCIABLE IN MONTANA.

One afternoon late in November Jack came into Kate's room. "Katie," he said, "there's to be a dance in town to-night. Would you like to go?"

"A dance? What kind of an affair is it to be?"

"Highly aristocratic, I should judge. It's an Episcopalian blow-out, gotten up for the benefit of the St. Mark's Guild. The ladies were around this morning selling tickets and they seemed quite anxious that we should come. What do you think about it?"

"I believe I'd like to go," Kate answered. "I believe it will be worth seeing."

"Harris is going; they've made him one of the floor managers. He was in the office just before I left, trying to rustle a white shirt and some clothes. His personal wardrobe consists of a pair of corduroy trousers and some flannel shirts—very picturesque," Kate laughed. "How men do change here!" she said. "Mr. Harris was an exquisite when I knew him in Cincinnati."

"Exquisite! He was a regular dude," said Jack, "and he came out here with the idea that a well-dressed man was in danger of being lynched. He has changed. I met him once at home shortly after he came back from England. He's an Oxford man, you know. I don't know just what I asked him, but I never will forget his answer. 'Oh!' he said, 'my apartments are faultless, but I can get nothing to eat!' The night he got in here on the stage, after the long survey, you ought to have heard him enthuse. 'Why, Ashworth,' he said, 'we had a glorious spread down at Ubet; we had bread and butter and bacon and jelly—we actually had jelly!' I tell you, Kittle, there is nothing like a little grief to take the kinks out of a man."

Kate laughed and ran off to her room to make preparations for the evening's festivities. A few hours later, when Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth arrived at the scene of the entertainment, they found that quite a crowd, mostly of men, had already assembled. The ball room, a large unfinished store building, had been tastefully festooned with garlands of trailing, wax-like vines, gathered with some difficulty from the bluffs across the river. The walls were covered with thick brown building paper, possessing the melancholy property of absorbing most of the radiance shed by five or six kerosene lamps.

About a dozen representatives of the fair sex sat stiffly and silently on the row of wooden benches placed against the wall. Three or four others, among whom Kate described Mrs. Ellis, the wife of the editor and a really charming woman, were chatting in a group near the stove.

"I'm glad you have come, Mrs. Ashworth," said Mrs. Ellis, coming forward as Kate approached her, after depositing her wraps among a miscellaneous mass of such articles piled in a corner. "It is so late I began to fear you were not coming. Look at those men—whatever in the world are they going to do for partners? There isn't a woman to every five!"

"Take turns, I suppose," said Kate.

"I am afraid it will be 'first come, first served;' my program is full already."

Just here Mr. Harris came up in full evening dress, a little baggy about the shoulders and shorts at the waist, but quite up to the requirement of the occasion. "I see you succeeded in finding a wedding garment, Mr. Harris," said Kate, turning to him—"you are quite too swell!"

The youth blushed to the roots of the golden hair parted elaborately in the middle.

"Don't be sarcastic, Mrs. Ashworth," he said; "I can assure you I don't look one bit worse than I feel. My costume is the result of organized charity and my appearance here to-night due to my zeal as a good churchman."

Kate laughed. "Your devotion is quite praise-

worthy, I'm sure," she said; "but I don't think the discrepancies in any one's toilet will be noticed in this dim, religious light."

"It is a little feeble," Harris replied, "but really you ought not to joke on serious subjects. I don't see how any one could expect the good people to let their light shine very brilliantly before 'or behind men with coal-oil at a dollar and a half a gallon."

The arrival of the musicians and Mr. Harris' duties as floor manager put an end to the conversation. The members of the guild had made a mighty effort to secure the services of the Italian band, but the unsympathetic proprietor of the saloon where they were employed, ignoring the moral and elevating effect which this dance and supper were to exert on the community at large, steadfastly resisting all their persuasions, the ladies were obliged to content themselves with the harmony produced by a violin and a dilapidated melodeon. They had managed to secure the services of the man who "operated" the piano in "The Tanglefoot." He appeared on the scene in the most uncomfortable stage of inebriety. Stubborn and belligerent, he proceeded to discourse the long and ancient order of dances at his own sweet will.

Jack did not dance, but stood round, thoroughly enjoying the situation. A livery-stable keeper, a great handsome fellow in his everyday attire, sidled up to him. He looked sheepish and awkward in the clothes—ready-made ones and new—which his wife had persuaded him to wear in honor of the occasion.

"Hello! George," said Jack "How are you making it?"

"Makin' it!" George repeated; "Mr. Ashworth, I feel like a blamed fool. I aint had a white shirt on before the last twelve years and every time the darned thing touches me I shy like a cayuse from a lariat." Jack laughed until he almost choked, while George made his way round to the melodeon. At the sight of a familiar face the virtuoso's spirits rose.

"How much longer is this thing goin' to keep up?" he inquired; and without waiting for an answer continued: "It's got to let up sudden, now, I can tell you. I've busted one of the pumps already, and I can knock the tar out of the other pretty darned quick."

Jack caught occasional glimpses of Edit going through the mazes of "Old Dan Tucker," "The Sillician Circle," or some most original quadrille, and then sauntered out to catch a breath of fresh air and take a smoke.

He encountered an acquaintance at the door. "A little mixed in there!" said the latter.

"Oh, yes!" Jack replied, "but then the idea is to make as much money as possible out of the affair, and every one who isn't openly disreputable is entitled to a seat!"

"That's about the size of it. Why, Ashworth, there was a woman in our set,"—shaking his head gloomingly at the recollection—"by jove, I believe that woman had been dead a week; 'The scent of the roses hangs round me still.' It's all right to be democratic and all that sort of thing, but they ought to draw the line at

corpses, or else they ought to provide disinfectants at the door. It did me good to see Harris wilt when I introduced him to Mrs. O'Grady. It was 'ladies choice,' and she immediately begged the honor, etc. He hadn't the sand to say no, so she led him off like a lamb to the slaughter."

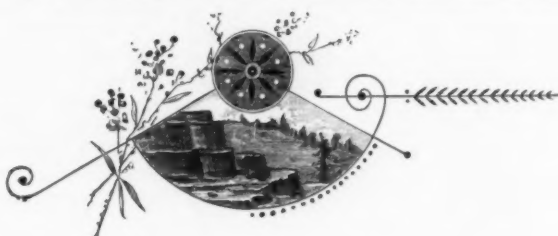
The tones of "The Lancers" died away and Jack went in search of Kate. "Can you tear yourself away, Kittle?" he inquired. "By a painful effort," she replied, looking up and smiling; "but I never enjoyed anything more in my life." Kate always dealt in superlatives. "Did you ever hear anything funnier than those calls—'Ala-bazan-left!' 'do-ze-dol!' 'chivaree-all!' It was awfully amusing. I'm ever so glad I came."

Succeeding after a little time in selecting her things from among the heterogeneous mass, she and Jack were soon winding their way home through the deserted streets.

ALICE VAN CLEVE.

THE BIGGEST SUNFISH.—A sunfish weighing one ton eight hundred weight is very likely to be one of the largest, if not actually the largest, in existence of that species. This is the weight of a sunfish which was caught by three boatmen in the service of the Melbourne Harbor Trust, and reported by the last mail. The monster measured eleven feet around its body. The men were engaged working at the pier at Williams-town at the time of the capture, and it caused them no little exertion to land their unique prize.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.



AND HOW IT WAS NAMED.

The Devil was sitting in Hades one day, In a very disconsolate sort of a way. One could tell from his vigorous switching of tail, His scratching his horn with the point of his nail, That something had gone with his majesty wrong. The steam was so thick and the sulphur so strong. He rose from his throne with a gleam in his eye, And beckoning an agate-eyed imp standing by, Commanded forthwith to be sent to him there Old Charon, employed in collecting the fare Of the wicked, who crossed on the waters of Styx, And found themselves soon in a deuce of a fix.

Old Charon thus summoned came soon to his chief. As the Devil was angry, the confab was brief. Says the Devil to Charon, "Now, what shall I do? The world it grows worse and grows wicked, too; What with Portland, Chicago, Francisco, New York, I get in my mortals too fast for my fork; I haven't the room in these caverns below, St. Peter, above, is rejecting them so. So hie you, my Charon, to earth, far away, Fly over the globe without any delay, And find me a spot quite secluded and drear, Where I can drill holes from the center in here. I must blast out more space; so survey the spot well, For the project on hand is the enlargement of Hell."

"But recollect one thing, old Charon, when you Can locate the district where I can bore through, There must be conveniences scattered around To carry on business when I'm above ground. An 'ink-pot' must always be ready at hand

To write out the names of the parties I stand. There must be a 'punch-bowl,' a 'frying-pan,' too, A 'cauldron' in which to concoct a 'ragout.' An 'old faithful' sentinel showing my power Must shoot a salute on the earth every hour, And should any mortal by accident view The spot you have chosen, why, this you must do: Develop a series of pools, green and blue, That while these poor earth bugs may beauties admire They'll forget that below I'm poking the fire. Now fly away, Charon, be quick as you can, For my place here's so full that I can't roast a man."

To earth flew fleet Charon, to regions of ice; He found these too cold—so away in a trice, He sought a location in Africa's sands, He prospected, and finding too much on his hands He cut out Australia, Siberia, too, The north part of China—no! they would not do; Till just as about to relinquish the chase He stumbled upon a most singular place. 'Twas deep in the midst of a mountainous range, Surrounded by valleys secluded and strange. In a country the greatest, the grandest, the best To be found upon earth—America's West. Here the crust seemed quite thin and the purified air, With the chemicals hidden around everywhere, Would soon make the lakes that the Devil desired; So he flew to Chicago and there to him wired: "I've found you a place never looked at before; You may heat up the rocks, turn on water, and bore."

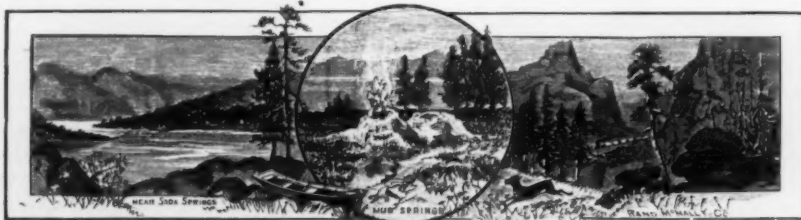
Then the Devil with mortals kept plying the fire, Extracting the water around from the mire,

And boring great holes with a terrible dust, 'Till soon quite a number appeared near the crust. Then he turned on the steam—and lo! upward did fly, Through rents in the surface, the rocks to the sky. Then with a rumble there came from each spot, Huge volumes of water remarkably hot, That had been there in caverns since Lucifer fell— Thus immensely enlarging the confines of Hell. And it happens that now when Old Charon brings in A remarkable load of original sin, That His Majesty quietly rakes up the coals, And up spouts the water, in jets through the holes. One may tell by the number of spurts when they come, How many poor mortals the Devil takes home.

But Yankers can sometimes, without doing evil, O'ermatch in sagacity even the Devil. For not long ago Uncle Sam came that way And said to himself, "Here's the Devil to pay. Successful I've been in all previous wars; Now Satan shall bow to the Stripes and the Stars. This property's mine, and I hold it in fee; And all of this earth shall its majesty see. The deer and the elk unmolested shall roam, The bear and the buffalo each have a home; The eagle shall spring from her eyrie and soar O'er crags in the canyons where cataracts roar; The wild fowls shall circle the pools in their flight, The geysers shall flash in the moonbeams at night. Now I christen the country—let all nations hark! I name it The Yellowstone National Park."

WM. TOD HELMUTH.

Grand Canyon, August, 1894.



IN THE FAR NORTH.

A Journey to the Delta of the Mackenzie River Within the Arctic Circle.

During the summer of '94, when several Arctic expeditions were baffled in attempts to reach Northern points, Mrs. Emma Shaw Colcleugh left Winnipeg and traveled overland to Northern Canada. This intrepid traveler spent the whole summer in a tour in the far-away, comparatively unknown region of great rivers and expansive lakes of the North. Though a few white women, wives of Hudson's Bay Company officers and church missionaries, may have taken the same trip and visited some of the posts, but Mrs. Colcleugh is the first white woman to go summering and sight-seeing in unfrequented districts, so far from civilization. Indeed, when she reached her destination she had succeeded in having gradually left civilization more than two thousand miles behind her. Mrs. Colcleugh left Winnipeg in May, going by the Canadian Pacific Railway as far as Edmonton. It was not until the tourist was driving away from Edmonton, following a prairie trail for ninety-eight miles, that the romance of the long journey began. The trail led to Athabasca Landing. Here a H. B. Company's boat was taken, and the course of the Athabasca River was followed for two hundred miles. The scenery along this river is not what one would expect in a prairie country. The river banks are high and bold, the soil of which is different from the crumbling walls of the dirty Red. Big, ancient-looking boulders rest upon the banks and lie along the water's edge. The landscapes of a sombre character, though hardly as monotonous as the appearance of uninterrupted prairie. That part of the passage down the Athabasca of the greatest interest was when the steamer neared the Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Colcleugh has traveled along almost every navigable stream in Canada, and she says the Grand Rapids are as striking and impressive as Lachine. Though they have not as great a volume of water, there is the same impetuous rush and the same strong current dashing against



MRS. EMMA SHAW COLCLEUGH.

Author, lecturer and traveler, who made a journey to the delta of the Mackenzie River in the summer of 1894.

huge rocks. At the approach to the rapids lies a small island, about two-thirds of a mile in length, where the freight is landed. Often, too, delays occur, and the voyagers camp here. On the way south Mrs. Colcleugh spent several days at this point. Beyond the Grand Rapids is a succession of smaller rapids continuing for ninety miles. It did not seem to dawn on the lady traveler as she talked of the trip, that in shooting these rapids she had gone through what some persons would designate and embellish as wild adventures. After the rapids, Fort McMurray was the next point of interest. It is a Hudson's Bay Company post, situated at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabasca. Another steamer, the Graham, a propeller, was boarded and carried the tourist, first to the western landing on Lake Athabasca, and then across this end of the lake to Fort Chipewyan. Here the Catholics have a flourishing mission, in communion with which are forty Indian converts.

The Graham left Lake Athabasca by the Slave River outlet, stopping next at Smith Landing, where a portage had to be made to Fort Smith. At this point the active traveler had two novel experiences. She had a good, old-fashioned ride—presumably enjoying the sensation—in a genuine ox-cart, for the distance of the portage, sixteen miles; but she deviated from her intended journey by taking a nine days' sail up the Peace River. At Fort Smith there are some half-dozen families and the ever-present mission, which seems to be an indispensable adjunct of each Hudson's Bay post. The steamer Wrigley, a propeller ninety feet long, is now taken, and the journey continues on to the North, past Fort Resolution, where Indians and two or three eager white faces welcome the stopping steamer, till at length Great Slave Lake's blue waters appear.

"It is the fifth largest on this continent," said Mrs. Colcleugh; "in crossing the western part of it we were for quite a time out of sight of land." The interesting narrator went on to tell how they passed from these waters on to the Mackenzie, along the bank of which the only signs of humanity were to be seen at the far separated H. B. Co.'s posts—Fort Rae, Fort



RAMPARTS OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER, NEAR FORT GOOD HOPE.

250 feet high, of limestone and shale. The river contracts from its average of two miles above, to about 300 yards. Good Hope is only fourteen miles from the Arctic Circle.



ATHABASCA RIVER, NEAR THE GRAND RAPIDS.

For a prairie country, the scenery along the Athabasca is something of a surprise, the river banks being high and bold, ancient-looking boulders resting upon the water's edge. The most interesting point is that south of the Grand Rapids.



ENCAMPMENT OF LOUCHEAUX.

Near the mouth of the Arctic Red River, but a little south of Point Separation, the beginning of the Mackenzie delta. The steamer's approach is always the signal for a grand rush to board her, if possible, and beg "tea and tobacco."



INSIDE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—DECK OF THE WRIGLEY.

At anchor in Peel River, off Fort Macpherson, most northerly post of the Hudson's Bay Co. Esquimo chief trying to drive a bargain for a gun with Mr. Camsell, the chief factor of the Mackenzie River district. The Esquimos were much larger than expected, some having fine figures and being very good-looking.

Providence and Fort Simpson. The last-named is the metropolis of the fur-trading North. Here Chief Factor Camsell and the bishop, W. D. Reeve, both reside. Here is a very interesting museum of the flora and fauna of this region. This museum is the result of Capt. J. Bell's tireless efforts to make and arrange the splendid collection now kept at the fort. Though Fort Simpson is full of attractions, the boat cannot remain, and is soon steaming past Fort Norman and Bear River, the outlet of Great Bear Lake, Fort Wrigley, and at last Good Hope, which is only fourteen miles from the Arctic circle.

Mrs. Colcleugh had then reached a point so northerly that she was in the region of midsummer's continual daylight. All night long—if a few hours of twilight may be called night, the sun hung near the horizon's edge; and one evening that brazen-faced sun had the effrontery to keep shining across the traveler's note-book till,

like the student using midnight oil, she caught herself working with midnight sunlight. Stretching from Good Hope are the Nahanie Mountains, likened by the tourist to natural ramparts. Descriptive of the scenery here Mrs. Colcleugh has written a beautiful little poem. From the post the steamer goes past Point Separation, and then from the Mackenzie delta along the Peel River to Fort Macpherson, the Hudson's Bay post which is situated furthest north on this continent. Looking at the map, one would almost think that the traveler, had she possessed the muscle of a baseball pitcher, might have thrown a stone into the Arctic; but the maps are notoriously inaccurate in portraying the northern shores of this ice-bound, forbidding ocean. Doubtless in her lectures on the long journey to and from Fort Macpherson, Mrs. Colcleugh does not only entertain her hearers, but gives a great deal of informa-

tion as to the exact topography of Northern regions. She returned from the frigid zone four months ago, expressing but one regret—that she did not spend the winter at Fort Macpherson.

Mrs. Colcleugh is now lecturing in the East. The lady's discourse could not fail to interest; her vast fund of information, gleaned in travel through out-of-the-way places in Hawaii, Alaska, the North Pacific Islands, up the Saskatchewan, over the entire Canadian Pacific Railway, in Yellowstone Park, and elsewhere being an inexhaustible storehouse upon which to draw for the public's entertainment and instruction. The series of photos from which the accompanying pictures were made were taken by Mrs. Colcleugh herself with a kodak; and these, with many others, are used in stereopticon form to illustrate her lectures. She also has an interesting collection of native curios. A pretty brochure, illustrated, outlines the lecturer's topics.



MAKING THE SIXTEEN-MILE PORTAGE.

Conveyance used between Smith Landing and Fort Smith on Slave River. A train of twenty ox-carts goes to and fro with the "pieces" of freight (passengers thrown in or thrown out, going over submerged corduroy).



PRESS FOR BALING FUR.

An old wedge-press used in pressing the bales of fur into the square bundles, or "pieces," in which they are always transported. The scene is at Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake.



They Were Married Again.

A romantic wedding occurred in Billings recently, the contracting parties being Mrs. Sarah L. McDonald and Hiram Thompson, of Castle. Six or seven years ago the couple were divorced, Mrs. Thompson retaining the children by her first husband. Thompson was then married to another woman and on the same night Sarah Thompson was married to R. L. McDonald, formerly of Billings, now of Nye City. Last term of court Sarah McDonald was granted an absolute divorce from her second husband. In the meantime Mr. Thompson's second wife had died, and becoming informed of the freedom of his former and first wife he made himself so agreeable that they determined to bury the past and try conjugal existence together again.—*Billings Gazette*.

A Cypher Dispatch.

A parallel to the old story of the postal card and the inquisitive postmistress occurred in this city on Saturday, and, being too good to keep, leaked out last night.

Early in the week George Tyler, the singer, received word from Boston asking if he would consider an offer for the purchase of some bank stock which he owns there. He wired that the right sort of an offer would receive his consideration, and soon received a letter stating that a cipher telegram containing a proposition would be forwarded on Saturday. That day came but no word was received at the hotel where Mr. Tyler lives, so he applied late in the evening at one of the local telegraph offices. Fancy his surprise when the operator said in reply to his query:

"A dispatch for you? Let me see. Oh, yes, I believe there was one, but I couldn't make nothing out of it, so I didn't think it was any use sending it over to you."—*Duluth News Tribune*.

The Dog Still Lives.

A supposed mad dog caused great excitement and confusion in the Eighth ward of Minneapolis Tuesday afternoon. The dog, a little terrier, cut up some antics which the people in the neighborhood did not understand, and, supposing him mad, sent for Sergeant Lenihan, of the Fifth precinct. When he reached the seat of the scare, Twenty-fifth Street and Portland Avenue, he gave his horse to a boy to hold while he dispatched the canine of unsound mind. He fired at the dog, but seems to have missed him, and the cur ran into a neighboring house for shelter, where a warm-hearted woman befriended him. In the meantime the boy who had been holding the horse thought he would take a ride, and mounting the sergeant's steed dashed off at a hard gallop and ran into Mr. Charles Yeomon on a street corner. The latter was injured quite badly, the boy was thrown off and hurt, and the horse also sustained injuries. The dog is still alive.—*Northwestern Chronicle*.

On the Continental Divide.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field writes to his paper, the N. Y. *Evangelist*: Stepping from the track to the roadside, we found that in eight miles we had completed the last stage in our ascent of the Rocky Mountains, and now stood on the very point of the Continental Divide. Leap-

ing up the grassy bank, I found rippling over it a swift-running stream, not too large for me to bestride like a colossus, in which Herculean act I outdid the Colossus of Rhodes, as I stood with one foot in the Northwest Territory and the other in British Columbia, and literally "straddled" the waters of a continent, since at my very feet the stream divides into two, one of which flows north and east, to wander here and there down the mountains and through the valleys and over the plains till it rests in Hudson's Bay; while the other begins also its course of wandering, to sleep at last in the Gulf of Mexico!

Rats Did It.

Mountain rats are the cause of a great deal of annoyance to those who live in the mountains, and many stories could be told of their acts of deviltry. The latest comes to the *Bozeman Courier* by letter from Red Lodge, Montana. John Andrews, of Dilworth, accompanied by a cowboy, on their way to the mines of the Clark's Fork, stopped at a cabin owned and formerly used by Shelby Eli Dillard, the journalistic miner. In the fireplace was a mountain rat's nest. Fire was applied to this and in a moment a terrific explosion took place. Both men were knocked down and when assistance came, soon after, from a man following them, they were unable to move. Surgical and medical assistance were procured and it is believed that both will recover. It seems that the rats had procured from some source or other a number of explosive caps, such as are used by miners, and deposited them in the nest, as they are wont to do with everything bright.

A Fondness for Survey Mounds.

B. P. Tilden, who recently was in the northern part of the State investigating and inspecting Government surveying contracts, relates a curious habit of the badger, those strong-limbed denizens of the prairie, commonly believed to be able to burrow in the ground faster than a man can follow digging with a spade. These mounds seem to have a predilection for the mounds cast up by the engineers to indicate the sub-division of townships into sections and quarter-sections. Where timber is scarce, a stone—instead of a stake—bearing certain numerals, is used, to indicate the location of each particular sub-division of the township. For some reason, known only to the badgers, the animals have a great fondness for these guide mounds with a rock in the center, and in their excavations and burrowing into and around them oftentimes nearly efface them by covering up both mound and stone. The stone surmounting the mound is completely hidden by the earth which some industrious though misguided badger has cast up. When endeavoring to locate a section corner it is somewhat aggravating to the engineer or land hunter to be under the necessity of overhauling several mounds of badger excavations to discover a "corner."—*Bismarck Tribune*.

The Cree Ganaweyittamuk.

A curious piece of typographical work was turned out at the *Bulletin* office this week called the Ganaweyittamuk of the Cree nation. It is the Indian calendar for 1895 and is circulated among the Indians between here and the Arctic circle. The days of the month are represented by strokes and the Sundays by a cross, while the month is printed in Cree characters and is illustrated by signs. For instance, the month of January is the month of the big moon, February is the month of the eagle, March is known as the month of the wild goose, April is represented as a frog, and so on. Each month has its own illustration. On the opposite side of the dates are scriptural illustrations beginning with our Lord

as a child and illustrating the principal events of His life, such as the temptation, the crucifixion and the ascension in the months that they took place. This almanac also serves as a means of recording fast days, Lent, and serves as a calendar and religious aid. It will be January, 1895, at least before the Ganaweyittamuk reaches some of its dusky readers. It is published by Rev. Father Lacombe for circulation amongst the missions of the Roman Catholic Church in the Northwest.—*Edmonton (Alberta) Bulletin*.

The Decoy Steer.

"Dick," the bunco steer at Phil Armour's yards, got too lazy for his job and was led to the slaughtering pen just like the animals he had decoyed to death before. The deceitful old beast is dressed beef now, says the *Chicago Tribune*. Dick was a big, fat, brown steer that had winning ways and a cold, treacherous heart. Many and many are the confiding country yearlings and helpers Dick has led up to the butcher's steel hammer.

Probably there never was a beef "critter" that had so wide a celebrity as Dick. Every visitor who went to see how the packing houses work had to have a look at this steer. Foreign princes and pretty summer girls have marveled at the skill and diplomacy with which he steered the unsuspicious range cattle to the place of death. Dick's picture has been printed in the papers many a time and columns have been written about the beast's crafty tricks. Dick was just as much one of the sights of the town as the Masonic Temple or Lake Shore Drive or Policeman Steve Rowan. This is the way the creature got its notoriety:

When the long horns from Texas and the short horns from Missouri come into the stock yards and are unloaded they are naturally exasperated over the rough trip and are full of suspicion. The result is they are rebellious, especially in the matter of going into chutes. Now, unless a steer goes into one of the chutes in the packing house it cannot have its throat cut, and throat-cutting is the aim and object of their coming to Chicago. So it is necessary to have a decoy steer, a crafty old beast, that can get the confidence of the rural beasts and lure them on to death and destruction.

Many years ago Dick arrived at the yards, and being a beast of more than usually sagacious appearance, was picked out for the work. Dick was carefully trained in the art of walking up a chute at the head of a bunch of cattle and then quietly dodging to one side, leaving the bunch to walk on to the place where the hammers swing. After years of practice the big steer had grown expert at his treacherous work. Dick would saunter down into a pen full of new and unsophisticated cattle and scrape an acquaintance with two or three of them. Then the wicked brute would begin to look wise and talk knowingly about the racy sights to be seen in the big, white house over beyond the fence. When Dick offered to lead the way there was a grand stampede to follow. Up the gangway went Dick, and after him clattered the greenhorns. But just before the bunch got a sight of the big butchers waiting inside Dick would unostentatiously shy off through a side passage and leave his victims to transact business with Mr. Armour's men.

So Dick grew famous. But like many other famous characters he grew puffed up with pride, got lazy and began to "lay down on the job." It got to be so easy, this thing of leading wide-eyed country cattle up the chute, that Dick didn't seem to care whether he worked for his feed or not. Mr. Armour grew displeased with this apathy. He does not like to have his employees loaf on their jobs. So orders were issued concerning Dick. One day last week the wise old

rogue was leading the usual bunch up the gangway, but when he got to the usual jumping off place there was none. Dick had to go on with the herd. Before long he had been converted into dressed beef. Now that Dick has suffered the same fate as his thousands of dupes his work all devolves on his former partner, known to the butchers as "Phil."

Horses Dirt Cheap.

Mr. J. W. Howard, of Prineville, one of the wealthiest stock raisers of Eastern Oregon, is in the city on business, accompanied by Mr. Frank Hampton, says the *Portland Oregonian*. Mr. Howard has just sold 1,500 head of cattle to a South Omaha packing house, and he drove the band from Prineville across the mountains to Willow Creek, in Malheur County, where the Eastern buyers are pasturing about 4,000 head preparatory to shipment. The alfalfa there grows in great abundance, and rich pasturage is afforded for an almost unlimited quantity of stock.

Mr. Howard received about two cents per pound for his cattle on foot. This was the average price for the band. Beef has not been as low in years, and there is great complaint among the stockmen over the present outlook, but Mr. Howard says he has done very well with his "steers," even at the present low price. The stock raisers are shaping themselves to bear the burden of extremely low prices for at least twelve months, by which time they believe the price will advance materially.

Mr. Howard says that there are more horses in Eastern Oregon than human inhabitants, and that they are running wild and in many instances are unclaimed. The horse market is utterly demoralized, according to Mr. Howard. Several years ago there was more money in horses than cattle, but during the past five years a great change has taken place in these conditions. Now there is scarcely any demand whatever for horses, and the breeder in Eastern Oregon has turned his attention to other pursuits. The future of the horse, in consequence of the increasing use of electricity and steam for motive power, is indeed very uncertain.

"Since the invention of the cable and electric street car," said Mr. Howard, "horses have been in small demand. With horse cars in large cities, millions of horses were utilized annually. Then there were thousands of other instances in which horsepower was used and is now supplanted by electricity. Not being able to sell the large supply of horses on hand, most of the ranchers of Eastern Oregon turned them loose to care for themselves. In this wild state they increase very fast, and you can find them roaming in small bands on every hill and on every plain of the largest part of Eastern Oregon.

"Of course, the horses, in most instances, are claimed by some one, but there are many owners who don't take the trouble to brand their colts, and are certain to lose them. You can buy horses at any price. I can take you to one man who will sell you a band of over 1,000 young horses, as fat as bulls, for \$4,000. If this price is too high, I can show you where you can buy horses, in any quantity for two dollars per head.

"I don't know what we are going to do with

the horse. During my recent trip across the mountains I saw thousands running wild as any deer. They usually travel in bands of four or five, and are so thick there is no danger of getting lonely, if you love a horse, as most men do. Some day, I suppose, we will kill them for their meat, the same as we do cattle. In Europe this is done now, and I'm told the meat is very tender and wholesome. A horse's hide is worth about two dollars, and it will not be long before we will be killing these intelligent animals for their glossy coats. This is an awful shame, but we are certain to come to it, unless some new use is found for these favorite animals."

Old Men in Minnesota.

"Why is it that you have so few old men in Minnesota? One may walk the streets of your

(34,405) between thirty and forty; one-twelfth (8,601) between forty and fifty, and the remaining 8,600 fifty and upwards.

Under the most favorable circumstances, only about 1,500 of the latter class could be living now, and that number would hardly be discoverable by a stranger among a population one and a half million strong. Of the next class, between forty and fifty, the number remaining ought to approximate 3,500; and of those between thirty and forty about 20,000 should be alive now. As very few old men emigrate, the number of such men who have come hither since 1880 are scarcely noticeable.

From the above data it seems clear that the scarcity of "old men" in our population is largely due to the fact that few men have had time to grow old. Yet there are "old men" here, as will be seen by referring to the State health and mortality reports. One, a German in Goodhue, Mr. Almerman, was 107 in 1883, when he walked to Pine Island village, seven miles, and back to get a supply of tobacco. If still living he would be 117 now. I am told that he died about three years ago.

There are known to be several upwards of ninety, at goodly proportion of octogenarians, and a much larger number between seventy and eighty. Those between sixty and seventy are commonly too active to be classed with old men; and when we get to those under sixty we find them, for the most part, in the prime of life. It would be wonderful were there many old men in Minnesota, considering the recent date when its settlement began.—H. H. Young, in *Northwestern Farmer*.

Handy With Her Gun.

"There is not much of interest to report concerning Okanogan mining operations," says George H. Darby, who has just come down from the Triune, "but I could tell you a hunting story that might interest the ladies of Spokane and other localities. I was the guest for a time at the home of William Granger, on the Okanogan River, four miles below Oroville. Mrs. Granger is one of the tidliest housewives you ever saw, and at the same time an enthusiastic field sportswoman. Near their place is a slough, shaped like a horseshoe, and several miles in circumference. It is her custom to go out every day or two with a shepherd dog and a gun and make the entire circuit of the slough, bringing in from fifteen to twenty ducks; there are a great many different varieties of this fowl in that country; some that I never saw be-

fore, but she knows them all at a glance. Her dog, too, is a marvel. While she is shooting he is on the lookout, but keeps away from the water until she has finished and tells him to go. Then he is away instantly and retrieves the birds precisely in the order in which they fell.

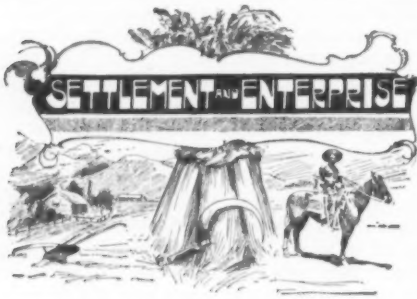
"Mrs. Granger has a flock of wild geese and a flock of mallard ducks, the first of which were hatched by hens from eggs that she gathered on the margin of the slough. By cutting a small tendon in the wings the fowl are prevented from flying. It is their natural tendency to migrate, and frequently they poise for that purpose and make a heroic effort, but have to give it up. They are developing into a fine strain of domestic fowl, but it will probably take several generations to obliterate the flying habit."—*Spokane Review*.



A NEW YEAR'S EVE SERENADE ON A RANCH IN THE ROCKIES.

cities day after day without meeting with an old man. Is your climate unfavorable to long life?" Such were the remarks dropped recently by a gentleman who is a new-comer to this State, and somewhat apprehensive that he may not live out his allotted time if he remains here.

His first question depends largely upon what he considers "old age." It is true that we have no Methuselahs amongst us, but we do have a smart sprinkling of "old men." There are no old women. It takes a long, long time for a woman to grow old in this age of artificial teeth and second-hand hair. But to return to old men: Thirty years ago there were but 172,023 people in the State. Say that three-fifths of these (103,215) were males; and of the latter one-half (51,607) were under thirty years of age; one-third,



Getting Out of Debt.

The farmers and dealers of the Northwest have done much in the past two years to free themselves from debt. They have bought little, and while there has been little to pay debts with, that little has gone largely to liquidate the old indebtedness. Another year will find trade in a better and healthier condition, with the present brightening prospects in a fair way to be fulfilled.—*Minneapolis Farm Implements.*

As It Should Be.

Crookston, Minn., *Journal*: Almost every farmer who comes to the city these days has from one to half a dozen nice fat porkers in his sleigh for sale. This is better than the old way when they had only wheat to sell. More attention is also given to butter making, to the raising of poultry and something else besides wheat. This is as it should be, and will soon have its effect upon the income of our farming population.

Intensive Farming.

I. D. O'Donnell, of Billings, is engaged in subdividing a portion of the Billings estate into ten-acre plats for the purpose of experimental tests in "intensive" farming. One hundred and sixty acres adjoining Billings have been so partitioned and sold to those who will at once begin a system of economical improvements upon the tracts. This is a step in the direction of a closer and more philosophical cultivation of the lands and the extraction of the greatest measure of profit they are capable of yielding.—*Montana Stockman and Farmer.*

Virgin Forests in Northern Idaho.

Every traveler westward on the Northern Pacific knows of the virgin forests that are seen along Lake Pend d'Oreille as the railroad twists about before and after crossing the lake on the long trestle bridge and it is plain that if it can only be cut and got to the mills to be put up in that vicinity, some of the choicest lumber to be made in the West will come from the mills. There is no doubt but what a bright future will be in store for those who secure the timber and proceed to manufacture it. Other townships in the vicinity will be opened up for settlement and sale as soon as surveyed.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

To Attract Immigrants.

Some years ago there was a great desire for a railroad by the people in a section of one of the Eastern States. Capital was slow and easy to move and there was great uneasiness over the situation. The people did not give up agitating, however. One of them remarked to a visitor: "Why, every farmer that has two cows will give one for the railroad; for he knows that his one cow will be worth more to him than his two are now."

Washington is not bidding for more railroads just now. They come as fast as they can. But Washington is bidding for industrious and capable immigrants. It is not town lots that is now wanted. It is land for the settler—land so situ-

ated that it will attract the settler. This land must not be held at too high a figure. It is better for the man who owns 640 acres to let a portion of it go at a nominal sum to those who will cultivate thoroughly.—*Spokane Review.*

Independent Farmers.

There is probably no class in all the land who are contented and are taking life easier than our farmers. The records show that only seventeen per cent of the rural homes in Montana are mortgaged. Probably ten per cent of the farmers are in debt, but not sufficiently encumbered to make it necessary for them to mortgage their homes. But even admitting that there are thirty-three per cent of our rural people who are more or less in debt, two-thirds of the farmers of Montana have scarcely felt the pressure of the past fifteen months. From this it is safe to say that fully eighty per cent of the farmers of Montana are sufficiently free from debt to feel entirely independent.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

North Dakota for Sugar Beets.

The sugar beet question is by no means dead. The prospects for securing a manufacturing plant for Lisbon, says the *Free Press*, were never brighter. The only question is beets—the quality first and then the quantity. There are hundreds of men anxious to invest money for the erection and equipment of sugar beet factories where evidence can be given that sufficient raw material can be had for the operation of such plants. Chadron, a small town in Nebraska, has just closed a contract with Chicago capitalists for the erection of a large sugar beet factory. Lisbon can secure a factory just as soon as she can convince speculators that enough beets of the proper kind can be grown here to warrant the investment. Everybody interested in the prosperity and future of Lisbon and the county should encourage this matter. A little push and enterprise is what makes cities. Lisbon must have a future, and we want to see it a bright and prosperous one.

On Puget Sound.

No section on the face of the earth offers man a better chance to pull his family through a hard winter or hard times than the great Puget Sound Basin. The climate is mild. There is big game in the woods. Millions of dux on the waters waiting to be bagged. Potatoes in the farmers' fields to be dug on shares. Giant fir trees for fuel that you can buy standing for 25 cents a tree—they will make four to six cords of wood. Dead trees you may have free. Clams by the bushel along the beach, and free for all. And as for fish—why, the Sound and all the tributary streams are alive with them. A man can go to the dam on Clear Krick, take a pitchfork and catch a ton of fine, fat salmon in an hour. Lots of people are doing that now, and hauling them away by the wagon-load. They make winter meat for many families, and they make fine fertilizers for gardens. There are enough salmon now in Clear Krick to feed the world. And for every ton taken out at the dam eight tons swim up to take their places. Great is Puget Sound for natural resources.—*Puyallup Commerce.*

In Good Condition.

During the time of depression that has disturbed this and other countries it is gratifying to notice that Southern Manitoba has, comparatively speaking, suffered very little and the inhabitants generally are in good spirits. In the rural districts there have been few sheriff sales and the county courts have not been extensively patronized. Liabilities have been pretty well met, and business in the towns, although quiet,

has been as good as could be expected during a time when very low prices for produce limit the purchasing power of the people. Sales have been made as a rule without much credit being asked for or given, consequently little or nothing has been added to the indebtedness of the country. In Southern Manitoba there has not been that outcry about financial difficulties heard in other places, and especially in those districts devoted almost exclusively to grain raising, where low prices have been even more felt than in the Pembina Mountain Country where industrial undertakings have been of a more diversified character and where cattle, hogs and the product of the dairy have added to the resources of agriculturists. There have been few business failures, and if hard times have introduced carefulness, caution and economy, and have shown people the extreme danger of going in debt, the lesson will not be lost. Experience has been gained, and men will be encouraged in their efforts with a greater certainty of success.—*Manitou Mercury.*

The New West.

The Old West passes away as the new era, created by the magnificent Republican victory, dawns, remarks the Prosser, Wash., *American*. The New West, profiting by the experiences of the past, presents its business propositions in a more tangible and business-like way. A new feeling has been created in the East toward the West that will result in money coming this way. The trouble here has been we have all been overrated and have been trying to carry on business with about a quarter enough money. We pay too much for what we get, interest has been too high and we have been entirely too blooded. This will soon all pass away, and as soon as we can convince money centers that we are capable of profitably handling their money, that our laws and politics are not in the nature of isms, that we can be depended on, that we will not kick over the traces every year or two and go crazy, and that our public and private institutions are in the hands of sober, sane, reliable people, our problem is solved and we skate on solid ice. * * In the reconstruction of our business on sound American principles many people will forget the Old West and take on the New, with a feeling of confidence that will so place the Northwest commercially that it will be rated A1. Our great resources and ripened experience have taught us to stay on earth and not go into too deep water until we can swim. Washington is all right, and under the careful trainer, Experience, will grow solidly and substantially.

Agricultural Montana.

The condition of agriculture in the Bitter Root, Gallatin, Yellowstone and Beaverhead valleys this year is proof that the farmers of Montana are alive both to the magnificent richness of Montana soil, to the great extent of the home market and to the high prices to be realized for home products. For years the great communities of Butte, Anaconda, Glendale and Phillipsburg have been supplied with farm and dairy produce from Utah and Nebraska, and millions of dollars were sent out of the State which might just as well have been distributed among Montana agriculturists. But the situation has now changed and Gallatin flour, Bitter Root vegetables, Beaverhead hay, Yellowstone cereals and even Custer County garden truck, are now finding their way to the rapacious maw of the Butte and Anaconda and other mining-camp markets where they bring good hard cash and plenty of it.

This interchange is naturally bringing the people of Montana closer together in a social way. The farmers are beginning to wonder why they didn't raise more stuff in the past, and the

miners why they didn't encourage them to do so. The farmers are all talking free silver and the miners are all advocating the use of Montana flour and vegetables. Thus a better feeling has been created and the good old republican doctrine of reciprocity has been put into practical effect. In these hard times the farmer's sole dependence is the home market, which he finds in the mining and smelting centers of the State, and it is but natural that a kindly feeling should be engendered toward the people who contribute so liberally to the support of the agricultural population.—*Butte Inter Mountain*.

Prunes in Oregon.

Says the *Portland Oregonian*: A most remarkable misstatement is printed and reprinted in the Oregon papers to the effect that the bottom has fallen out of the business of shipping Oregon fruit East. Undoubtedly there has been some disappointment this year over the result of fresh fruit undertakings, owing to the flood and the strike, but as the prune crop is coming into view its possibilities of wealth are developing enormously. Something like fifty carloads of dried prunes are about ready for shipment in Douglas County, which is taking on the character of a veritable "prune belt." Counting 25,000 pounds to the car, and allowing five cents a pound for the crop, the county will have some \$62,500 for this item.

Prune-growing to-day is a different sort of industry from that of our early efforts in a fruit way. There is a sure but not a large profit in it, and therefore its successful prosecution requires intelligent forethought and prudent, systematic management. There is money in prunes at five cents and something undoubtedly at three cents. The day of high prices has gone by, but in its stead we see approaching an era of general dried fruit consumption, when Oregon prunes will be a staple on the tables of the poorer and middle classes. It is encouraging to know that the outlook is for an enormously increasing acreage of prune-bearing orchards, so that in five years, when cheap prices shall have made a wide market for prunes as a staple of table use, there will be an output ten times as great as at present.

Prune-growing is taking the place, to a great extent, in portions of Western Oregon, of wheat-growing. It is the opinion of thoughtful, practical men that it is the most likely solution of the problem how to escape from the thralldom of unprofitable wheat-farming. And certainly it is one of the ways. Some fears are expressed that a rush into prunes may bring over-production and consequent stagnation, just as with wheat. To this it may be said that the consumption of wheat is already pushed to its utmost, whereas that of dried prunes has just begun. Also that the conditions of the wheat market, which is governed by the Liverpool price, are distinctly different from those of a fruit which we are expecting to make for home consumption. Fruit for home consumption occupies a field in which the disturbing elements of Indian and Argentine competition have no place.

Prune-growing in the plain, slow, painstaking way which is now bringing a reasonable profit from it, will be disappointing to those who are looking for some royal road to sudden wealth. This may have been the dream of some who have

gone into the business. Without wishing them any harm, it is but the truth to say that enterprises which bring sudden wealth do a community more harm than good. It is true of communities, as of individuals, that what "comes easy goes easy;" and that possessions we value and are benefited by are acquired by labor and self-denial. It is going to take work and care and planning to grow and market prunes successfully. But so grown and marketed, their promise is of the brightest among the resources and revenues of Oregon.

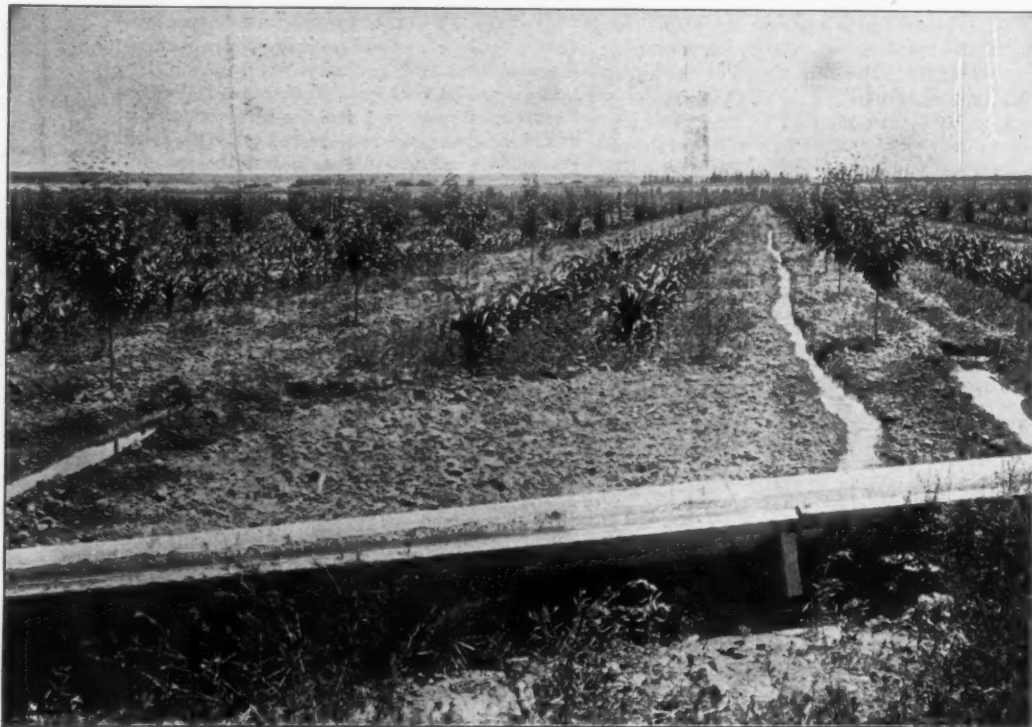
How Railroad Lands Are Now Patented.

The first list of lands selected by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company under the new regulations of the Interior Department, as promulgated July 9, 1894, has been received by Receiver Collins and Register Cox, of the Helena, Mont., land office, says the *Independent*. The list embraces 2,736 tracts of forty acres each, making a total of 109,440 acres. The lands, though selected by the company, have yet to go through considerable formality before being patented to

confidence which prevails in nearly every branch of manufacturing and trade, and perhaps in no other business is this newly acquired feeling of confidence more prevalent than in the lumber business. The lumber industry of Minnesota is almost wholly confined to the northern portion of the State, and, as a consequence, Duluth is made a sort of pivotal point from which the work in many of the camps is projected.

The renewed confidence among the lumbermen is evidenced by the unusual activity which is observed upon all sides. From all of the leading logging sections come reports to the effect that work this fall is a month or more in advance of that projected at this time of the month in past seasons.

Camps have been established earlier than has been the custom heretofore, logging roads have been made, and skidding and chopping are already far advanced. There has been a sufficient fall of snow to admit of rapid progress and everywhere there is evidence that the cut this season will be as heavy as during any previous season in this immediate locality with good prospects that



IRRIGATION IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY, WASHINGTON, BY WOODEN TROUGH AND SMALL LATERAL DITCHES.

the road. Under the recently adopted regulations of the department the locations of the lands must be advertised in the papers nearest the selections for a period of ten weeks. The publications will be by townships, and not by subdivisions, and it will be made at the expense of the railroad company. During the time the advertisement is being published, the lists, giving legal subdivisions, will be on file at the local land office at Helena, where they can be examined. Those who desire to do so can enter protest against patents being issued to any of the subdivisions. In cases where there are no protests the lists will be returned to the General Land Office at Washington, and patents issued in due time. Where there are protests hearing will be ordered to determine whether the land is mineral or not. The rules under which these selections are made and passed upon apply to all such lands within six miles of a mining claim.

Activity in Lumber Camps.

That there will soon come a revival in business is evidenced by the general feeling of con-

previous records will be broken. All indications point, therefore, to a cut of more than an average and this would not be so were it not that there has been a general renewal of confidence in the business of the near future among the lumber dealers and manufacturers.—*Duluth News Tribune*, Dec. 7.

Nearer and Better.

Moses Folsom, general immigration agent of the Great Northern Railway, said in an interview recently: "Washington fruit is nearer to the mouths of 20,000,000 of people than is that of California, and it is a better fruit, for it has the great advantage of frosts, which seem to be so necessary to the perfect flavoring and aroma of deciduous fruits. The prevailing hard times throughout the country have, of course, affected very seriously the immigration business, but with the easing up of money matters, which will certainly come some time, but how soon we can't tell, we expect to have all we can do in handling settlers for the West, and particularly for Washington."

JEM, OF THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

By Jennie Louise Harris.

The sun had sunk, and the western horizon was streaked with rich reds that shaded into the palest gold. Mt. Adams, with its perpetual cap of snow, looked like a great pink castle; in the far distance, too, could be seen a faint outline of Tacoma's crest. Gradually the twilight began to deepen; little twinkling stars came out, one by one, and soon the silvery moon was seen to be slowly rising over the hills—hills which encircle the valley of the Yakima, giving strangers the impression of being in a large bowl.

The moon rose higher and higher; in the limpid air it seemed to be hanging like some great lamp. The vast stretches of sage-brush even became attractive in the calm beauty of the night.

A small shanty, surrounded by a few straggling trees, stood by itself; an air of loneliness prevailed. Not a sound could be heard save the occasional bark of a coyote; not a light, save when a stray moonbeam would fall on one of the small irrigating ditches which ran hither and yon, causing them to sparkle, then as quickly pass away, leaving seemingly gloomy solitude.

The cottage was not tenantless, however; for a shadow darkened the door and became a reality, and a gruff voice called:

"Jem! I say, Jem, where air ye?"

It broke into the night like a pistol shot. No voice replied.

"Jem! Jem!" shouted the voice, "whar on airth is th' creetur?"

"Comin', pap, comin'," answered a strong, steady voice, and from amongst the straggling trees appeared a girl of about seventeen. The moon shone full upon her. A tall, slender girl; hair as black as jet hung in a close plait far below the waist; eyes that glittered—glittered suspiciously as if tears had just been shed; strong features, denoting little beauty, but resoluteness.

"Wall, my gal, yer ol' pap tho't ye'd done left th' parts. What, cryin'!" and he laid his big brawny hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"Ye're takin' 't too hard. Why, 't'll on'y cut the place in two; besides, 't'll make 't wuth twicet as much. Shoo, Jem, I didn't think et 'ud cut ye up so."

The girl's lips seemed to tremble. She put her hand nervously up to her eyes, dropped it quickly, and a hard, resolute look came into her face.

"P'raps 'ts all right, pap, an th' railroad may make th' place wuth twicet as much, but I tell ye I have that feelin' I allus gets. I got 't when mam died—poor mam! and when th' cow got lost; and I tell ye we'll or leastways I'll not be th' same when th' railroad cuts through th' place an' th' engines goes tootin' and tearin' through this valley."

"Maybe yer right, Jem," said the old man slowly; "ye allus gen'ally air; but I hed tho't as how we'd git so much fer th' right o' way through th' place, an p'raps ye wouldn't hev to go w' th' likes"—and he waved his hand toward the shanty and looked sadly at the slender figure in the limpy calico.

"I hed tho't o' 't fer ye, Jem, not fer m'self. I've lived my life; yers hes jest begun. God knows I tho't as how 't would bring ye a little joy; ye've hed so little."

"Don't lets talk o' 't, pap; course it'll be all

right." A sob caught her voice. "Et'll be good fer us both."

"Thet's what I tho't," put in the old man eagerly.

"Et wuz fer both our goods. Now yer talkin' like yer ol' self, gal, an' when th' fust train gits ready to run through this hyar valley, we'll jest board 't an' see what steam keers air like;" and he stooped and kissed her.

She looked up. "Good night, pap," and she stepped quickly into the shanty, and into her own small room, threw herself onto the bed and wept, wept far into the night, not closing her eyes until the gray dawn proclaimed the coming of another day.

The great railroad was actually going through. The talk of years was about to be realized. It had reached the gap, and entered the valley, the lovely little valley. The engineers, laborers and supplies were all there; an air of fevered activity could be felt by even the most stolid, for was not the great wheel of commercial activity pushing to the extreme Northwest, joining it with iron bands to the far East? It is at such a time, at such a place, that men make for themselves a name; and more than one daring fellow had left the universities, colleges and schools of technology and started for the great Northwest, within whose mind a towering castle was, wherein he was master.

Alfred Rutledge had a peculiar bringing up. The younger of two sons of a well-to-do farmer and far from strong in early boyhood, he had been kept close at home until his twenty-first year, when, owing to having a mother who had been a teacher of some note he had been able to enter the State university. A close student, retiring to a certain degree, he perhaps was not much of a favorite, which to him, who was in reality possessed of a desire to be popular and appreciated, was something of a humiliation. Popularity, however, does not interfere with scholarship, and when class day came, Alfred Rutledge walked off with the highest honors; and now among the fellows of the engineering corps, and all others who made the tents their home, John Chinaman included, he was admired and respected.

"See here, boys," said Rutledge one evening, "I purpose to walk over to the upper end of the valley and look over the land. Anyone care to go along?"

"Must want to go some where, Alf."

"Don't think I ever supposed you would go, Blake; every one knows you're the laziest man in the corps."

A general laugh followed the remark. "That's about the size of it," said Blake, after the laugh had subsided; "but in this instance I believe I will go."

"I say, Blake," broke in some one, "you don't feel ill, do you?"

"You needn't worry yourself, Charley; I don't think you will have the pleasure of carrying me back to my bereaved relatives for some time to come;" with which Rutledge and Blake strolled toward their tent, for they occupied the same. They soon reappeared, neatly attired in light-grey suits and straw hats.

"Behold the twins," called out Billy Martin. "Just you keep your lyric tenor to yourself, my boy," returned Blake.

"When will you fellows be back?" inquired Billy.

"It's just possible that we may put up for the night on the other side with some farmer. What do you, say Blake?" and Rutledge turned to his chum.

"As you say; anything for a change, and a chance to see the upper end. Oh, beauteous land, with thy perpetual snow-capped peaks and thy brave red man. Land of the silvery salmon. Land of—"

"Let up, Blake."

"What! canst thou, Charles Algernon Hill, not understand the pent-up rhapsodies of a soul fraught with the deepest love for bounteous nature?"

"If you have done with 'bounteous nature,' I think we had best make a move, as we've a good five-mile tramp before us;" and Rutledge placed his hand on the orator's arm.

"Good-bye, boys."

"Good-bye," and they walked away from the camp.

"Hey!" shouted several voices. They turned.

"If you see any pretty girls, tell them there's more to follow. Squaws with papposes not included." They laughed and moved on.

Blake began to whistle a merry strain from some opera. Rutledge looked far into the distance, meditatively. Thus they tramped along for some moments; Blake stopped whistling and began to hum "The Heart Bowed Down."

"I havn't heard that for years," said Rutledge.

"It makes me sort of home-sick like."

"Makes me home-sick myself," returned his companion, a serious look passing over his face.

"I say, Alf, don't I wish I could get a glimpse of the old home!"

"I'd like to see—mother, Blake," and there almost seemed the suspicion of a sob in the deep voice.

"Again silence ensued. The shadows began to deepen. A tiny breeze had sprung up, which was rustling the sage-brush, and far away the dismal howl of a coyote could be heard.

"Alf!" there was no reply.

"Alf!"

"How," absently.

"If you look like that much longer I'll be worse upset than a girl."

"Look—what way?"

"So confounded down in the mouth. Cheer up, old man; home's a poor topic for conversation out here in these parts; let's talk about the hills, sage-brush, Indians—anything that won't make us as blue as indigo."

Rutledge laughed; not a merry laugh, but a weary one.

"Quite an idea; but you know I used to fairly surfelt myself with old Indian lore, so that palled on me ages since; the hills, however, might prove better. What's your opinion regarding them?"

"Simple enough. These hills and valleys have been formed by a volcanic eruption at some one or different times."

"It must have been considerably before the early discoveries," said Rutledge, "for this coast was skirted by some of the earliest navigators, and parts were settled."

"Right you are. It's a pity the ancient red race has no more of an eye to business in their neglecting to have a historian, for they certainly roamed around these parts and must have felt the shock."

"Perhaps they were blown up from the other side and their skin bronzed by the heat; it may also account for their desire for fire-water, having passed through such a furnace," suggested Rutledge.

"If," said Blake ironically, "I couldn't get off

a better pun than that, I'd give some one else a chance."

They were getting toward the upper end of the valley.

"What's that?" said Blake, pausing and listening.

"A violin."

"A violin in this part of the country, Alf!"

They moved on. The sound became louder and there could be heard "Home, Sweet Home." They paused once more. "Be it ever so humble"—they almost heard the words.

"By George! whoever is handling that bow is a genius," said Rutledge excitedly. "A genius and no mistake; it's crude, but there's a power behind which I'll warrant the owner little realizes."

They started toward the spot whence the music came. "There is the place," and Blake pointed toward the shanty as they emerged from the straggling trees.

"Heavens! the home of such a one," murmured Rutledge.

"There's a man in the door. He sees us," which was true, for he turned his head, spoke to some one within, and the playing ceased. He then stepped out and walked to meet the visitors.

"Evenin', sirs."

"Good evening," returned they simultaneously.

"Putty fine days we're hev'in', strangers. Ye be strangers, be n't ye?"

"That's about the size of it," replied Blake.

"We are members of the civil-engineer corps, situated at present at the lower end of the valley," remarked Rutledge quietly.

"Ye be! Wall, I do declare. So ye're the fellers as is makin' the big railroad. Why, Jem must see ye. Jem wuz done sot agen the railroad goin' through our place. I golly, Jem tho't ye fellers 'ud be regular gorillars. Cum into the house; or no, let me bring some cheers out."

The chairs were brought. "Now jest make yersefs to home till I find Jem," and he departed.

"Jem evidently fled on our approach," laughed Blake.

"I wonder if it were he that did the playing."

"Man alive, no person that was capable of making music like that would ever imagine that the members of our honorable profession were 'gorrillers.'"

The old man returned. "Wall, this is great; I've jest been tellin' Jem about ye. Say, when do ye fellers expect to reach my place?"

"That depends on circumstances," replied Rutledge. "Oae can scarcely make an estimate."

"Be ye the boss o' the road?"

"Oh, no," and Rutledge laughed heartily.

"Mr. Rutledge has charge of the engineering corps," said Blake.

"By gracious, you couldn't have so far forgotten your manners, Alf; you ought to have introduced us."

"Never too late," was the answer. "This is Mr. Ralph Blake, scholar and gentleman. I myself am Alfred Rutledge, at your service."

"Wall, I never, if I ain't forgot to give ye my name—Pete Anstruther." Old Pete glanced toward the door; "an' that," waving his hand toward it, "is Jem, my only gal."

Both men were up in an instant, and hastily glanced at the door. There standing, the lanky calico gown looking more wretched; a defiant light in her eyes, was Jem. Her shapely feet were bare, as usual, the jet-black hair in the accustomed plait.

"Good heavens!" thought Blake; and Rutledge he thought—nothing.

"Cum hyar, Jem. This is Mr. Rutledge, the boss o' th' railroad, an his friend, Mr. Blake."

"Evenin', strangers," said the girl, and she seated herself on the doorstep. Alfred Rutledge's eyes were riveted on the girl, and the sensations passing over him were strange, un-

definable. Was she beautiful? Scarcely. The features were too prominent; the long limbs seemed too loosely built for there ever being a hope of what society calls "a graceful form."

What attracted Alfred Rutledge? for to the cool engineer there was something about this girl which appealed to him strongly.

"An' ye say the trains 'll be runnin' regalar to the coast a year from next spring. D'ye hyar that, Jem—next spring a year, m' gal."

"Yep, pap," was the weary response.

"And you do not like the idea of the road cutting through your place, Miss Jem?" asked Blake. "I ain't tho't o' it fer so long. I can't say."

"But Jem don't like 't; do ye, gal?" and old Pete leaned over and placed a toll-worn hand caressingly on her head.

"I do not blame her," blurted out Rutledge.

"Phew!" muttered Blake. Then to himself, "The old man seems touched."

The girl gave him a grateful look from her big, solemn eyes.

* *

The evening wore away, as evenings will from time to eternity.

"Is there any place hereabouts where one could pass the night?" asked Rutledge.

"Right hyar, an' welcome. Jem can make ye comfortable; can't ye?"

The girl smiled her reply, and entered the house. She did not re-appear, but called out:

"Ye kin show th' strangers in, pap, when ye're ready."

"All right, Jem. I tell ye what; thar's galsan' gals, but on'y one Jem Anstruther."

They talked some longer, had a smoke; then entered the house and were shown into a room which, though bare, was neat. Blake soon was sleeping the sleep of the just. Rutledge lay wide awake and thought; and Jem? why, Jem knelt beside the one small window in her room, gazed out on the blue sky with its twinkling stars and murmured: "Oh, mammy! mammy! can't ye, won't ye tell the great God all about 't and beg him to make me th' same as I used to wuz, when ye wuz hyar, fore th' big railroad cum?"

The grey dawn was just breaking when Blake was aroused by a nudge and a voice, saying:

"Time to be up, Blake."

"Wha—what y' say?" in a sleepy voice.

"Time to be up, old man, and get a start."

Blake now sat up and looked around. "Phew! I had almost forgotten where I was; began to think it was a dream; the walk, violin, music, and the melancholy Jem."

Rutledge made no reply, but busied himself with dressing. "Well, if I must, I suppose I must," said Blake arising; "but it comes hard, old fellow; it comes hard."

"Great Scott! after sleeping like a log all night?"

"Yep," laconically; then looking directly at his friend, "I don't believe you've slept a wink. Don't feel sick, do you?"

Rutledge laughed. "I was restless."

"Nothing more?" asked the other anxiously, thinking about a glance or two his friend had shot toward the unsuspecting Jem. "Certainly not," a little shortly.

Their toilets were soon made, and they opened the door and went into the next room. The night before in the gloom it was impossible to discern what sort of a room it was; but in the dawn of day it revealed itself as kitchen and living room in one. The table was already set, although no one was in sight.

"Heavens! Have they gotten breakfast and fled?" remarked the irrepressible Blake in a stage whisper.

"Hush!" said Rutledge; for at that moment Jem emerged from what appeared to be a pantry.

"Mornin', strangers."

"Good morning," they returned. "And had

you sweet dreams last night?" added Blake.

She looked at him; and Rutledge almost smiled at the expression of Blake's face as a result, for the look was one which might have been construed into various meanings.

"Where is your father?" asked Rutledge.

"He's milking."

"And will you give us a glass of fresh milk?" asked the undaunted Blake.

"Ef ye care fer 't."

"Can't draw her out," he thought, and he looked out of the window toward the eastern hills, where the great sun was slowly rising, giving them a bluish-pink tinge. Rutledge, meanwhile, watched the girl deftly preparing the morning meal, her lithe body moving about, her attention fixed on her work. He shuddered.

"Hello! here comes your father, Miss Jem," said Blake; and old Pete entered with a pan of foaming milk. Jem took it quietly out of his hand and disappeared into the pantry, soon returning with two cupsful, which she handed to the visitors.

"Be ye fond of warm milk?" said old Pete.

"Well, I rather think so," was Blake's reply, as he drained the cup.

"Rutledge drank his milk, placed the cup on the table, looked up and said with a smile: "I enjoyed it immensely, Miss Jem. It takes me back to home and mother."

The girl made no answer; but the expression that passed over her features made them positively beautiful.

Breakfast was now ready. "Set up, an' make yersefs to hum, boys," said the old man; which they were not slow in doing; and the bacon, fried potatoes and biscuits disappeared as if by magic.

"By the way," remarked Blake, during the course of the meal. "Do you know—of course you don't—that we imagined we heard a violin as we approached the house last night."

"Ye did, sure 'nough."

Rutledge looked up and saw Jem raise her eyes warningly at her father, which the old man failed to heed.

"Why, Jem's a regalar corker with the fiddle. Ain't ye, m' gal?"

"Maybe. Ye think so, pap."

"I know," stoutly continued he; "an' 't's my intenshun to give ye lessons when th' road goes through."

"That's a good idea, Mr. Anstruther," said Rutledge, "for Miss Jem has uncommon ability."

The old man's face was radiant, and his eyes fairly said, "I told you so," as he looked at Jem.

"And let me add," put in Blake, "that Mr. Rutledge is no mean hand with a violin himself."

"Really! I do declare. Jem, go git yer ol' fiddle and let 'em see 't."

She arose and went out, soon returning with the violin; walked up and handed it to Rutledge. He took it, looked it over carefully, placed it under his chin, drew the bow across it several times and drew up the "E" string a trifle.

"It's a good violin," said he musingly, as he shook his bow arm; then began a soft, sobbing melody in a minor key. Jem placed her arm on the table and leaned her head on her hand, her eyes partly closed. The minor strain had ceased. The player broke into a wild strain which seemed to take the listeners away from the room, their surroundings. It danced, rippled and murmured of brooks, trees, and green fields. Jem now clasped her hands. The player ceased.

"Oh, God," whispered she. "Ef I could on'y play like that—like that," and her voice became choked with sobs which rose in spite of herself. Rutledge smiled; old Pete wiped a stray tear out of his eye, and Blake looked almost solemn.

"Wall," said Pete, "et surely wuz grand, and I'm goin' to give ye th' chance."

"And when you have the chance, little maid," said Rutledge, in a voice that was unfamiliar

even to Blake, "you will not play like that—"

"I know 't, I know 't; ye needn't tell me!" she interrupted.

"You will play," he continued dispassionately, "in a way that will put that to shame; but," as he laid the violin down tenderly, "we must start off, Blake."

"That's a fact."

They arose, bade them good-bye and stepped out of the door, followed by the old man. Rutledge stepped back. The girl had picked up the violin and was clasping it in her arms; she heard a movement and looked up, startled.

"I'll see you again—Jem; this is not good-bye; only 'auf wiedersehen,'" with which remark Rutledge rejoined his companion and they started for the camp, never opening his mouth the en-

work progressed and was now located on "Old Man" Anstruther's place at the upper end. It looked like a Romany village in the evening twilight; the tents, the straggling trees near by, and the great silver moon throwing her bright rays caressingly over all.

It was on such a night that Jem sat in the doorway, violin in hand, twanging the strings with her long, slender fingers. No one else was in sight, and not a breath of air seemed to stir among the trees. She paused, listened, and looked toward them searchingly, as if expecting someone or something; her lips moved: "I reckon he's not cumin' tonight;" but as she spoke a man's form emerged from amongst the trees and came rapidly toward her. He was now quite close.

"Wall, ye did cum, Rutledge. I'd giv' ye up."

then quickly changed to a wild staccata movement, returned to the opening strain, ending with a soft, sighing note.

"Beautiful! Oh, Jem, it's in you, it truly is;" and the man looked at her with a tender light in his eyes.

"Maybe 't is, Rutledge. Ye know best; but, good Lord! how's a girl as wuz never anywhere but in the wilds of this Territory to do anything?"

"But, my dear Jem, this will not always be wilds, and, too, you are a Kentuckian by birth, with all the grit of a traditional Kentuckian. Opportunity will present herself; you will grasp her by the hand, and she will lead you through, perhaps thorny paths, to her sister Victory, who will place you on the plain of Eminence, whereon the castle of Success stands. Ah, Jem, Jem, I see it all."

"Maybe that's so. Ye ought to know best; but there's so much to do. 'Taint just the violin, but the mind, too, must be educated. I hearn ye say to Blake, jest the other day, the mind was really at the bottom of true success, and on'y the cultured mind could hope to achieve 't. Oh, Rutledge, I may be able to make sweet music, but what of my mind, Rutledge? My mind, what about 't?" she had grown excited, and leaning over, grasped him firmly by the shoulder.

"Your mind is all right, Jem; only you need it trained and brought out, so as to utilize it in the best way. I know of no girl who is your superior mentally. You should go to school."

"Whar at? Whar to?" despairingly.

Rutledge took the well-formed hand in his, which was outstretched toward him.

"I'd go to Tacoma. There is an excellent seminary there. You can go; your father has sufficient means to do it. Take up your music and books, and watch those whom the world calls great and good."

The girl's great dark eyes were strained. "But, Rutledge, do ye think the ones that has th' name o' bein' great and good are allus great and good?"

"I can't say for certain, little Jem—probably not; but then neither you nor I must question what the world at large accepts as such. Think it over, Jem, for I would like to know that you were going where you would receive the polish you need to make you the perfect woman you are by instinct. I shan't be here long," he sighed. The girl gasped.

"Not long? Bye goin' away?" in a husky voice.

He laughed mirthlessly. "I don't mean this week nor next—you take everything literally; but you know the road is pushing rapidly to the front, and in less than a month we are bound to be out of this valley."

"Well, ye kin come back; ye know ye're welcome."

"That I do know; but when we are out of the valley it will not be like now, seeing you every day; teaching you what little music I know, and so on. It will only be occasional."

The despair on the listener's face was painful.

"Et's better'n nothin',"—a catch in her voice.

"Then, too," he continued, with the air of a man who considers it his lot to do some important disagreeable duty, "it can't be so many months until the road is completed. Then I will go East."

"East!" she exclaimed.

"Yes. You know all my ties are there; here I have nobody,"—he stopped short—"nothing."

She was quiet for some moments.

"I suppose that's so; and won't 't seem strange, Rutledge, as how ye an' I met, talked and played together—will part, each goin' their way, never to meet, perhaps, again?"

"Never's a long time, Jem. Who knows but that I may entertain you, when you have become a celebrated violinist, at my own home?"

"Yer own home?" slowly. "Air ye goin' to git married?"



"BEAUTIFUL! OH, JEM, IT'S IN YOU, IT TRULY IS."

tire distance; nor did Blake, for Rutledge was in one of his moods, and what was the use?

The summer passed; the soft, balmy summer. The winter, so mild, with its "Chinook" peculiar to that part of the country, was nearly past; during which time the lovely valley of the Yakima was noisy with the rustling and bustling which comes with the construction of a railroad. A new town had been started in the more central part, and the old town at the eastern gap brought forcibly to one's mind "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." Ah, those days, those never-to-be-forgotten days! To an eye witness they will be stamped on the pages of memory's ledger forever.

The engineers corps had moved along as the

"I came as quickly as possible, Jem," said he, dropping down beside the doorway. "Mr. Bolton, the chief engineer, has been with us the entire afternoon, and he has just gone."

"I tho't they must be somethin' goin' on out o' the usual at camp, 'cause I went over to Wilkin's place today, an' I passed by."

"Why, I didn't see you."

"T'aint likely ye would when ye were showin' th' boss around."

"That's so; but how's the fantasie, Jem?"

"Not as 't should be. I can't seem to get th' right style about 't. Et's no use talkin', there's somethin' lackin'."

"Try it over," he returned.

"The girl took up the violin quietly, rested her chin on it and began a beautiful, low melody;

Blessed night, she failed to see the answer in his eyes. "Sometime, I may."

"Sometime," she said wearily. "We all may, sometime. Ah, there's pap."

Old Pete came up. He laid his hand affectionately on the shiny black head.

"Ye hev'n't been lonesome, gal, hev ye?" and he laughed heartily as he glanced furtively at Rutledge.

"No, pap."

The quiet reply caused him to peer questioningly into the girl's face.

"Nothin' happened? Ye and Jem hev'n't quarrelled?" this to Rutledge.

"Oh, no," laughed Rutledge. "We've just been having our accustomed talk. But I must be off, for it's surely on to half-past ten."

"Good-night," Anstruther; good night, Jem."

"Good-night," returned the old man. But the girl—why, she had disappeared in the shanty!

The road was through the Yakima Valley, and the great engines, steaming and puffing, were bringing in daily their cargoes, news and people from the outer world. The camp was gone, and with the exception of the construction trains carrying their loads to the front, nothing remained but the completed road to remind one of the recent turmoil. To be sure the engineers occasionally came down to North Yakima, which was fast becoming a town of importance; but that was rare, for all their supplies were given them at headquarters, and there seemed no use.

Rutledge came several times. "Sort of touched by a bright black eye," was the usual remark when he went.

"Sort of touched." Great Heavens! how jeeringly we speak of the higher, nobler passions. "Sort of touched." But it is the way of mankind, and who can help it?

"Jem," said he, on the visit he knew would be the last, "I shall never forget this year, for it has been marked by something—I never will nor desire to forget."

"What's that?" was the dreamy answer.

"I met my affinity."

"Your what?"

"Well, in other words—you."

She laughed. "Affinity means me. How strange! but I'll allus remember that."

"Do," he said. "When I go back to those who are bound to me by love or duty, I shall not forget you, Jem; never." The tears were in his eyes.

"What's the matter, Rutledge? Be ye goin' soon?"

"In a month."

"A month!"

"Yes, a month. I will leave the West with its low foot-hills, its valleys, its peaks, with their perpetual caps of snow, and—you."

"Why not stay?"

"Duty calls."

"Duty?"

"Yes, Jem. Duty is greater almost than anything on earth."

"Than love?"

The question staggered him. "In some cases, yes. My own is. I will tell you a little story. Once upon a time, in one of the Eastern universities, there were entered on the same year and day two names—a man's and a woman's. Fate, strange fate, so decreed that they took almost the same course. They were of the same age; their tastes were similar; both were the dispassionate sort whom people little care for."

The girl was growing interested and listened attentively.

"They were thrown together continually," the calm, even voice continued, "and finally they concluded they would join hands and face the world together; but not at once. He must go to the far West, the great Mecca where, perhaps, lay success. She, on the other hand, must wait

until such a time as he could say, 'I am ready; come.' They separated. He to seek the fickle goddess, Fortune; she to her home. He found that which he sought, but, alas! cruel fate intervened, and threw him in contact with a wild rosebud, a little Western girl, through whose personality the charm of true vigorous life could be seen. Their tastes were different, were unlike, save with one exception; but thro' his veins came the rush of tingling blood, which triumphantly shouted: 'Love, love conquers all.' The man was frenzied; he knew not what to do. Love told him to take love; but Duty said: 'Remember the woman who has waited and watched—'

"Go back to her, Rutledge; go back to her and may God help ye."

He sprang to his feet. "Great heavens! Jem,

"Good-bye, Jem. Good-bye, Pete."

"Good-bye," shouted Pete.

The man heeded it not.

"Good-bye, Jem."

She remained silent, with her hand over her eyes gazing after it, and the soft air seemed to whisper in her ear, "Good-bye—good-bye."

"Wall, et's clean gone through th' other gap."

It aroused her. She stepped forward, threw her arms around her father's neck and wept, wept as he had never seen her weep nor would again. He led her gently back to the house and murmured: "Women air queer critters, th' best of 'em."

Five years had passed. Five busy, eventful years. Alfred Rutledge, the popular man and



"HE SANK DOWN IN HIS CHAIR."

you—you—"

She smiled. "Good-bye, Rutledge."

"Good-bye, little Jem," and he hastily turned and disappeared through the straggling trees.

The sun was sinking. The hills had on their purple hue; the sky its golden reds. Old Pete sat by his doorway, smoking. Jem was sitting by his side.

"The train's comin', gal. I can see the blue smoke curlin' up. Let's go over to th' track, for I hearn Rutledge was goin' East by 't tonight."

She got up mechanically. They walked over. Soon the great iron monster, steaming and puffing, came in sight. The cars passed one by one until the last. Someone was standing on the rear end steps. The eyes met those of one watcher by the track.

engineer, had reached a pinnacle that never in his wildest dreams had he hoped to attain. As he sat in his box at the handsome Boston Music Hall he looked the picture of the successful man of the world.

"But, Alfred, they say this young person is really wonderful."

"According to your story, Ruth, every one is a wonderful person."

"Indeed, this is not my own opinion, as I've never heard her; but Mr. Lantroller declares she is a genius. She is a Kentuckian by birth, but was raised in—oh! there she comes."

Her husband looked up. A tall, slender girl, daintily attired in a simple white gown, advanced.

"Why, it's Jem! little Jem Anstruther!" he exclaimed.

"Pray, who is little Jem Anstruther?" asked his wife with some asperity.

"No one you ever heard of," was the cold reply.

It was Jem. But what a change, and how she played! It was the music of a soul fraught with but the nobler thoughts of life. She ceased, and there was applause such as had not been heard in those walls for many a day. Rutledge had risen. "Alfred!"

He sank down in his chair. The applause continued; the girl returned and bowed, smiling graciously; but, no, it wouldn't do, so with violin in hand she stepped forward. The immense audience became still; she said a word to the orchestral leader, and he laid down his baton. She looked up. Alfred Rutledge's heart beat heavily. She looked straight into his eyes, raised her bow and played. He forgot his surroundings. He smelled the sage-brush and saw the foothills with bluish pink thrown over them by the setting sun, the straggling trees, the lonely shanty—Jem, the Jem of long ago, as there fell on his ears the delicate strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

LAMENTIA.

We knew in early summer,
My comrade, you and I,
When faded leaves should cumber
The woods at winter's sigh,
That you in final slumber,
And chill as they, would lie

Where huntsmen seldom wander
And high-hill waters flow,
Where friendship blindeth fonder
Since Nature wills it so.
We spoke of "over yonder"
Where you were soon to go,

To ears that knew to harken
And eyes that knew to see;
The nightfall did not darken;
The silent noon to thee
Was loud with voices marking
A ceaseless symphony.

And as the wand'ers tarry
To catch a ling'ring view,
Some glimpse that they may carry
Of old home to the new,
You halted at the ferry
Till the boatman beckoned you.

Friend of the days departed,
Loved of the wild-wood sod,
Calm from the bank you started
Your dauntless soul unawed—
The brave and tender-hearted
Will know a kindly God.

Fort Smith, Ark.

L. A. OSBORNE.

I WANT YOU SO.

A robin calls from tangled hedge,
His mate replies in tender tone;
I, dreaming by the river's edge,
Listen in tears, alone, alone!
My heart calls out for you, my own.
Oh! foolish heart, in vain, but O!
Hearts cannot reason, and I mourn,
"I want you so, I want you so!"

I want you so, beloved, list!
Naught is the same with you away;
The sun shines thro' a tearful mist,
Once sunny skies are cold and gray;
The bird's note holds a minor tone,
The river's song is sad and low;
My heart, rebellious, calls its own,
"I want you so, I want you so!"

Hampton, Iowa.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

PLUTOCRACY.

Merit covered with roadside dust,
Genius aloof with pitying eye,
A gilded chariot rumbling by,
Under its glitter ambition's lust.

Perched on the various gifts of state,
Moloch riding to place and power,
Ingots falling, a golden shower,
Who will be first at the silver gate?

Fort Snelling, Minn.

MARGARET GOULD CORSER.



In Three Styles.

The tenderfoot way down in Maine
Speaks of Washington's city as Spokane,
And near the slope of the Alleghany,
They say: "Lively city that Spokane."
But out in Washington the native man
Says, "What a stirring town is that Spokane!"
—Great Northern Bulletin.

Exposed His Wheels.

Says the editor of the Milton, Ore., *Eagle*:
"While chasing a dog-salmon on the green-sward
recently, the editor of our contemporary ran a
barbed-wire fence into his cranium, lacerating
that part of his anatomy to such an extent that
the wheels and other machinery contained therein
were exposed to view."

Waste No Time.

The esteemed *Miner* remarks the presence for
a week or more at its office of a large sack of
very large potatoes. The *Herald* is sure that
such a "stake" could not lay around this office on
dress parade for so long, unless subscriptions
were coming in faster than they are at present.
And incidently we would advise those who de-
sire to see these big potatoes in this world not to
waste a minute but go at once. For destruction
draweth near.—*Neihart (Mont.) Herald*.

An Evergreen State Cow.

The *American* says that Prosser Falls has a
cow that eats barb wire, can unlock a burglar-
proof safe, licks the numbers off freight cars, has
kicked the man in the moon, will climb a tree
for that little leaf on top, has eaten the editor's
washing, with her horn pulls the spikes out of
the railroad ties and can eat a barrel of cement
for lunch. It wants a photograph of the interior,
believing it will give an idea of a machine that
will save the fine gold in the river.

Not There for His Health.

The following display advertisement appears
regularly in a Dawson, North Dakota, paper:
J. J. GOKEY.

GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, GUNS, HARD-
WARE, PUMPS, HARNESSMAKER,
DENTIST, PHOTOGRAPHER.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

SHOES MENDED WHILE YOU WAIT.

North Dakota advocates of diversity in farm-
ing will note that Flickertail business concerns
are keeping pace with the times.

What He Said When He Fell.

In a Western county a few years ago, a college-
bred gentleman of the good, innocent variety
happened one winter to instruct the country
youth of a neighboring district school. In his
kindest and mildest manner he dealt with those
young pupils. He took especial pains, in particu-
lar, to overcome the shyness of one little tot of
a boy who was just learning his letters. He drew
the whole class (namely, the little boy) up to his
knee, and with his finger below the first letter
asked:

"Now, what letter is that?"

"A," was the response.

"What is this? Don't you know? What sting
you in the summertime?" As there were no bees
in that country, the lad did not know.

And so it went on until O was reached.

"Why!" asked the master, "don't you know
that big, round letter?" The little boy's mind

did not permit him to reply. "What do you
say when you fall down and hurt yourself?" con-
tinued the teacher.

In considerable trepidation but without any
mental obscurity the boy approximated his prob-
able expression under such circumstances in his
answer: "Darn it!" Those who knew the boy
best appreciated under what constraint he was
laboring before the awe-full collegian.—*Minne-
apolis Tribune*.

Prison Journalism Has Its Advantages.

An exchange in replying to the query of a con-
temporary as to "who is the editor of the *Prison
Mirror*," says: "His name is Grimes, and he is
the editor in chief, reporter, sporting editor and
silent editor all combined," and asks "If there is
a man on earth who envies him his job." We
hope not, but if there is one outside who does,
he can make an exchange without a bonus unless
he is at present holding down some paper; we
draw the line at journalism, even in freedom.
Yet, we have one advantage our contemporaries
have not; we cannot be sued for slander; no man
is gunning us for taking his name in vain; and
we have no divorce cases to write up that would
turn our paper into a fifteen cent novel. Truly,
there is much to envy even in Stillwater, at least
in the newspaper line.—*Prison Mirror*.

A Parallel Case.

A telegram to the *Reveille* from Seattle says the
report of an eruption of Mount Tacoma is a fake.
Well—that is no proof that it isn't true. It is
like the case of hog-stealing before a Dutch jus-
tice in Iowa, thirty years ago. Out of ten wit-
nesses, four swore they saw the defendant steal
the hog, while six swore they didn't see him
steal it. The justice believed in a majority rul-
ing, so he summed up as follows: "Vell, de pris-
oner got a majority and I vil haf to discharge
him, und he goes sine die or mit oud date."—*Imperial City News*.

The Obverse Side.

It is always the exceptions to the general rule
that are noted. THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE
for December picks out Jimmy Foley of the
Bismarck *Tribune* from among the newspaper
fraternity and says: "When a boy is a born jour-
nalist it is of no use to try to keep him away from
types and printers' ink. Take the case of Foley
of the Bismarck *Tribune* as an illustration. He
grew up among the buttes of the Bad Lands, with
cowboys as companions." As Editor Smalley
didn't show the obverse side of the picture, we
will do it for him. There are a hundred of us
country editors in this State who grew up at the
case and who have been half our lives smeared
with printers' ink to the elbows who would cut a
much wider swath punching cows.—*Valley City
Times-Record*.

The Grafton Record's "Hits and Mrs."

A man at Halifax went to sleep while thawing
out a dynamite cartridge. He woke up in different
places. * * * I saw a man come down so hard
on the sidewalk last Monday that his back-bone
knocked a hole in his hat. What he said burned
the rim off. * * * There is a professor at
Fargo who is doing business from the lecture
platform telling people "how to choose a husband
or wife." I should think the proprietor of the
Fargo divorce mill would have him run out of
town. * * * A mother at Drayton had her
little boy's picture taken with bare feet; she sent
one of the pictures to friends back East and they
took up a collection and purchased the little one
a pair of shoes, believing that the cold weather
of a North Dakota winter was too much for a
little bare-footed boy to stand upon unprotected.
This struck the father of the baby as a great
scheme to get shoes for himself and he took his

feet down to the art gallery and exposed them in front of the camera, marking the number of his feet on the bottom. He sent this picture to the generous friends in the East and waited results. After a time he got two flour barrels by express and he had to pay the charges. * * * That's not a place to keep coal that has grown on to the north side of my house, or a bath room, or a place to keep a cow or a bicycle. It is an addition built to keep the sleeves of my wife's new dress in.

The Reason Why.

A well-known principle observed by every well regulated newspaper, is to stand pat and never apologize. One can readily see the necessity of such a rule, as in the absence of it, enterprising journals would be kept apologizing all the time, for there is scarcely a day in the week when a live newspaper doesn't step on somebody's toes. There are, however, exceptions to all rules, and once in a great while, under conditions of extraordinary gravity or importance, a newspaper can apologize without establishing a troublesome precedent. The *Daily Journal* is in such an environment of circumstances that it feels in duty bound to say to its readers that it sincerely regrets its present predicament, and asks the kind indulgence of its patrons until it can extricate itself. We do not mean by all this preface to foster the belief that we have so maligned any person that an apology is the only thing that will prevent a flow of blood; oh, no! Not so bad as that. The apology is simply because we have attempted the super-human feat of moving a print shop in cold weather.

Such a move is bad enough in the heat of summer with the days eighteen hours long; but when you try it in the chill November, with the sun working only half a shift and mostly behind the clouds, it is a job, that calls for Christian statesmanship and plenty of muscle. We have been at it now three days, and have thus far arrived at the felicity of doing business in two places, with a strong predilection to ornate and picturesque profanity. Davy Crockett's motto, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is of no use in this office just now. Just when you think you're right, and start to go ahead, you stumble over a lye pot or some other trap that the devil has considerably put in the way, and then you know you are all wrong and that Mr. Crockett's philosophy is of the fair weather kind. It is therefore meet and proper that the *Daily Journal* should at this time say to its large and constantly increasing circle of readers, that yesterday it was in such bad shape that it couldn't get out; that today it is not much better but will make an effort to get around, and that it hopes to strike its old gait, and even better, immediately after the demolition of the Thanksgiving turkey. This is all we care to say on this trying subject at this time.—*Yellowstone (Miles City, Mont.) Journal*.

His Remembrance of "The Beautiful."

Personally, I don't go much on cold weather; the beautiful snow lost half its charms early in my career. When a horny-handed lad of the farm, I wrote a sympathetic effusion on the "Glories of the Winter Time." I sent it to our home agriculture paper, but the article was inserted in the waste basket.

I remember I tried to set forth the beauties of life in the country, when the mercury was on its way towards the bulb in search of a warmer climate. It was replete with illustrations of touching tenderness. I mentioned the "falling flakes

of frozen vapor which drifted lazily from the heavens, falling on the shivering kine that stood half frozen and sleet covered about the barnyard." The crisp December air was a joy forever, if not a thing of beauty, as it whistled through the naked oaks and climbed in through the loose joints of my bedroom window. It was a small section of heaven, that experience of mine, listening to the merry bells on passing sleighs as I stood swinging a heavy axe over a frozen log of hickory. Nothing was so peculiarly fascinating to my youthful fancy as the trees all a-glitter with ice as I trudged my way over the slippery ground to break the ice in the creek and stand for two hours waiting for a measly lot of calves to drink their fill. It was a thrill of pleasure to see the skaters on the "sea of glass" as they moved in graceful curves while I stood on the bank and nursed my frozen ear.

Ah! those were the glorious days, when all



AFTER THE MUSICAL.

Mr. Saphead—"My knowledge of the music was perfect, I know, Miss de Mille, but I fear my execution was poor; don't you agree with me, Colonel?"

The Colonel—"Can't agree with you. I think the tune died very easily."

about, the snow in winding sheets united earth and sky as we boys cut fodder from the frozen earth and carried it on our backs to the waiting cows a half mile distant. Even now, in fancy, I hear the chirp of the chick-a-dee on the barbed wire fence as my brother tried in vain to rescue an unfortunate icicle that found its way through my open collar and down my spinal column. And then there was hardly anything so intoxicating as a roaring fire in the kitchen stove which I spent an hour in kindling with wood covered with sleet and beautiful snow. To this day, when I hear people exulting over the prospects for a "white Christmas," I positively want to shed tears.—*E. O. E., in Stillwater Prison Mirror*.

The Red River and Prohibition.

Editor Foley, of the *Bismarck Tribune*, speaks thus of the picturesque Red:

The Red River of the North deserves more

than a fleeting mention at my hands. It is a timid stream, whose chief service is to separate Minnesota from the prohibition law. Its waters teem with moisture in the wet season, and are inhabited by four or five steamboats belonging to the United States Government, which spends several thousand dollars each year in discovering that the river is unnavigable. Upon each bank there is a fuzzy growth, which lends the stream an unshaven and unkempt appearance, and affords nesting places for the microbes in the winter season. Grand Forks people, as a rule, do not patronize the river to any great extent for drinking purposes, as they do not believe the water is nutritious. It contains large quantities of decayed food and condemned articles of wearing apparel, such as old shirts, overalls, rubber boots and frayed collars and cuffs, in solution. These foreign flavors lend the water a glue-like appearance; and if, at any time, it has to be used, it is cut out in square blocks with a spade, and eaten with a knife and fork.

The East Grand Forks people do not pay me anything for writing this prospectus of the Red River. I do it merely to put the stream in the right light before the world. I do not know whether the stream can ever be used for anything or not. If the people along its banks continue to boycott the water, the supply may increase to such an extent in time that the Government may be enabled to get its boats out, and make a series of tests as to the navigable feasibility of the city sewer system. But it is hard to tell. For the present, it looks as though the river water would continue in the same warped and highly flavored condition as now.

Grand Forks is situated on the upper lip of the Red River of the North, and only a stone's throw from the business place of Mr. Daniel Sullivan, the prominent Prohibitionist, who is said to have rendered material aid in the great work of defeating re-submission at the last session of the North Dakota legislature. There are three bridges across the Red River, leading from one town to the other, and all of them are well patronized, the trails being kept quite warm the entire time by the feet of the people who go over to talk prohibition with Mr. Sullivan.

Some Railroad Correspondence.

Chief Clerk W. H. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway's general freight department, recently received the following communication:

"Deer mistur hell, my Father ust to do consipribe preechin and get a halfare pur mit and my Unkle ust to ship his catel ofer your road and i ust to go with them. In the furst place i got halfare previleg from Father and i got it fur nothin from my Unkles catel, which is on the hole fifty pur cent better than free transpurtation, and so I feel free to ast you fer a tiket to St. Paul, simply a tiket i could have ust ofen befor but didn't need, my Father as quit preechin and Unkel ain't shippin catel in hard times. To make the favur easier i'll send my close and stuff by express yours truley."

Wilfred is accustomed to arithmetic problems, but never before did he tackle such a ponderous assinorum as this, where the writer proves one free pass on a cattle train and a half-fare permit on a passenger train equivalent to a pass and a half without baggage privileges. He will repudiate the requisition only on account of the infernal salutation, "Deer mistur hell."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

This letter should be filed where the pass-hungry public can examine it for pointers.

GROWTH OF REAL ESTATE VALUES.

An Address by Wm. Dawson before the Commercial Club of St. Paul.

I have been asked by a committee of gentlemen to give a banker's experience in real estate in St. Paul, and the spokesman kindly granted me the space of ten minutes to give it. As I have been here thirty-five years this will give me about eighteen seconds to each year.

In 1857 I visited the Northwest during the "boom." My intention then was to make some investments in real estate. I had a few thousand dollars with me for that purpose, but I concluded everything was too high, and I made no investments. In May, 1859, I went down to New Orleans, spent several days there with real estate men and inquired the price of property all over the city—the relative value between the wholesale and retail streets, and also the price of dwelling house property throughout the city. I spent a day in Montgomery, Ala., getting posted, and from there went to Augusta, Ga., and spent a couple of days; thence to Richmond, Va., where I spent nearly a week; from there to Baltimore; from Baltimore to Philadelphia; from Philadelphia to New York; from New York to Albany; thence to Rochester and Buffalo, and from there to Chicago. In all these cities I spent long enough time to get reasonably well posted in the value of real estate, and when I arrived in St. Paul in 1859 I thought I had a very good general idea of real estate—the relative values in the different cities. I have tried to keep in touch with the values since. I reached St. Paul in July the same year. The ten years previous to that time I lived in the South, situated between the cotton and sugar planters. The signs of the times indicated to me that a civil war would come on, and I thought it prudent to get away from the South and also to get away from the border States. I recollect very well the appearance of St. Paul when I first came here. Third Street was then the principal street, and on nearly every store on that street, from the Merchants' Hotel to the Seven Corners, was a placard, and on that placard was "For Sale." The greater part of the stores were idle. Up to that time there was not wheat enough raised in Minnesota to supply the inhabitants that were in this city and State.

DR. DAY FOUND REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

An old friend of mine, Dr. Day, related to me his experience on his first arrival in St. Paul. I think it was in 1849. There were some real estate agents even then in St. Paul. He had been to the lead mines in Galena and had made some money, and those real estate men found it out and tried to get his money away from him. The first real estate agent, to use the doctor's own language, wanted to sell him that block bounded by Third, Cedar, Bench and Wabasha. He asked \$300. But, as the doctor said, he was too smart; the agent could not get his money. The next man that struck him had five acres situated between College and Summit avenues and extending west from upper Third Street, and he had the cheek to ask him \$250 for the five acres. But here again the doctor was too smart; the agent could not get his money. He next met Deacon Selby. The deacon had forty acres situated on Western Avenue, near Selby; he wanted \$25 an acre for it. The doctor was too smart; the deacon could not get his

money. The doctor mentioned several other parcels that were offered to him, but he would not invest. These three parcels of land at the present time, if there were no improvements of any kind on them, could not be purchased for \$1,250,000.

My first purchase of real estate was in Wabasha County. In 1859 I bought a section of land about eight miles from Lake City, for \$2 an acre, and sold it soon after that for \$5 an acre. The land is now worth \$30 or \$40 an acre. My next purchase, in 1860, was on Third Street, not far from the Merchants hotel. I bought forty-six feet for \$75 a foot. In 1861 I purchased a house and lot on Fifth Street, opposite the postoffice, for \$1,600, and in two or three years I sold it for \$3,000. The property is now worth \$50,000—naked ground. In 1861 a man by the name of Douglass came up from St. Louis with a lot of whisky, which he tried to sell for 25 cents a gallon, and could not get a purchaser, but Louis Robert, who owned a great deal of property in the city, offered him seven acres of land at \$1,000 an acre, the land being situated north of Twelfth Street, lying on both sides of Robert Street and having also a frontage on Minnesota Street. Mr. Robert was willing to take the whisky at 50 cents a gallon in the trade. Mr. Douglass came to me and offered me the seven acres for \$3,500; but, like Dr. Day, I was too smart. I did not take it. Since that time this property would have sold for over \$400,000. As late as 1866 Cal Uline offered me 400 lots in West St. Paul, belonging to an Eastern party, for \$10 a lot—\$4,000. Since that time those lots would have brought an average of \$1,000 a piece, or \$400,000. I did not purchase. In 1868 Col. Hewitt and I purchased together 160 acres where Hamline University now stands, for which I paid \$2,400 for my half. I kept it until 1873, and the rents brought in an income on the investment of about 5 per cent net—after paying taxes. In 1873 I sold it for \$24,000. I thought the sale a good one. Two years after I could not have sold it for \$10,000. To-day it could not be purchased for \$250,000.

SOME OTHER PAYING INVESTMENTS.

In 1860 I purchased for a friend of mine in Louisiana 100x150 feet on the corner of Robert and Seventh streets from E. S. Edgerton, late president of the Second National Bank, for \$4,500. It brought ground rents enough to pay interest on the original investment. To-day it is worth at least \$150,000—naked ground. In 1866 I purchased for another friend of mine, on Robert Street, 25 by 100 feet (a portion of Mannheim's block is now on it). I paid \$750 for it. I rented it at once for enough to pay interest on the money, and in 1888 I sold this piece for \$25,000 cash. My friend made a pretty good investment that time. In 1866 I took my friend out to look at 12 acres of land near Elevator B. It belonged to the Edgerton family. It was offered to me for \$1,200; I advised my friend to take it. He said no; where he lived he could buy better land for \$5 an acre, and he could not see any object in buying at that price. I had so much confidence in its being a good investment, that I told him if he would loan me \$600 at 12 per cent, I would buy half of it and let him buy the other half, and I would handle

it for him. This he consented to do. Six years from that time I divided it up into lots. His share of the lots were 34. In 1882 I sold 5 lots for \$1,740; the year after I sold 3 more for \$3,500; and the following year I sold 6 for \$6,000. He still has 20 lots left. I think it was a pretty good bargain.

WOODLAND PARK SPECULATION.

In 1870 I went into a purchase with other gentlemen of a tract of ground that is now known as Woodland Park Addition. We paid \$400 an acre for the land. Very soon after we divided it up into lots, making four 2-3 lots to the acre, and we immediately commenced selling these lots at \$400 apiece, and continued the sale until they were all sold. It took two or three years to make the sale. We thought we were doing well. These lots now would sell for \$5,000 apiece or upwards. In 1865 I purchased 90 acres of land in what is known as Reserve Township, for \$20 an acre, opposite Minnehaha. I leased it for enough to pay fair interest on the investment from the day I purchased it up to this time, less the taxes. The land at one time would have sold for \$1,200 or \$1,500 an acre, and to-day is worth about \$1,000 an acre.

A friend in New Orleans, when I told him I had made investments, in 1860, in St. Paul, and told him that I had a very favorable opinion of its future prospects, asked me if I had met many Jews up there. I told him no; I did not see very many. "Well, now," said he, "I have not so much confidence in your city; because Jews seem to have an instinctive perception of gathering at the commercial and moneyed centers." If he would ask me the same question now, I would answer him differently; we are pretty well supplied at the present time, and some of them are among our most enterprising citizens.

In 1866 I purchased 110 acres of land for \$10 an acre. In 1881 I sold 5 acres of that to H. Kutzky for \$125 an acre, he paying \$125 cash, giving me his note at 8 per cent interest for \$500. In 1887 Mr. Kutzky sold the same land to J. C. Horrigan for \$7,500. So on his investment of actual cash paid up of \$125 he cleared over \$6,000. In the meantime Mr. Kutzky broke the land up and made an excellent garden out of it.

A BUSINESS-LIKE LADY.

About the year 1883 a lady came to me and wanted to buy a lot on which to build a house in West St. Paul. I sold it to her for \$300, taking \$10 down. She did not build, and I paid no more attention to it. In about three years from the time she bought it she sold the lot for \$800. She came in and paid me the balance due, and then said, "Mr. Dawson, I will buy twenty lots from you now at the same price you sold me that lot for, and I will give you \$10 apiece on them." I respectfully declined. I thought she had an eye to business.

In 1863 Mr. Ennis, formerly a banker in Hastings, offered to sell me 200 acres of land near Pine Bend for \$2,000, and take my note for it. I declined to purchase. The land was improved, and he let it on shares. Mr. Ennis told me his share that year cleared him \$2,350. I missed a bargain. I have missed a good many of them.

In 1868 I had broken up, fenced and cleared five acres of land in West St. Paul, on Ohio Street. It cost \$235 to break, fence, plant and cultivate this in potatoes. I sold the crop for \$359.40, which cleared me about \$25 an acre. In 1872 I broke, fenced and planted seven acres in the city limits, on Rice Street. I sowed it in onions. After paying the entire expense of breaking, fencing, and taking care of and marketing the crop, I cleared \$42 an acre. I merely state this to show what can be done on the vacant land around our city if it were put in cultivation. Samuel Dearing, of West St. Paul, told me that for fifteen years he cultivated in fodder corn ten

acres of land. It produced him an average of ten tons of dry fodder each year, at a cost of about \$20 an acre, all told. He claims that this fodder is as good as timothy hay, and the timothy hay would average in this market \$10 a ton. So he netted from his ten acres each year a clear profit of \$800. Joseph Irish, near Newport, told me that for seventeen consecutive years he planted from fifty to one hundred acres of corn each year, and that he never missed a crop, and that it averaged him seventy-five bushels an acre. Uri Lamprey, in 1893, had thirty-two acres of land near Forest Lake in corn; it produced him 121½ bushels to the acre. This ground, of course, was highly fertilized with manure from his cattle yard; but it shows what can be done in this State. I have been informed, on the best authority, that a gentleman living near North Branch fenced and cultivated 160 acres of land in potatoes, and that after paying all expenses he sold his crop so that he cleared \$100 an acre, or \$16,000 in one year. These, of course, were exceptional cases, and particularly the latter; because he made an excellent crop and sold the potatoes at a very high price. But it shows what can be done on the soil of Minnesota.

I could go and mention several others; these are some of my experiences in real estate.

Now, when we take into consideration that Minnesota has 35,547,094 acres fit for cultivation, and that 7,073,274 are under cultivation, leaving 28,473,820 acres still to be cultivated—who can predict the future possibilities of this State? And who can predict the great future of the Twin Cities?

CROP OF 1892.

	Bushels.	Per bu.	
Wheat.....	38,382,474	60	\$23,029,484.40
Oats.....	40,142,812	30	12,042,852.60
Corn.....	18,668,617	50	9,334,308.50
Barley.....	12,745,844	40	4,096,337.60
Rye.....	1,167,972	45	525,587.40
Potatoes.....	6,776,491	40	2,710,596.40
Beans.....	28,788	1.50	43,182.00
Flax seed.....	2,241,710	1.38	3,093,559.80
Timothy seed.....	293,738	2.50	734,345.00
Clover seed.....	11,484	5.50	63,162.00
Apples.....	158,770	50	79,385.00
Buckwheat.....	97,656	50,000.00

\$56,804,800.70

	Tons.	Per ton.	
Hay, wild.....	1,735,274	\$6.00	\$10,411,644.00
Hay, tame.....	591,333	10.00	5,913,330.00

\$16,324,974.00

MISCELLANEOUS.—		Per lb.		\$10,324,974.00
	Pounds.	Cents.		
Grapes.....	255,399	05		\$12,768.45
Tobacco.....	62,396	10		6,239.60
Butter.....	28,041,476	15		4,206,221.40
Cheese.....	868,567	10		86,856.70
Wool.....	1,271,223	12		152,546.76
Honey.....	214,602	20		42,920.40
*Maple Syrup.....	10,351	50		5,175.50
Maple Sugar.....	12,378	20		24,756.60
*Cane Syrup.....	132,836	50		66,418.00

\$4,603,222.41

Total.....\$77,732,997.11

*Gallons.

In this estimate I have not enumerated (because I had no data on which to form an absolutely correct estimate) beef, pork, hides and furs, game, fish, poultry, eggs or strawberries, currants, pumpkins, melons, cabbages, turnips, celery or any other garden vegetables. I think it would be a fair estimate to say there was produced in 1892 more than \$3,000,000 worth, making the grand total of produce raised in Minnesota for the year 1892 over \$80,000,000.

When we consider that there are only 7,073,274 acres under cultivation, that the crops of 1892 amounted to over \$80,000,000, it is apparent that if our entire 35,547,094 acres of tillable land were under cultivation, the entire product would be over \$400,000,000, even at the low prices of 1892; and that if the population in 1892 was over 1,400,000, it will be five times that number, or more than 7,000,000, when our tillable land is under cultivation and our resources properly

developed. We will at once perceive that according to the same ratio as that between cities and country that now exists, such a development would give the Twin Cities five times their present population, or over 1,500,000 inhabitants. These are not wild guesses, but they are based on official statistics. The total value of gold produced in the United States in 1892 was \$34,431,577. The value of the crops of Minnesota was more than double this for the same year.

There is one thing to which I would like to call the attention of those who own property around our city—the immense waste of our fertilizers; we waste enough manure each year to make a large fortune in any of our Eastern towns.

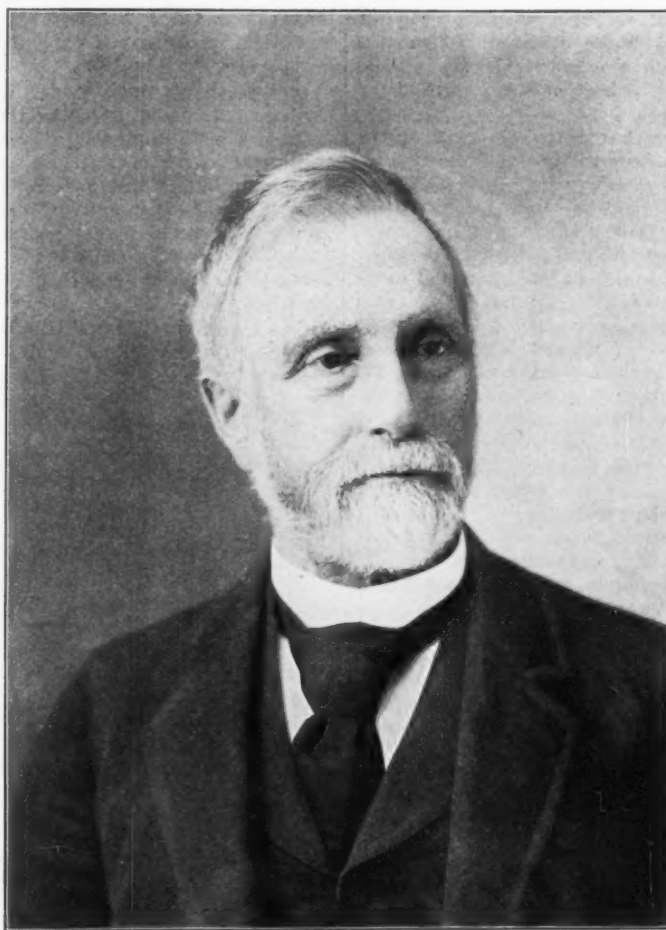
BUY YOUR THINGS AT HOME.

There is a class of men in St. Paul that your Commercial Club was intended to improve; they are men who have moved from the East and still

One of the things we must take into consideration as to the future growth of our city is rapid transit by electric power, which is going to cut a great figure. In some respect it has revolutionized the values of our central and it has equalized the values of our suburban property. We are living in an age when people congregate together in cities. The growth of Berlin, for instance, has been greater than the growth of New York; Hamburg greater than Boston; Dresden greater than Baltimore, and London greater than any of our American cities, and I could make several other comparisons to show that we are not the only country where cities are growing rapidly.

With some few drawbacks we have the finest climate I ever lived in. Minnesota has the summers of Italy and the winters of Sweden.

I have seen most of the large cities of Europe



WM. DAWSON, OF ST. PAUL, PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF MINNESOTA.

continue to patronize their Eastern tailors, shoemakers, etc. If the St. Paul tailors are not good enough to make their clothes, and the St. Paul shoemakers are not good enough to fit their feet, it would be better for our city if they went back to where they came from. I believe the men who make money here ought to spend it here.

About twenty-five years ago I was connected with a number of gentlemen who owned the Meeker dam franchise. We had very careful surveys made, and we found that there was a fall of a little over ninety feet between the foot of Jackson Street and the head of the rapids at Minneapolis—enough to give three waterpowers in that distance, each one with a fall of thirty feet. Suppose this were developed and that the power were conveyed to the Twin Cities by electricity; what an impetus it would give to manufacturing!

and North America, and I can say, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is not as pretty a spot for its size on either continent as Como Park. Our bluffs and hillsides are hard to equal for beauty.

I might be asked what I thought of the future of real estate in St. Paul. To give an opinion without giving a reason for that opinion, I would consider of very little value, and, hence, if I go into this branch of the subject I must give some statistics. Look at a map of North America, and start a line at Charleston, running in a northwesterly direction, and in about 800 miles you will reach St. Paul. You can continue in the same direction, and it will bring you through the Red River Valley of the North, through North Dakota into the British Possessions, and every portion of that land all the way, as far from St. Paul in a northwesterly direction as Charleston

is from St. Paul in a southeasterly direction, is a magnificent body of land. We are situated at the head of navigation, on the longest river in North America, only distant from Lake Superior 150 miles. St. Paul is one of the greatest railroad centers in the United States—eleven systems of railroads center here, having a mileage of over 18,000 miles.

We have tributary to us the State of Minnesota, a large portion of the northern part of Wisconsin, a considerable portion of Iowa, North and South Dakota, Montana, Oregon and Washington; in fact, a country, when developed, large enough to build up at the head of the Mississippi a city larger than Chicago is to-day. And I might here add, that I consider the destinies of St. Paul and Minneapolis the same. No railroad can afford to come to one city without going to the other; any great enterprise undertaken and carried through successfully in one city is a benefit to the other; our topographical situation and our close proximity makes us indeed the "Twin Cities," and our destiny is the same. I never had any fear of the growth of Minneapolis; on the contrary, when away from Minnesota I always felt proud to hear of the growth of the Twin Cities.

Dairy farming has proved, in most of our Eastern States, very profitable. Minnesota, all things considered, has no superior in the United States as a dairy-farming State. Our soil produces clover, timothy hay, alfalfa, blue grass, and all the other tame grasses that are produced within our temperate belt. We have the purest water; and it is well known that in a climate where human beings are healthy, cattle also do well. *A carload of butter and cheese is worth more than ten times the value of a carload of wheat*; and as our farming lands here can be bought for less than one-fourth of what they are selling for in the Connecticut Valley, in New York or Pennsylvania, it is very easy to calculate how much more profitable dairy-farming can be made here than in the Eastern States.

Our chief product, wheat, has fallen off wonderfully in price. The average price this year, probably, in Minnesota, won't be over 50 cents; formerly it sold at an average of \$1 a bushel. I think wheat could be used to better advantage than selling it at the present low price. Mr. Miller, president of the Citizens National Bank of Fargo, told me that last year he had several thousand bushels of wheat, for which he could only get 43 cents per bushel. He purchased pigs, had them fattened, and sold his hogs so that his wheat brought him 71 cents a bushel, after paying expenses. I hope more of our farmers will follow his example.

In the Southern States they are equally suffering from the effects of low prices. A friend of mine, who formerly sold his cotton at an average of fifteen cents a pound, writes me he now only gets 41 cents. We are now going through what might be termed a "periodical depression." It came to this country in 1837. A gentleman once told me that he owned a small plantation in Mississippi and a family of eight negroes, and in 1836 he bought one negro more, on credit—gave \$2,000 for him, and it took the entire nine negroes and plantation to pay for that one negro.

When we take into consideration the vast quantity of mineral wealth that we have bordering on Lake Superior, our superb forests, our exceedingly fertile soils, our beautiful lakes and the vast quantity of undeveloped waterpower that is in our State—what a future there is before us! It is true that a great portion of our wealth is undeveloped—and undeveloped wealth is of no special value. Is this likely to be developed?

CLIMATE AND CHARACTER.

Capt. Potter, at one time owner of the Merchants' Hotel, was introduced to me on a very

cold, stormy day in March—the first visit he paid to Minnesota. He was introduced to me as a capitalist who intended to invest money. My impression was that the weather at that season of the year would drive him off. He afterwards told me he had made up his mind to invest because the people who would settle in a climate like Minnesota's in March must be a hardy, industrious people—that the lazy people went farther South. Now, what is the character of our population? We have the hardy, industrious Scandinavian; we have the thrifty German, and, in fact, we have all nationalities here; and as emigration largely moves in parallel lines, the great bulk of our population is the enterprising American from the Eastern States—a people for enterprise, energy and push unequalled in the civilized world. The Emerald Isle is also represented here, and its sons are always willing to do their share in building up a city or developing a new country. With the ability and energy of these different races now settled in Minnesota, and all united for the single purpose of building up our State, I have no fears for the future of our State or city.

There is one thing remarkable about our city—the "boom," as it was called, or the activity in real estate, broke down five years ago, and since that time it is really surprising the number of very fine buildings that have been put up; in fact, the finest in our city. I might mention, amongst the rest, the Pioneer Press, the New York Life, the Manhattan, the Germania Life, Mannheimers' store, Schuneman, Evans & Co.'s store, the Endicott and Lowry arcades, the Virginia, Marlborough and Gilman apartment houses, and several others; besides a number of the very finest dwelling houses that we have in the city.

GOOD AND BAD TIMES.

An era of low prices existed after 1837 for several years, but in 1840 times commenced to improve and reached the highest point in 1857, when there was another breakdown. Of course the greatest shock to business of all was during the early part of the Civil War, but in a few years after the war commenced improvement began and continued until the culmination and breakdown in 1873. During each of these periods of depression a great many felt as they now feel, that times would never improve. A man might as well say because the sun sets it will never rise again. These periodical terms of hard times and good times come in cycles as regularly as the leaves in spring, or as the sun rises and sets, and the man who owns real estate in St. Paul and can hold on to it will again see good times and see that his investment has been one of the safest he could have made in any class of securities.

Some people are disappointed in investments made in real estate during what is known as "boom" times; and no doubt some unfortunate investments have been made; simply because the parties purchasing the property went in debt. The investments of any person who purchased real estate and paid for it will compare favorably with any other class of investments. For instance, in 1860, there were in the Southern States about 4,000,000 slaves; a moderate estimate of the value of these slaves would be \$500 each, amounting to the vast sum of \$2,000,000,000. This was all wiped out by the war. At the time of "boom" prices of property in St. Paul there were three systems of railroads—the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific—that represented upwards of \$1,000,000,000. Compare the depreciation of the property of these three bankrupt railroads with the average depreciation of any property in our city—how much better off the man who invested his money in real estate than the one who invested in promiscuous railroad stocks! For the

depreciation in all kinds of railroad stocks has been great.

In 1860 the population of St. Paul was 10,600; in 1890, 133,156. In 1860 the banking capital of St. Paul was not more than \$100,000, and the deposits were estimated to be not over \$400,000; in 1894 the banking capital is \$5,850,000; the deposits are \$20,094,979.

St. Paul had a population in 1880 of 41,742. She had that year 593 manufacturing establishments, with a capital invested of \$3,738,791, and in 1890 she had 1,421 manufacturing establishments, with a capital of \$21,438,588. The number employed in 1880 was 5,230; in 1890, 17,485. Since 1890 we have added very largely to our manufacturing facilities. For instance, the Northwestern Cordage Company, the Walter A. Wood Harvester Company, and some sixteen other establishments.

Amongst the attractions where a solid foundation is laid for our prosperity we must not omit our educational institutions. I know of no place on this continent where there are so many seats of learning within a radius of nine miles, taking as the center the St. Paul Court House. The State University is now a very large institution, already one of the greatest in the United States; and, with its very able president, Cyrus Northrop, and corps of professors, is an institution that would be a credit to any State or any country. The different branches of the Christian church are also well represented. Take, for instance, the Hill University, with Archbishop Ireland at the head; this will be one of the greatest Catholic institutions of learning in North America. Also St. Thomas College, the Agricultural College, and Stryker Seminary. The Presbyterian Church is represented by Macalester College; the Methodists by Hamline University, and the Lutherans by the Lutheran College. All these institutions are young, some of them only in their infancy. We have sixty-one private schools in St. Paul and forty-four public schools. The records show that in 1859 there were enrolled in the public schools 1,364; in 1890, 17,979; in 1894, 20,162; which shows that we have added a large growth during the last four years to our population, judging by the enrollment of school children. The public schools are richly endowed and rank among the best in America.

With regard to the values of our real estate, Kansas City has a population less than ours. Property there has sold as high as \$4,500 a front foot. The highest sale ever made that I know of in this city was paid by the Merchants' National Bank—\$1,750 a front foot. I am satisfied that if any person will take the trouble to compare the values of our city with the values of other cities of the same size anywhere throughout the United States he will find that ours have always been conservative and are to-day lower than they are in any other city in the United States with the same population, to say nothing about the future prospects.

ST. PAUL AS A PLACE OF BUSINESS.

In 1859 P. F. McQuillan commenced business with a very small capital; he died in 1878, leaving a fortune of over \$300,000; all made in trade. About the same time Conrad Gotzian commenced business in a small way. He died in 1887, leaving considerably over \$1,000,000, all made in business and manufacturing. I could mention a great many others. In fact, I do not think a spot can be found on this continent where more men, for the population, have acquired an independence, and many of them large fortunes, than in the Twin Cities, during the last twenty-five years.

In financial movements in the United States we begin in the Eastern States. For instance, during the panic of last year, the tightness of money first commenced in the East, and then

moved West; afterwards, when money commenced to get easy in the East, the movement was slow in the West. It is so with real estate. Col. Newport and other gentlemen who have been East have told me that Eastern capitalists are now investing largely in Eastern property. A friend of Col. Newport in the last six months has invested \$4,000,000 in Philadelphia property. Wanamaker has also invested very largely. And the same thing is occurring in New York and Boston and other Eastern cities. It will come our time by and by, and a great many people will wonder why they missed the opportunities they are now having; but "such is life."

COMING PROSPERITY.

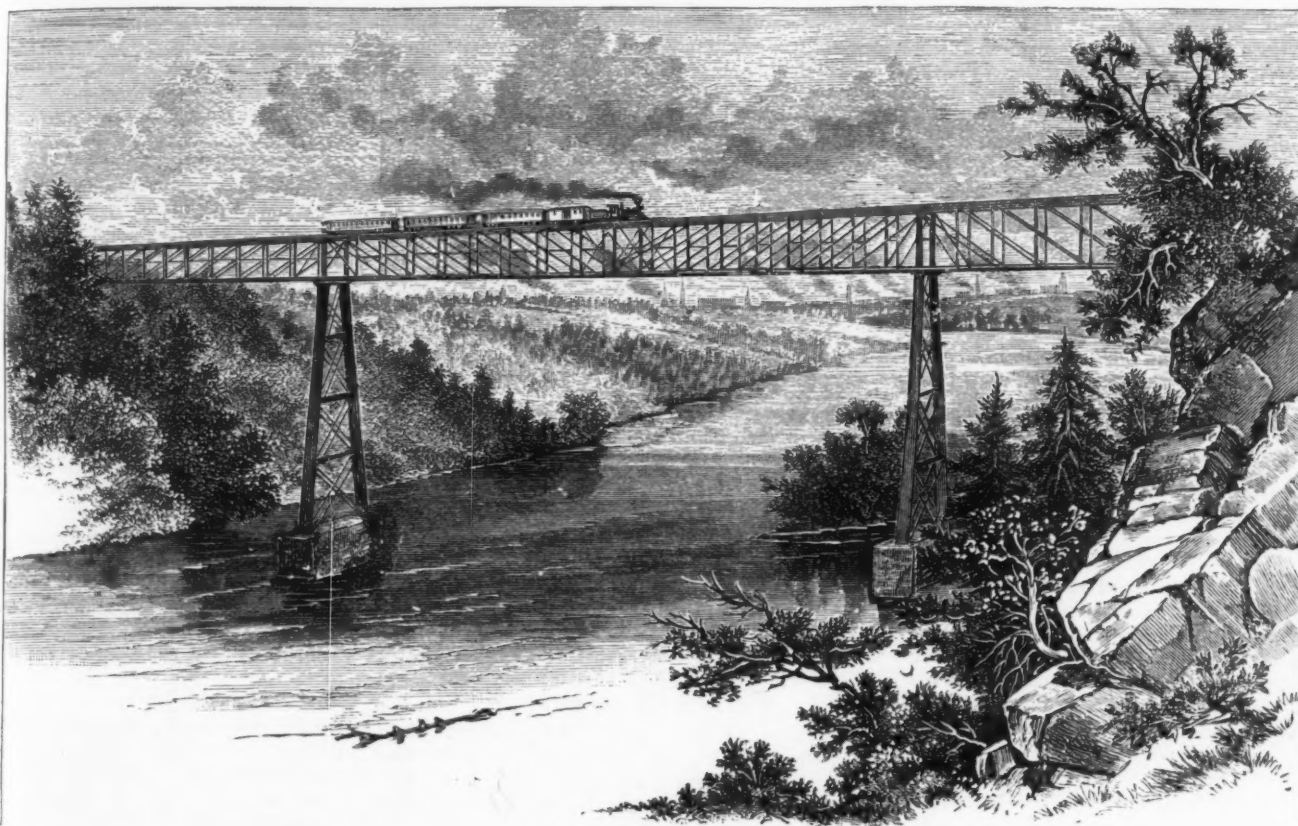
There is a class of people in St. Paul, as well as everywhere else, who look upon the dark side of everything, and from the first time I came here they prophesied that St. Paul had seen its best days. They are here yet, and some

THE SALMON TROUT.

In a recent issue of *Forest and Stream* I noted an article on the power of the salmon in leaping over falls, in their migration up the streams of the Northwest country. Perhaps one of the most interesting sights that an angler and sportsman could witness I saw, about fifty miles above the head of navigation of the St. Joe River, a few miles from the mouth of Slate Creek, a rollicking tributary to the St. Joe River in North Idaho.

I was one of a survey party who were running a line through the wilds of the St. Joe Country for the Idaho State wagon road from Wallace to the mouth of the St. Mary's River, fifteen miles below the head of navigation of the St. Joe River. It was a part of my duties as assistant engineer to look up a route for the road, far in advance of the party. After our party had dropped over the range south of the town of Wallace and had gone

The sides of the canyon nearly kissed each other, and when, in rounding a point almost beneath this sky-scraping finger rock, I beheld a sight which would have delighted the most fastidious sportsman on earth. Before me dashed the turbulent waters over a fall between these beetling crags—a clear fall of fifteen feet, and in the dashing waters and foaming spray I saw the salmon trout of the rocky streams of the Northwest racing and leaping in their attempts to pass up over the falls in their spawning migrations to the higher part of the stream and its upper tributaries. Sometimes a dozen at a time would majestically circle around in the clear pool below the falls and then with a rush through the rapids leave the water and, like feathered arrows, shoot through the air, sometimes to pass over the falls, but more often to fall short of the mark and to be swept back into the rapids and around into the smooth eddy.



BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE LINE OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

of them honestly believe they are telling the truth. I have seen the panic of 1857, and the reaction; the depression of the Civil War, and the prosperity after it; the panic of 1873, and the revival of business; and the panic of 1893. I believe in the near future times will improve, and our next prosperity will be the greatest the city of St. Paul and the United States have ever seen.

If time would permit me, I could go on and give several more reasons why my confidence is as great in the future of St. Paul as it ever was. I will simply add that from the day of my arrival to the present hour I have believed there would be a very large city here. My faith has strengthened as the years rolled round, and I have no more doubt that my first impressions will be fulfilled than I have in my existence.

The London papers speak of the bishop of North Dakota, who is now visiting England, as the inventor of the church car, and say that his services are much sought after in many large towns.

twenty miles beyond we found ourselves in a regular box canyon on lower Slate Creek, which was impassable for our pack animals and well nigh impassable for man.

Through the mountains and along the zigzag windings of the creek we saw evidences of attempts by trappers and prospectors to make the passage down Slate Creek, but they evidently all failed to reach the St. Joe, for their meager bush-cutting and tree-blazings were lost in the dense and gloomy jungles and rocky defiles of the towering mountains. At a point on Slate Creek where the transportation of our party and supplies was stopped, I was sent ahead with a two days' supply of provisions for myself, to try and gain some knowledge of the country through which we expected to continue our line. I had gone about three miles through the wildest and most inaccessible jungle of buck-brush, chaparral and rock slides I had ever met with in the mountain fastnesses, and had gained a point near a towering finger of rocks that reached into the skies.

I crawled down the steep declivity to a place where I could almost touch these giant fish of the mountain streams as they made their flying leaps, and watched them for an hour, sometimes even reaching out my hand to catch them in their rapid passage through the air. Once in a while a fifteen-pounder would miscalculate his aim and would go dashing against the smooth side of the rocky canyon and go splashing back into the rushing stream. No more exploration was made by me that afternoon, but I did take from my haversack an Indian drag-hook, and in a few minutes landed three beauties, and then journeyed back to camp. WM. H. FRASER.

Gem, Idaho, Dec., 1894.

FIRST WEST OF THE ROCKIES.—The first printing done west of the Rocky Mountains was in the Nez Perce language. It was a primer for Indian children, turned out from the Mission press at Clearwater, Idaho, in 1839. The press that did the work had been brought by the missionaries all the way from the Hawaiian Islands



LOVE'S WAY.

Just so it has been since the world first swung
And the love-birds low in the garden sung,
That one should adore and in love be spent,
Should be conquered and mastered and broken and bent

And lie like a thing outdone;
And the other, all strong and self-contained,
Should receive and accept, while untouched remain,
That central fire of Love's soul retain,
All masterful and unwon.

That one should kiss, with eyes all wet,
With passionate longing and burning regret
And quivering lips that cling,
While the other's thoughts should waver and stray
Remorseful, repentant and eager to stay,
Yet swept by a breath of a thought away,
Or some passing lover's whim.

For love is a light, a flash, a fire,
An uncontrollable heart's desire,
That can conquer, or crush, or kill.
The one beneath it writhes and weeps
And through agony's rainbow a vigil keeps
While the other laughs and sings and sleeps
And wanders away at will.

This much have I come to understand—
That pain and passion go hand in hand
In Eros garden towers;
Love cannot be given, tho' long we to give;
Love cannot be won, tho' to win were to live,
But the one shall offer, the other receive
In this heart-breaking world of ours.

Yet not one dart would I knowingly aim,
To pierce Love's heart, that it suffer pain
Or halt on a broken wing;
For, I say, since the great world outward swung
And the love-birds glad in the garden sung,
When earth was new and Time was young,
That Love has still been king.

Dubuque, Iowa.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

To Relieve Headache.

A simple but often effective way of relieving nervous headache is to bathe the head freely in water as hot as can be borne. This should be applied not alone to the temples, but to the back of the ears and the back of the neck, where the nerves are very numerous. The effect is, in most cases, soothing and beneficial.

Passing of the Butcher.

In the cities and towns in the East it is going out of fashion for those who retail meats to do their own butchering. Even in the smaller towns the old time butcher is disappearing. The killing is being done at the abattoirs, which are equipped with all the improved appliances, and unites every vestige of the non-estable portions of the animals. It is anticipated that the time will come when the more thickly populated country districts will have their convenient slaughter house fitted up to do their killing, dressing and curing of meats more economically and in better shape than the farmers can do it at home. This will relieve them of a very disagreeable business and be especially gratifying to the housewives.—*Northwestern Farmer.*

Have Women Ugly Limbs?

A correspondent who takes part in the discussion on "rational" dress for women writes thus: While readily admitting "that for women to clothe each leg in a distinct cylinder is not an attempt to imitate man" in an undesirable sense, I should like to give it as my opinion that it is a distinct attempt on the part of women to make themselves absolutely repulsive in appearance. For, sir, even my carefully-trained and custom-fostered respect for that admirable sex cannot

prevent me from saying that, considered from the artist's point of view, the nether limbs of women are all wrong.

Whether or not this deficiency in the sex is amply atoned for by the superior beauty of the texture of the skin, delicacy of coloring, or a more subtle power of attraction, does not and can not alter the fact that, considered from a purely plastic point of view, the beauty of form of a woman is but a sorry travesty of the beauty of form of a man. A well-formed and handsome young woman dressed in knickerbockers is a grotesque and unpleasant sight to look upon.—*London Chronicle.*

The Onion.

Don't stick up your nose at an onion. If the following from an exchange is true, the onion should be in good odor with the public: "A physician was seen buying a barrel of onions and being grieved about his purchase, said: 'I always have boiled onions for dinner for the benefit of my children. I like onions, too. They are the best medicine I know of for preventing colds. Feed onions raw, boiled or baked to the children three or four times a week and they will grow healthy and strong. No worms, no scarletina, no diphtheria where children eat plenty of onions every day.' Another distinguished physician confirmed the foregoing statement, adding: 'Couldn't give better advice, no matter how hard I may try.'"

What They're Made Of.

Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used for making cheap candy, sugars, jellies and syrups. Apple sauce is pumpkin colored in cider. It is said that cheap confectionery and liquors are the articles most injuriously adulterated. Candy commonly contains much fusil oil and other poisons. Strawberry ice cream—a plate of it—often contains almost more fusil oil than five glasses of poor whiskey. It is colored with red aniline dye. Licorice drops are usually made out of candy factory sweepings. Wine is frequently nothing but water with a percentage of crude alcohol from grain or the refuse of beet refineries, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with oil of cognac and given an agreeable woody taste with a little catechu.—*Ex.*

A Rainbow Show Bottle.

To prepare this, first ascertain the capacity of the bottle and divide by seven, to find the volume of liquid required for each layer. Then take sulphuric acid to begin with, and tint it blue by the addition of indigo sulphate. For the next layer use chloroform, for the third use glycerine tinted with caramel; for the fourth, castor oil colored with safranet root; for the fifth, proof spirit tinted with green aniline; sixth, cod liver oil, containing one part of oil of turpentine to ninety-nine of the fish oil; seventh, rectified spirit tinted with violet aniline. Each of these should be poured in through a tube, the lower point of which should be directed against the side of the bottle, so that the liquid may trickle gently over the surface of the layer below it.—*National Druggist.*

A Russian Device.

It is said that in Russia accidents by runaway horses are unknown, all on account of an ingenious little device that is so simple and effective that it is a wonder the proverbially clever Yankee had not thought of it long ago. It is simply a strong, thin cord at one end of which is a running noose around the neck of the horse at the throat, the other end being tied to the dashboard. When the animal attempts to run away, instead of sawing on the bit with the lines the driver takes hold of the string and pulls. A horse that will wear the strongest arms out on

the bit yields at once, it is said, when he feels the pressure on the windpipe. When a horse bolts he usually takes the bit in his teeth and the skill of the driver is useless. The moment the pressure comes on his windpipe the horse realizes he has met his master.

Oriental Coin.

There is some confusion in the American mind as to the monetary terms of the Orient. When we read of loans being negotiated for so many yens or taels, it is all dog Latin to the average American. The monetary unit in Japan is a yen, and in China it is a tael. The Japanese yen is a silver coin about equivalent to our silver half dollar, but there is a gold yen very little in use which is equal to our dollar. The Chinese tael is also a silver coin, but it varies in value in the different parts of China. There are two kinds of tael, one known as the Shanghai tael, and the other as the Haikuan tael. The latter is issued by the Government, and is the one in which all customs are paid, while the Shanghai tael is the one that is used in trade. The value of the Shanghai tael is sixty-eight cents, while the Haikuan, or Government tael is worth seventy-six cents.—*Portland Telegram.*

Pay Your Small Debts.

The character of a very well known man was being confidently discussed the other day when a neighbor of his pointed out that he had a bad habit of letting small debts run. His neighbor was astonished to be told that the well-known man's income could not be less than \$40,000 a year, and that his name stood high in mercantile circles. The neighbor had a poor opinion of the other's financial resources, based upon this very slackness in paying small debts. Sensible men in debt, like bankrupt railroads, should borrow a sum of money and pay up the small accounts. The small people always need the small amounts, and it is better to be worried by one mortgage than a score of anxious creditors. This is worldly wisdom; and I am led to dwell upon it because I know a man who once chipped into a syndicate to buy a steamboat company and put up a large certified check, although he was posted at two of his clubs and owed a meat bill of \$1.25. It's a queer world!—*New York Press.*

Cleaning Lamps.

In the daily cleaning of a lamp, first trim the wick. This is a very simple thing, when systematically followed, and no more elaborate implement than a pair of scissors is required for the process—they need not even be especially sharp. The proper mode of procedure is to lift the cap and turn the wick back into the tube a trifle, till only the charred and disintegrated portion projects. This portion is to be cut off even with the top of the tube. The blades of the scissors will pass through it with scarcely a show of resistance. If the resistance of the unconsumed fibre is felt, it is certain that the cutting is carried too deep, and that the wick is being wastefully pruned. It will be necessary to take off but a very narrow shaving each morning, and a little experience will show just where the cutting should be done.

All the brass work of the burner should be brushed over with a stiff brush, like an old toothbrush, each morning, and care should be taken that the small holes through which the air passes do not become filled or coated over. This is a frequent cause of the unsatisfactory working of the burner, and one which it may not be easy to detect. All of this work should be done and the chimneys be wiped out before the exterior of the lamp is cleaned. In that case, it will be clean, neat and wholesome throughout. Once in six months or a year the burners should be boiled in water in which a piece of soda has been dissolved.



"BYSPORTS LIKE THESE ARE ALL THEIR CARES REQUIRED."—From *Milling*.

This will clear away the gum and foreign substances which will gradually accumulate, notwithstanding the best of care, and should make it as good as new in the quality of light rendered. Once a month, at least, the oil should be burned quite low, and the balance, which will be found more or less impregnated with sediment, should be thrown away, the lamp being thoroughly washed out with soap suds.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Cheese Making.

The progress in cheese-making methods is commensurate with that in other departments of industry. Readers whose recollection goes back but a few decades will recall the primitive "cheese-press," which formed a part of every farmer's equipment. In many an instance it was of the most unpretentious sort; a block of wood serving as the foundation upon which the "cheese-hoop" with its load of curds was placed. The simplest known form of leverage gave the pressure, a quantity of large stones applied at the free end forming the weight. The subsequent treatment of the product, during the process of "curing" and storing, would not always bear too realistic a description, though there were, of course, many careful and conscientious manipulators, whose cheeses were formed through the limited region in which they sought a market.

The aristocratic cheese of those times was that known as "dairy made"—this term implying that unusual facilities were enjoyed, and that the product would naturally be comparatively fine. Dairy cheeses were larger in size than their ordinary cousins; more care was used in their cure and ripening; the consistency and flavor were better; they were less liable to the invasions of animate miniature forms of insect life, liable to be found in the ordinary varieties. But the institution of the factory system marked a revolution so radical that practically all the cheese on general sale is now factory made. While

"dairy" butter still contests, to some extent, the field which the "creamery" product has so largely won, it would appear that proprietors of dairies, or herds, have practically surrendered before the milk gatherer for the cheese factory.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Women Working for Support.

It is usually forgotten that a woman who earns \$50 a month in the industrial world has not her time as well as her money. People say: "She can board for so much, and dress well on the remainder of her salary;" but this is not the whole of it. There are many little expenses a woman must incur independently of board and clothes. In the first place, she must keep herself up to the standard of health and vigor to be able to perform satisfactorily the duties for which she is paid. This implies a certain amount of recreation, which, with necessary rest, absorbs all the time she has left from her regular occupation, so that she must in turn pay for the many little personal services which the home-staying woman can often do for herself. Apart from want of time, there is a nerve exhaustion incident to continuous hard work which lessens the capacity for mental processes applied to outside issue, which is called management.

Men who earn a living usually are not expected to do anything else, but women cannot so easily escape the claims of domesticity. It is always thought that they might do a little more, and unless they take a stand against this expectation they are apt to perish in the attempt to go beyond their strength.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

The Modest Potato.

"The potato," remarked the returned Montanan to the *Buffalo Express*, "is a vegetable which does not command any great admiration or respect in a country where it is plentiful and

easy to get. In fact, it is considered a low-down sort of an affair and is generally spoken of with derision, not to say contumely, by those who eat it, because it is served every day, and do not appreciate its many good qualities.

"Now, when you have been without potatoes for awhile, because you could not get them, not because you didn't want them, you will begin to think the potato is a bird of rich plumage and high degree. It is strange what a hold that simple tuber has on us. It is more a part of our daily lives than we think. I spent the last three years along the line of the Great Northern road, where I was storekeeper for one section of the contract. We had a good many thousand men working on the road, and most of the stores for a great portion of them went through my hands, or, rather, were handled under my direction. When we were on the last stretch of the road in Montana and Washington the supplies of vegetables ran out, and we were compelled to live for three months on canned peas and corn and such truck as that. Finally, they got a car load of fresh vegetables through to us. Three-quarters of the car was loaded with potatoes and the other quarter with onions.

"On the day that car arrived in camp there was a general jubilation. The cook announced that he would serve potatoes in every style at dinner, and all hands were there to take a whack at them. I forget the number of bushels the cook fixed up, but that is immaterial, for if I were to tell you, you would not believe me. The men ate them until I thought they would all be sick. There was one man, though, who made a record. His name was Murphy (singularly enough in the light of his achievement), and he was an assistant timekeeper. He got to the table early and stayed late, and while he was there he ate thirty-seven good-sized potatoes, and then leaned back and said that never in his life had he tasted anything so good."

IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

By REV. DR. HENRY M. FIELD, Editor New York Evangelist.

I find that I have got on my hands more than I bargained for. I set out to write a few light sketches of this Western coast, and, lo, I am amid the foundations of an Empire! In my young days I used to read about "the continuous woods"

"Where rolls the Oregon,
And hears no sound save its own dashings;"

but now, as I listen, I hear another sound than that of the waterfall—the sound of the wheels of industry; while far off in the valley—and not so very far off, either—their swells a muffled roar in the tramp, tramp, of an exceeding great army, coming to take possession.

Historical events are always more striking when they are put in contrast. I can remember when all this Northwest coast was set down on the maps as "unexplored," a terra incognita, of which the great body of our countrymen knew little and cared less. Indeed, whenever it came up in Congress, it was a favorite subject of ridicule. Senators and representatives thought it of so little value that it was hardly worth firing a shot to keep it from England, or any other foreign power that should have ambition to go in and possess it. The Rocky Mountains were the natural boundary of the United States, beyond which the country was hardly fit for human habitation, at least for civilized communities, and ought to be left to its natural occupants, the wild Indians and the grizzly bears!

But a generation has passed, and a star has risen out of the West—one of the most brilliant on the horizon of our country. The vacant space on the Pacific Coast has ceased to be a Territory, and as a State ranks among the largest between the two oceans! Here are a few figures: Pennsylvania covers 43,000 square miles; New York, 47,000; and Washington, 70,000! California makes a still larger figure on the map; it has more than twice as many square miles—indeed, it is second in the Union only to Texas. But States are counted rich, not by the space they cover, but by their natural products in agriculture or mines. California is made rich by its gold and silver, and Pennsylvania richer still by its enormous beds of coal. Where does the State of Washington come in? Its people tell us that it has more coal than Pennsylvania; more iron than Alabama, and more lumber than Michigan and Wisconsin put together! This would make Washington richer by nature even than California (although,

not having been so long settled, it has not half the population), as beds of coal and iron, of which the latter State has little or none, are of far more value than mines of gold and silver. In the production of a semi-tropical climate—in vineyards and orange groves—California is superior. But in Washington the fruits suited to a more Northern latitude are abundant. At the East we count strawberries and other small fruits, that have to be cultivated, a luxury; what would our housekeepers say to be offered two dozen baskets for seventy-five cents? In the more important staple of grain, Washington has on the uplands of the interior a wheat belt that reminds us of those of Minnesota and Manitoba. It is no uncommon thing for the land to yield from fifty to eighty bushels to the acre. Indeed, in the exhibit of Washington at the World's Fair at Chicago, there was shown one hundred and one bushels of wheat as the product of a single acre—while one who rides through the oat-fields may often see stalks nine feet high! The grass is of a sweetness which it retains through all weather. It is not necessary to gather it into barns. It does not spoil when left lying out in the fields, and exposed to the rain, but remains green and juicy, making the most delicious hay for horses. So abundant is it that cattle can be raised almost for nothing; so that, when offered for sale, a horse will not bring much more than a sheep. A friend told me that he had been offered horses at three dollars apiece, and that he might have his pick out of a hundred for five. Of course, in this case, as he lived in Portland, the price would be quadrupled by the cost of transportation. But the fact shows the abundance and the cheapness of everything on this marvellous Pacific Coast.

Such uplands would have a certain majesty even if they were spread out in boundless plains like the steppes of Asia, but how much grander are they when enclosed, like the parks of Colorado, by ranges of mountains! One of these is so begirt with Alpine scenery that it has been reserved, like the Yo Semite in California, and the Yellowstone Park in Wyoming, to be for the enjoyment of the people forever. The administration of General Harrison left many good things to the American people, but few of more enduring value than the Pacific Forest Reserve, which it created in the very heart of the State by withdrawing from entry—that is, from sale and purchase—a tract of land

forty-two miles from north to south, and thirty-six miles from east to west; an area one-fifth larger than the State of Rhode Island; of which it is affirmed that it "contains at once the highest peak, the most extensive glacial system, and the finest natural gardens to be found anywhere in the world." Though yet little known to tourists, it will not be long before it is included in the summer

trips to the Pacific. Already a wagon road has been built to it, and it is within a day or two's drive from different points on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

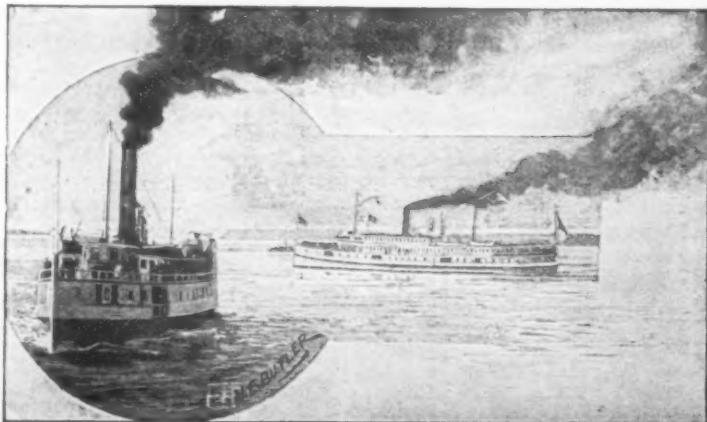
Here is something new to inspire the enthusiasm of travellers, whose cry is "Westward ho!" that, after having finished the Yellowstone Park, they can go on to this Land of Beulah, where the mountains shake like Lebanon, all glorious with their stately cedars!

But the richest inheritance may be wasted by neglect. The more wonderful it is, the more jealously should it be guarded and kept. The first thing is to protect it from spoliation. The wildwood is the domain of squatters, who range through it at will, and cut down and burn up in a very destructive way. Of course, a certain degree of liberty is to be allowed to the backwoodsmen who have to camp in the forest with nothing above them but the green leaves. It would be a hard case if a man who has tramped in the woods all day long, and is wet and cold and tired and hungry, could not help himself to wood to kindle a fire to boil his kettle and cook his poor supper. No one would deny him this. But the mischief is that he does not always put out the fire when he moves camp the next morning. It is often left to smoulder, and sometimes blazes up again and spreads till the whole forest is one mighty conflagration. But in time we may hope that the people will be educated in taste so as to appreciate this magnificent "Reserve," which is not only for them, but for their children after them to the latest generation.

But this Pacific Forest Reserve is in the interior, while we are still on the coast, which we must not leave without emphasizing the point that all the resources and all the riches of the State of Washington are doubled and quadrupled by the mere fact of its position. If it could change places with Montana it would not be worth a quarter of what it is now, for the simple reason that the value of its products depends not merely on the fact that they are good for food, but that they can be got to market—to the places where they are wanted for the support of human beings. If the uplands of Montana could be made to wave with the golden grain, it would be a question whether it would pay to raise it and ship it, as by the time it got into the hands of the consumer he would have to pay not only for the raising, but for the transporting, so that his "penny loaf" would come pretty dear when it came to be put into the hungry mouths of a family of lusty boys with excellent appetites.

But the farmers in Washington have no trouble in getting rid of their crops, for, behold the carriers of the sea are already at the door! The people of Seattle and Tacoma look down upon the great hulks lying at their wharves, which they can fill in a few hours by simply opening their elevators! when these great birds of the ocean will spread their wings and fly away to China or to any point of Eastern Asia. Puget Sound is a great basin for commerce, coming or going. The only drawback is that it is in some places too deep for safe anchorage; a depth for which it is not easy to give the geological explanation. Possibly its bed is the crater of an extinct volcano, or was formed by some depression, like that of the Yo Semite, so that the waters that flow over it have almost the depths of the ocean itself. But these decrease as you approach the shores, till the woods and the waters meet, and the gentle slope of the beach glides off into better surroundings, and the forests cast their soft shadows on the tranquil deep. Here the anchors hold fast, and the ships, great or small, ride in safety. Thus protected, there will be many little ports, as well as fishing stations, all around this inland sea.

At the same time Puget Sound may serve as a rendezvous for our navy. Nature has made it



ON PUGET SOUND.

easy for defense by a narrow passage which can be sealed up so as to make it a land-locked harbor. Coming from the Straits of Fuca it is entered by what may be called its "throat," which, though four miles long, is but one mile wide, and can easily be fortified so as to be impassible even for ships of war. Those who have visited Constantinople will remember the "Castles of Europe and Asia," which face each other from two sides of the Dardanelles, to stop any ship that has not the right to pass. With the same ease could we put "castles" or forts (such as now command the "Narrows" in New York Harbor) at the entrance to Puget Sound, to forbid trespass on our American waters.

But just now I would rather not talk of defenses and armaments. We do not need any Gibraltar in the Pacific, where we have no enemies and no rivals. Nor would it exalt my national pride to see Puget Sound barred with "iron gates." Rather let its gates be thrown wide open, that it may be a place of refuge for the storm-bound ships of all nations, who would seek for shelter from the perils of the sea.

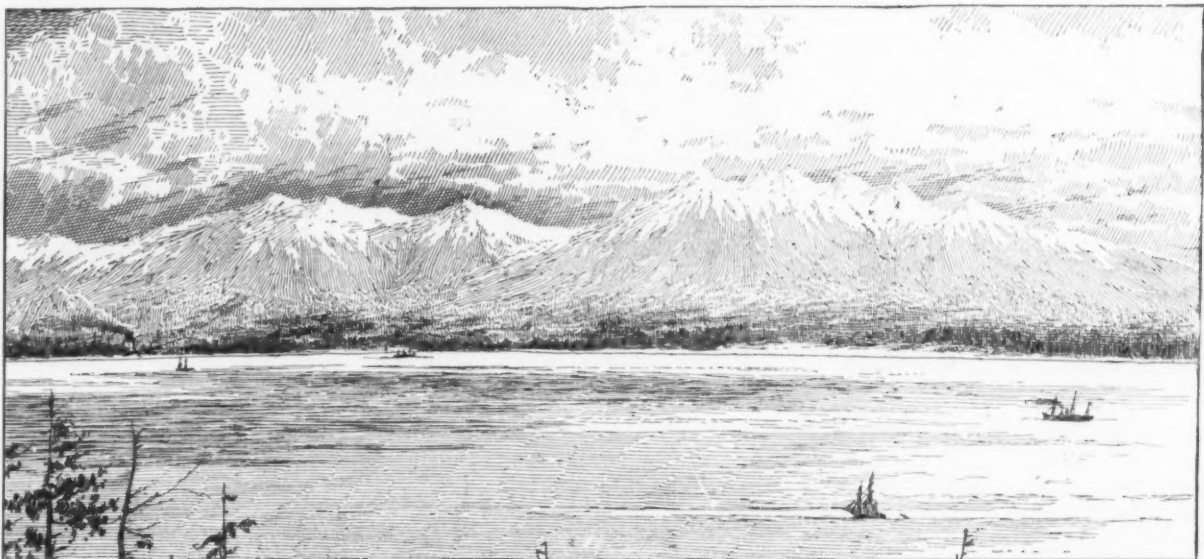
The chart of the Pacific, which the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Tacoma gave me, is before me as I write, and I find it full of inter-

mean? It means that this is the new Russian port on the Pacific, to which it is directing the great transcontinental railroad which it has been long pushing across Siberia, a movement to which increased importance has been given by the war which is at this moment going on between Japan and China. The war may change—indeed it has already changed even before it is ended—the relations towards each other of those two great powers of Eastern Asia. In that conflict has our country any part? None whatever except as the friend of both, and the pacificator between them. In these times of wars and rumors of wars, can there be any nobler position for a nation than to stand apart among the mighty combatants as the one that has no traditional hatreds; no grudges to satisfy; no wrongs to avenge; no longing for more territory, no desire to be a great military power; its only ambition to be the mediator and peacemaker among nations, the friend of the whole human race?

PASSING OF THE PINE.

A writer in an exchange comments upon "The Passing of the Pine," expressing the belief that ere thirty years more have passed by Wisconsin

the prophecies of a quarter of a century ago, which are still far from being fulfilled. Wisconsin is fast becoming a wood-pulp State. Mills are springing up throughout the spruce and poplar section of the State for grinding of wood pulp and making of commercial paper, and it is proving to be a great and growing industry for a State that contains so much desirable timber. The making of wood pulp comes under the heading of timber and lumber industry, although the next process of making the paper may be somewhat removed therefrom. Maine, New York and Wisconsin stand today as the leading States in the wood-pulp industry, and it is only a question of time when Wisconsin will stand alone in this respect. The great supply of spruce in Maine is what gives that State the precedent. But Maine has been drawn on for her forest resources for centuries, and the spruce forests are about all that is left to tell the tale of her former grandeur. Even so greatly have the conditions there changed in this respect that it has suggested the changing of the name of the "Pine Tree" State to the "Spruce Tree" State. So it may be in Wisconsin in years to come, when her vast forests of pine have disappeared, the Badger State will be renowned for its oak, maple and birch timber, its pulp mills



THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS ACROSS THE SOUND FROM SEATTLE.

est and full of suggestion as to the "lines" which the commerce of the Pacific will take. Look northward at our coast line, how the continent throws out its arms to the West till it almost touches the shores of Asia. What a graceful curve is that of the Aleutian Islands towards the Siberian Coast! As I have once said before, these islands are so many stepping-stones, a sort of Giants' Causeway for the advance of America towards Asia.

To be sure, the first sight of Asia is not very inviting, for over against the last island rises the rugged and storm-beaten coast of Kamchatka, which carries terror in its very name, as it seems to speak of icebergs and the pitiless cold and the long darkness of the Arctic night.

But, after all, Nature is a gentle mother, and if now and then she affrights us, again she quiets our fears by providing a refuge against our dangers. And so in this very case, only a few weeks since a captain in our navy told me that the finest port in which he had ever dropped anchor in any part of the world—not excepting the Bay of Rio Janeiro or the Bay of Naples—was that of Petropaulovski in Kamchatka.

But looking on the map again, I find penciled in large letters "Vladivostok!" What does that

will be destitute of pine. We all know that it was not that many years ago when the traveler from Cape Douglas to Fairchild was never out of sight of pine, while today blackened stumps or comfortable and prosperous farms greet the eye on this journey. It was claimed twenty-five years ago that there was a billion feet of timber in Clark County alone, while today not a million feet is left standing there. In Northern Wisconsin the woodsmen have made remarkable ravages into the standing timber. Yet in the face of all these facts there remains consolation in the thought that when the pine of Wisconsin has passed away—and we will not pretend to say how far distant that time is—there will still be left vast quantities of standing hardwood timber of the finest quality to be found anywhere in this country. In considering the pine question, however, it should be borne in mind that twenty years ago well-posted timber authorities predicted that twenty years hence there would be no pine left in the State of Wisconsin, while today the billions of feet that are still left witness the inaccuracy of the prophecy. So we can safely presume today that the belief of many that little pine will be left in Wisconsin twenty-five years hence, is based on nothing more reliable than

and furniture factories, and, still more important, its fine agricultural lands. We well remember eighteen years ago when it was estimated that there remained on the upper waters of the Chippewa about seven billion feet of timber, although more than that has been cut off since and still the end is not in sight. Our timber resources are not yet a thing of the past, and when they are there need be no fear of the future. "The Passing of the Pine" will bring about a gradual change in the condition of affairs that will come about so quietly that the transformation will scarcely be perceptible.—*Minneapolis Lumberman.*

A COMB NATION.

Down in Minneapolis there is a real estate dealer—I shan't tell you his name; you can guess it if you want to—who is considerable of a wit, and it don't matter whether he himself is the victim or not. Now our real estate man is dreadfully bow-legged and his most intimate friend is exceedingly knock-kneed, and speaking about his friend and himself 'tother day, he said: "Whenever we walk down Nicollet Avenue we spell o-x, ox;" and when you see them together you'll see he has a clear idea of the eternal fitness of things.—*Anoka Union.*

SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF SAINT PAUL.

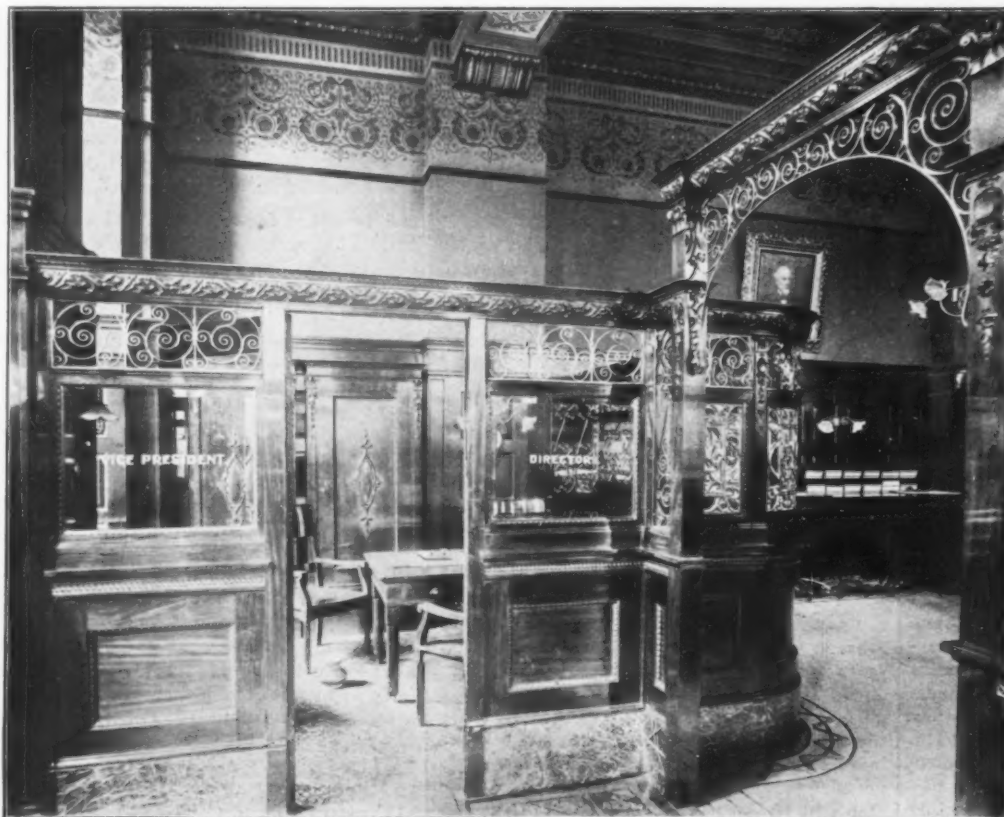
The removal of the oldest bank in St. Paul to new and remarkably handsome quarters in the current of the new movement of trade is an event of more than ordinary interest. The Second National, for many years established in the old four-story limestone building on the corner of Third and Wabasha—a building regarded as one of the finest in the city at the time of its erection—is now sumptuously installed in the ten-story New York Life edifice at the corner of Sixth and Minnesota. We take pleasure in illustrating a few of the many attractive features of its new banking rooms. The Second National dates from January, 1854, and has in its basement rooms underneath the bank the ledgers and other account books running back to that year. Not only is it the oldest bank in the State; its president, Mr. D. A. Monfort, is the senior banker in Minnesota, having the longest continuous record of any one engaged in the banking business. He began his career in the private bank of Mackubin & Edgerton, in St. Paul, in 1857, and has an unbroken record of active and honorable service from that date to the present time.

The Second National is one of the most solid institutions in the country. Its capital of \$200,000 has never been increased from its organization, but its surplus and undivided profits amount to \$300,000, so that its actual capital engaged in its business is \$500,000. The following are the main features of its long and successful history.

In the fall of 1853 C. N. Mackubin and Erastus Edgerton organized a private bank under the firm name of Mackubin & Edgerton. They commenced business in January, 1854, in the Winslow House at the Seven Corners. In 1856 they built a banking house at the corner of Third and Franklin streets, which they occupied July 4, 1857. This firm was dissolved in 1858 and Mr. Edgerton then organized a State bank of issue, called the People's Bank, with himself as pres-



MAIN ENTRANCE, SECOND NATIONAL BANK.



A VIEW FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM, SECOND NATIONAL BANK.

ident and D. A. Monfort cashier. Those were the times of wild-cat State bank money, but the People's Bank was not one of that kind. The People's Bank was almost the only one of the numerous Minnesota State banks of that day which redeemed its circulation in gold, dollar for dollar. This fact gave Mr. Edgerton a financial standing which he maintained until his death.

The affairs of the People's Bank were closed and on the 23rd of December, 1864, its successor, the Second National, was organized with \$200,000 capital, with Mr. Edgerton as president and Mr. Monfort as cashier. In April, 1865, the bank was removed to the Ingersoll Block, at the corner of Third and Wabasha streets, and twenty years later removed across the street to the Forepaugh Block, since changed to the McQuillan Block. The bank was consequently located on the corner of Third and Wabasha streets for the thirty years of its existence until the morning of November 21st, when it was removed to its present quarters. The present roster of officers is as follows:

President, D. A. Monfort; vice president, A. S. Cowley; cashier, Frederick D. Monfort; assistant cashier, A. M. P. Cowley.

Directors—The president, vice president and cashier and W. B.



MAIN BANKING ROOM, SECOND NATIONAL BANK.

Dean, O. O. Cullen, George H. Ranney, J. S. Robertson, Isaac Staples, of Stillwater; C. W. Griggs, of Tacoma; Charles E. Smith, David D. y, J. H. Schurmeler, and I. P. Wright.

In fitting up the new banking rooms Mr. Monfort and his associates set an excellent example by employing none but St. Paul artisans. All of the fittings and furniture were made and all of the work was done by St. Paul men, except the steel vault, which the city could not supply. On the wall is to be seen an oil portrait of the late Erastus S. Edgerton, founder of the bank, painted by De Young, of New York.

The entrance to the bank is through the main portal of the New York Life Building, shown in our first picture, being stately columns of Pyrenean marble. The visitor comes into the main banking room shown in the third illustration. There is, however, a separate entrance for ladies from Sixth Street and a room devoted exclusively to their use, handsomely furnished with easy chairs, tables and lounges. Here they transact their business with the bank at a window reserved for them, without coming at all in contact with the men who have business in the main room. There is also a small retiring room for their use where they may examine their

papers and securities in private. These apartments are at the left of the principal room and at the right are the rooms of the president and vice president. These rooms are shown in the second illustration, the photo being taken from President Monfort's room. The last picture shows the steel cages where the cashier and tellers do their work, and also the entrance to the vault. Inside the vault is a Corliss safe, a flattened sphere in form, enclosed in a steel case with walls four inches thick. At night the safe is so adjusted to the aperture in the great steel box that it offers no resisting surface for dynamite to act upon. It is said that this kind of safe has never been opened by burglars. On the lower floor are rooms for storing records, stationery, etc., and also a handsome apartment, with a big round mahogany table and leather cushioned chairs for the meetings of the directors. The walls of this room are adorned with portraits of the late President Edgerton and the deceased directors, whose names and brief biographies appear in the frames and are as follows:

Erastus Edgerton, born 1816, died 1893. President 1864 to 1893.

John Nichols, born 1812. Died 1873. Vice President 1864 to 1873.

Jacob B. Braden, born 1820. Died 1869. Director 1864 to 1869.

Caspar H. Schurmeler, born 1815. Died 1873. Director 1864 to 1873.

Dr. J. H. Stewart, born 1829. Died 1884. Director 1864 to 1884.

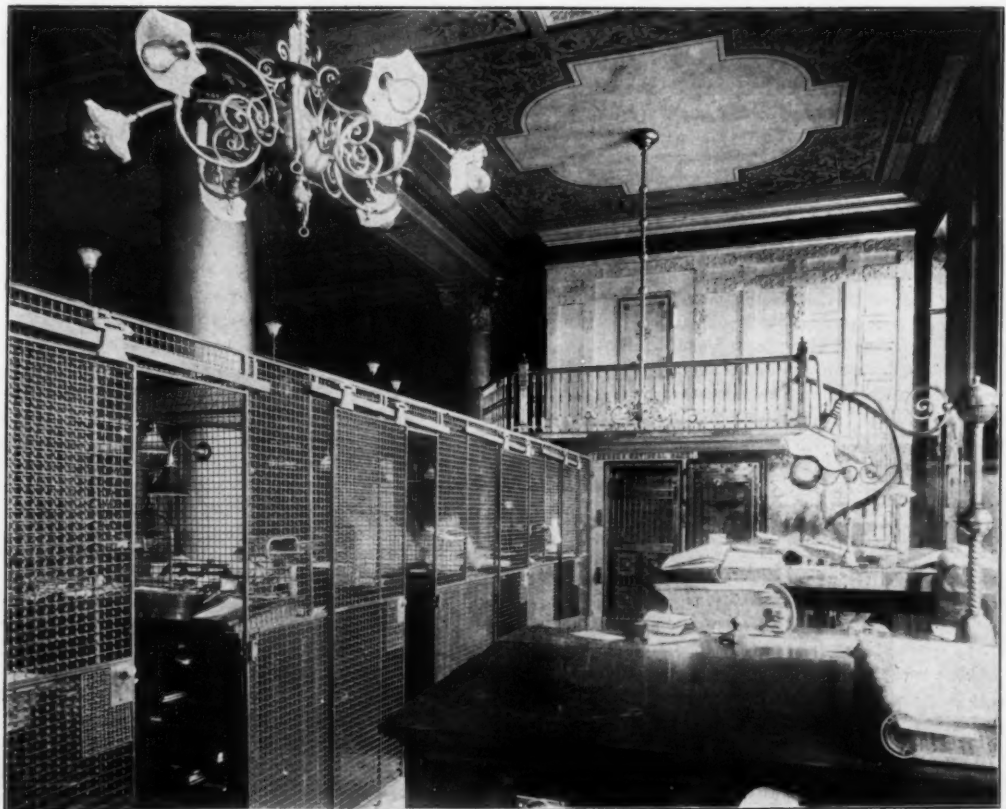
Bartlett Presley, born 1822. Died 1884. Director 1864 to 1884.

Dr. F. R. Smith, born 1809. Died 1892. Director 1864 to 1892.

Morris Lamprey, born 1827. Died 1879. Director 1872 to 1879.

N. W. Kittson, born 1814. Died 1888. Director 1884 to 1888.

The portrait of the late lamented George R. Monfort, who was connected with the bank for fourteen years as teller, assistant cashier and cashier, also appears in this honorable company and bears this inscription:



INTERIOR VIEW, SECOND NATIONAL BANK, SHOWING TELLERS' "CAGES" AND ENTRANCE TO VAULT.

"George R. Monfort, teller, assistant cashier and cashier. Born 1843. Died 1894. Term of service, 1864 to 1878."

ART IN WOOD.

The beautiful mahogany work with its fine hand carving, but partly shown in the accompanying illustrations of The Second National Bank interior, was done by the firm of Johnson Bros. & Loomis, St. Paul. This firm makes a specialty of hardwood interior fittings for stores, banks and residences and the uniform excellence and beauty of their output places them in the front rank in their line. Many of the finest office buildings and residences in St. Paul and Minneapolis and the Northwest are indebted to Johnson Bros. & Loomis for their handsome interior fittings. The firm also makes a specialty of fine office, bank and house furniture, mantels, sideboards, etc. Johnson Bros. & Loomis' factory is located at 639 and 641 Jackson Street, St. Paul.

IN THE YEAR 2000.—The reign of chemistry is to produce great change in our planet during the next century, if the predictions of so eminent an authority as M. Berthelot are verified. The heat of the sun and the central heat of the earth will be utilized. Engineers are now equal to the task of sinking wells 10,000 or 12,000 feet, and at this depth the water is hot and capable of supplying power for all possible machinery and serving as a source of unlimited chemical and electrical energy. With cheap heat will come the artificial production of food. The syntheses of grease and oils long ago proved this to be possible, and we may well expect to have alimentary products in great variety from carbon taken from carbonic acid, hydrogen taken from water, and oxygen taken from the air. The work for which we have depended upon the vegetables will soon be done better by science, and independently of seasons or microbes and insects. Barren regions may be the most habitable, as they will not be pestiferous from ages of manuring. The world will be beautified, and man will be made better by the disappearance of the passion for land-holding and of the necessity of rearing beasts for slaughter.

WHAT PAPER IS MADE OF.—Paper is one of the most lavishly used articles of modern times. The materials of which it can be made are almost as numerous and common as the uses to which the finished article is put. There are something over two thousand patents covering the making of paper. It may be manufactured, under some one of them, from the leaves of trees; from hop plants, beanstalks, pea vines, from the trunks and stems of Indian corn and every variety of grain; from moss, clover and timothy hay, and more than one hundred kinds of grasses; from straw and coconut fibre; from freshwater weeds and seaweeds; from sawdust, shavings and asbestos; from thistles and thistle-down; from banana skins, tobacco stalks and tan bark; from hair, wool, fur, old sacking or bagging and from almost any other kind of imaginable refuse.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

THE TALLEST MILITIA COMPANY.—Six feet one and one half inches! That is the average height of the thirty new recruits who are now seeking admission to Company A, First regiment, O. N. G. The company has always been noted for its tall men, having now in its ranks twenty whose heights average five feet eleven and one-half inches. With the enlistment of these new giants the ranks of Company A will be much fuller than those of the average company, and the average height of its enlisted men will be six feet. Just think of it! It will be, it is claimed, the tallest company in the United States.—*Portland Oregonian.*

FINEST SEED WAREHOUSES IN AMERICA.

It has only been a few years since L. L. May & Co. commenced business in St. Paul, but in that time their operations have been extended until now their trade territory knows practically no limit. A genuine surprise it will prove to even those who profess to keep posted on St. Paul's commercial progress, to learn that this firm's wares are sold in every part of the United States and Canada and to some extent in South America, Europe, Australia, Japan and the West Indies. Nevertheless it is a fact and one that every loyal St. Paulite should remember when he goes away from home. He should also put into his mental valise the additional fact that St. Paul has the finest seed warehouses in America, the same being the property of St. Paul men—L. L. May & Co.

Their seed department was until recently situated on Como Avenue, and the large warehouse at that point will be converted into a grass-cleaning establishment, equipped with all the latest machinery for re-cleaning timothy, clover and other grasses to the highest standard, for export trade to Europe. Their greenhouses are by far



L. L. MAY & CO.'S ESTABLISHMENT, ST. PAUL.

the most complete in the Northwest; in fact, unsurpassed in the United States. Some idea of their magnitude can be found in the fact that the glass used in their construction covers 75,000 square feet. They are heated by steam and every house is so arranged that any temperature may be obtained to accommodate the habits of the great number of varieties of plants grown. It is surprising the large number of plants which this firm sends through the mail. We learn that in one class alone—roses—they shipped upwards of 500,000 plants last season. This only applies to roses, but a good idea may be formed as to the amount of other staple and choice plants which they send out annually.

It is learned from reliable sources that this firm paid into the St. Paul post-office last year for postage nearly \$18,000. This does not include the large amount of postage they receive in payment of seed and plant mail-orders.

The enormous increase in their garden-seed department compelled them to secure more central and commodious quarters, and one of the illustrations shows their new location, at 25-27 West Fifth Street. This was fitted up expressly to meet the requirements of their business; every department being arranged so as to handle the

enormous volume of orders to the very best advantage. Few firms in this country do a larger mail-order business, several thousand letters being received daily during the busy season.

The reader will readily surmise that a vast amount of printer's ink has been used in the construction of this industry. In this connection it will be interesting to know that between three and four hundred thousand finely printed and illustrated catalogues are mailed annually to all parts of the world, containing a complete list of vegetable and flower seeds of American origin, as well as all the varieties of merit originating in Europe and elsewhere.

Another important branch of their business is supplying new and choice varieties of potatoes for seed purposes. They have at present twenty thousand bushels standing in their cellars which will be used entirely for seed this coming season. This firm has been experimenting for years in the hybridizing and culture of new varieties and have today some of the finest sorts ever offered. The nursery department embraces another important branch of their business. Fully three hundred travelers are employed the year round soliciting orders for all kinds of hardy nursery stock, embracing fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs, etc. In fact, what is said of the firm is fully substantiated; that is that they supply everything for the garden and farm.

Their retail store for the sale of cut flowers, seeds, etc., is handsomely fitted throughout, making one of the most attractive and interesting places in the city. Large quantities of flowers are shipped from this department daily to all points reached by rail from St. Paul, where the time does not exceed three days' transportation.

SOURCE OF MEERSCHAUM.—A great many people are under the impression that the substance of which a meerschaum is made is washed up by the sea. I suppose they got the idea from the word, which signifies sea froth, but really the name originated from the fact that the clay, when dry, will float on the surface of the water, and then appears like white, foamy bubbles. This clay is taken from beds in the solid earth. In its primitive state it is white and soft, and you can cut it like cheese. It is found chiefly in Turkey and Hungary. When the bowls of these pipes are new, they look very much like ivory, but in using they gradually change into a mellow brown, on account of the oil of the tobacco being absorbed by them in the process of burning.

A TUB TO THE WHALE.—The power of the lobster to reproduce a leg or claw is well known. It is not done until the next moult, when the new limb appears as a very small model of the original; but after a few changes of the shell the claw is restored to its normal size and usefulness. The animal can, and does, cast a claw when frightened, especially in cold weather, probably to satisfy its captors with a portion instead of the whole—a tub to the whale, as it were. The claw is snapped off with a jerk, as if to say, "Take this and let me go." The lobster man never lifts the animal by its claws for this reason, but grasps it by the thorax, leaving the large claws to hang down or turn up in a vain attempt to pinch his hand.

A RARE OLD COIN.—Some months ago a lot of pennies was received at the Treasury Department for redemption. Among them was a coin which was rejected. A clerk in the office redeemed it and gave it to Congressman Johnson, of North Dakota, who sent it to the Smithsonian to be identified, and later he received word that the coin is of the mintage of the year 284 A. D., and circulated in the time of Emperor Diocletian. It is a very valuable relic, worth many times its weight in gold.

WHEN I WAS RAILROADING.

By A. Griffith Francis.

I had never been left alone in charge of the office before. It was a cold, blustery day in January, one of those dreary winter days that makes one feel so melancholy and blue, the wind shrieking about the building, and the snow falling thickly in great white flakes which seemed to be vying with each other for a comfortable spot on which to fall when reaching the friendly bosom of earth. Old Sol had not favored us with a smile all day, but had sulkily hidden his face behind the grey restless clouds. It was truly a dismal afternoon.

The office building in which I was domiciled was one of those dreary old country stations which seemed to be dropped along the side of the railroad track at intervals, without an effort at making them other than what they are, both uncomfortable and unsightly.

The little town of B— was a sleepy little village of about nine hundred inhabitants, built down in a valley, surrounded by hills from which flowed an abundance of beautiful, clear, pure spring water supplying the humble, contented citizens. Today, the place presented a picturesque appearance; the snow had been falling heavily during the night, and the trees, fences, housetops, bushes and streets were completely covered with the "beautiful." The principal street of the village ended at the foot of the long winding hill which served as a coasting place for the merry young people. The only sign of life about the place, this memorable afternoon, was the occasional jingle of sleighbells wafted to my ears on the frosty air as some farmer's boy took advantage of the deep snow to exhibit his new sleigh; and a merchant now and then coming to the station for his small freight shipments. One or two disconsolate looking tramps passed my office, trudging along through the deep snow, casting an envious glance in my direction as I sat in the bow window.

This cold wintry day, as I sat in the little office listening intently to the tick of the two instruments on the table in front of me, little did I dream that it was to be the one eventful day of my life. Looking from the windows I could see east and west of me the straight line of track stretching away like two silver reptiles running side by side over a vast white sheet. A short distance north of the office was the old woolen mill of Bartlet & Sons; from which issued the sound of the merry wheels as they hummed in busy unison with the click of the looms, keeping company with my wandering thoughts.

At a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile on each side of my office were two curves, preventing my seeing a train approach the station from either direction until the shrill whistle of the engine called for my signal or down brakes.

I had just learned telegraphy, or thought I had, having studied it about four months, and had become proficient enough, as my sanguine teacher avowed, to fill the place with perfect safety while he made a pleasure trip to Louisville, the center of gravity for him. I remember I had serious misgivings as to my ability to take care of the office work, and sat with tears trembling on my eye-lashes long after the train bearing my only assistance had disappeared, and felt very much depressed, as though on the eve of some great calamity.

To throw off this dreadful feeling I walked to

the waiting room and back several times, humming a popular air to keep up my spirits. I think I had been thus occupied an hour or so, when I heard the train dispatcher at "M" giving an order to the operator at Wilmington for No. 48, a freight train coming east. It read:

"Train No. 48, engine 236, has until eleven ten (11:10) A. M. to run to Raysville for No. 11, engine 245. R. G. L."

I went to the table and copied the order as it was given, simply doing so to pass the time, and heard the operator at Wilmington repeat it and give the signatures of both conductor and engineer of No. 48, the dispatcher giving him the correct time; then I noted Wilmington reporting No. 48 out of his station at 10:40 A. M. After an interval of a half hour or so, the operator at "M" asked if any orders for No. 111, receiving a negative answer from the dispatcher. All this I noted casually, not thinking for a moment that it had the slightest interest for me, other than something to "copy," and in blissful ignorance that we were on the verge of a terrible catastrophe.

In a few moments, while lazily gazing west from my window, I saw a hazy dark mist curling up over the snow-capped trees in the distance, which looked very much like smoke from an engine, and while I was conjecturing as to what it might mean, I heard the signal for my target, as it swung around the curve into sight. It struck me as being exceedingly strange that No. 48, a freight train, was running to "M" regardless of the limited, and I concluded to inform the dispatcher of the unusual situation, telling him "No. 48 is coming." He answered, "O. K." and then I gave them my signal to go ahead. Just as they were rounding the east curve, the caboose just disappearing, "M" called me and asked: "Is No. 48 on the siding?" I told him "No," that they had just left the station, giving him the time they had passed.

His reply—"My God, has No. 48 gone? No. 111 is pulling out, they will collide; can't you get No. 48?" My hair felt as though it was raising off my head, chills chased themselves up and down my spine, and the cold perspiration poured down my pallid cheeks as I rushed with all speed and less grace from the office, and frantically waived a white apron I wore, and which I tore off as I ran, but the crew of the freight failed to look back as the caboose sailed round the curve, and my heart almost failed me as I realized that the only hope now was to catch No. 111 before they left "M." I ran back into my office and sank into a chair, no longer able to stand on my feet, scarcely breathing until in a few—hours it seemed to me, but in reality—seconds, the dispatcher called me, saying: "We've got No. 111." Were ever words so sweet to mortal ears? The tick of that little brass sounder as it rang those words through the room sounded like sweet music, so welcome were they to me.

How did they get No. 111? I will tell you. When I told the dispatcher that No. 48 was beyond recall, he opened a window in mad haste and screamed to the people on the platform below him: "For God's sake stop that train!" And they, realizing that something was terribly wrong, rushed after the rapidly disappearing train, frantically waving handkerchiefs and umbrellas, screaming like mad men, finally attracting the attention of the rear brakeman just as No.

111 was going out of sight and hearing. They backed up on a siding and waited, and soon the freight train pulled into "M" Station, the crew as unconcerned as though they had not just escaped a smash-up and the possibilities of instant death a few moments before.

A white-faced operator with trembling lips leaned out of the window and asked them—"Haven't you forgotten something?" And the forgotten order was suddenly remembered, but too late for them.

The whole crew was, of course, discharged; and I—well, when those welcome words were ticked off that dear old sounder, telling me that No. 111's crew and passengers were safe, I lost consciousness, and only came back to life in time to hear the conductor of No. 111 say to his engineer, "Poor girl, she has fainted; she is almost frightened to death."

Had I not warned the dispatcher in time for him to catch the passenger train, there would have been a horrible collision, and we can only picture to ourselves the horrors accompanying such a catastrophe.

My reward was a position with the company and a handsome gold watch. I stayed with the company but a short time, however, for I never could cure myself of the horror I had of railroad telegraphing produced by my terrible experience that wintry day in January, and as I write this story, sitting here in my cozy little sitting room by a bright coal fire, watching the flames creeping around the black diamonds in the grate, as I go over the scene and situations of that dreary afternoon, I shudder, and wonder if "old father time" will ever enable me to forget that dreadful experience, so that I can speak of it all without a shudder.

TACOMA'S ANTI-TREATING SOCIETY.

"Did you know," asked a Tacoma man of a Portland Telegram reporter, "that up in our town we have an anti-treating association?"

"Well, we have such an institution. It's young, but it's growing stronger, and it's principles are right and proper. Sometime when I can bring myself to that degree of courage to do it, I shall join the association."

"The sole pledge of a member is that he will not drink at the expense of another. The society had its foundation among a class of people who feel that a great deal of the baneful consequences of intemperance are indirectly due to the treating habit. Treating is an American custom, and I believe there would be a deal less tippling were it not for that tantalizing temptation you hear many times in a day, when a fellow says to you: 'Have something with me?'"

"It's hard to refuse a courteous invitation like that, and I suppose the members of the Anti-Treats will have it very distinctly understood that no offense shall be taken when a man answers rather sharply in refusing to drink."

"However, I do not look for the society to score a wonderful success. The habit of treating, though, ought to be checked. I have often wondered at the prevalence of the abominable custom myself. You walk into a 'place' alone, thinking to quietly take a drink and slip away unobserved. But you are fooled before you know it. A friend of yours almost catches you in the act of drinking alone. He looks surprised. 'Why—,' he begins; then stops. 'Have something with me,' you say. He accepts. You drink. That costs you, say twenty-five cents. Then invariably the invitation will be repeated by him. How can you refuse? The custom is so natural—and so expensive."

On a merchant tailor's window in Moorhead, Minn., in bold white-enamel letters is the name:

"I. O. HANSON."

There are no signatures.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month.

ST. PAUL OFFICES: Bank of Minnesota Building, Sixth and Jackson Streets.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, 210 S. Clark St. New York, Mills Building, 15 Broad Street.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of THE NORTHWEST, and also by the American News Company, New York, and the Minnesota News Company, St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per agate line display, 25 cents; per inch, \$3.50. Discounts for time contracts. Reading notices, 50 cents per line count.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 a year; in advance.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS can commence at any time during the year.

THE POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the publisher. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition for ocean postage.

PAYMENT FOR THE NORTHWEST, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or an Express Money Order. When neither of these can be procured send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES—Remember that the publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped. All arrearages must be paid. ALL LETTERS should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JANUARY, 1895.

THE MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.

In old times the bold highwayman, of the type of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval, mounted his horse, loaded his pistols, put on his mask and rode out to some lonesome English moor to await the passage of the stage coach. He knew that he took his life in his hands, for some passenger might blaze away at him from the window of the coach, and if caught he was certain to be hanged at Tyburn. He was a dashing, courageous villain, and was a favorite character for the fiction writers of his day. Our modern American highwayman, who operates in our Southwestern States, is a vulgar, sneaking scoundrel, who always hunts in gangs. He is a saloon loafer from some forlorn, miry and weed-grown hamlet or from some wretched farm, where drunkenness and shiftlessness are written in big letters all over the dilapidated buildings and half-tilled fields. A party of these low rascals wave a red lantern in front of a train and having brought it to a stop, point their guns at the train men and make a detail from their forces to rob the passengers and dynamite the express car. They take very small risks and they rely on a lack of vigorous, honest public sentiment in the locality where they live to baffle what poorly organized pursuit may be attempted by local authorities.

The train-robbing evil is a growing one and it will continue to grow until some effective measures are taken to suppress it. It is a disgrace to our civilization and is attracting attention all over the world as a blot upon our national character. There appears to be no machinery of State law, as executed by county sheriffs, that is efficient to cope with it. In the end we believe that Congress will be compelled to take hold of this new and monstrous outgrowth of the semi-barbarism of certain sections of the country. A national detective agency that would hunt down the bandits with the same zeal displayed in following post-office robbers and counterfeiters of

currency would soon put a stop to the evil. It is absurd to say that the railroads ought to protect themselves; that they should send armed squads out with their trains and build traveling forts to carry their express matter. As well argue that the farmer should build a castle with a moat and a drawbridge to stand off robbers bent on plundering his home and running off his cattle. It is the duty of the government to protect the lives and property of its citizens. If this cannot be done by State and county authorities then let us invoke the strong arm of Uncle Sam. He will find a summary way for dealing with these criminals as he did for putting a stop to burning freight cars and tearing up railroad tracks in Chicago last summer.

NOT PRACTICABLE.

The project for building a ship canal from Lake Superior to the Twin Cities, which has created a good deal of interest of late and upon which the Government has already spent \$10,000 for surveys, will evidently have to be abandoned as economically impracticable. Major Sears, the engineer officer in charge of the surveys, selected the route by way of the St. Croix River as the shortest and probably the least expensive. This route follows the Brule River for eighteen miles, from the lake to the divide, with a lift of 409 feet, then by level water twenty-four miles along the divide where the canal would be fed from springs and small streams, thence down the St. Croix to the Mississippi at Prescott, 158 miles, with a fall of 468 feet. There would be a total lockage of 877 feet ascending and descending. Once at Prescott, vessels passing through the proposed canal would be twenty miles below St. Paul and the Mississippi would have to be deepened from four feet at low water to twenty feet, to enable them to get up to this city. Major Sears, estimate of the cost of the canal from the mouth of the Brule, on Lake Superior, to the mouth of the St. Croix, at Prescott, is \$90,000,000. The other routes suggested would be longer and presumably still more expensive. One, by way of the St. Louis River from Duluth to Sandy Lake, and the Mississippi River, is to be surveyed this winter, when the ice on the swamps will make the operations of the engineers more easy than they would be in the summer season.

Congress will not appropriate ninety millions of dollars to build this proposed canal. Even if the people of the Northwest were united in support of the proposition, as one entirely feasible and vital to their interests, their representatives at Washington are not numerous enough to secure so large a sum of money from the national treasury. But they are not united on the question. The project has received much enthusiastic advocacy but it cannot make any further headway against the cold logic of figures. The interest on the cost of a canal would alone operate a railroad from Duluth to St. Paul and Minneapolis and haul all freight free. Besides, the cost of maintaining the canal and of lifting all vessels passing through it to an elevation of 469 feet above the lake and lowering them 468 feet to the river by a series of enormous locks would require a heavy appropriation of money every year. At three per cent only the annual interest on the ninety millions would be \$2,700,000. The entire gross earnings of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad for the year ending June 30, 1894, were \$1,513,393, and out of that sum the company paid its operating expenses, the interest on its bonds and a good dividend to its stockholders.

There is still another drawback to the canal project. If lake vessels were once put alongside the river front of the two cities, through the great liberality of Congress, they would still be remote from the factories which burn the coal brought from Duluth and from the elevators which handle the wheat and from the mills that

ship the flour. Either it would be necessary to haul the heavy freight to and from the factories, mills and elevators or these costly plants would have to be pulled down and removed to the river front. The sensible conclusion of the whole matter is plainly that the efforts of the people of the Northwest should be concentrated on the problem of getting deep water navigation from the lakes to the Atlantic and should not be diverted and frittered away on local projects for inland canals, however flattering such projects may be to the pride of certain towns and cities.

PIONEERS OF RED RIVER VALLEY.

An interesting meeting of the old settlers in the Red River Valley was held in Fargo last month and an association was formed to keep alive the memories of early days and preserve the records of historical events. From the comparison of experiences of the old-timers present at this gathering it appeared that Charles Cavalier, who settled at Pembina in 1851, is entitled to the honor of being the patriarch of the association and that next to him in length of residence in the valley is Edward Connelly, who located near the present town of Breckenridge in 1858.

There is a great deal of interesting history and not a little romance associated with the banks of the stream, which, coming out of the Northern Minnesota lakes, turns northward between the towns of Breckenridge and Wahpeton and forms the boundary between Minnesota and North Dakota all the way to the British line, and finally, flowing through Manitoba for a hundred miles, empties into Lake Winnipeg. The Earl of Selkirk established a colony of Scotchmen where the Pembina River joins the Red, in the early part of the century long before Chicago was even a name upon the maps and when there was not so much as a trading post where St. Paul now stands. In later times the Red River became the route of an active commerce between the head of navigation on the Mississippi and the Hudson's Bay Company post of Fort Garry, goods being transported first in batteaux and later in steamboats on the Red and carried across the prairies and forests between the Red and the Mississippi in clumsy wooden carts each drawn by a single ox. In winter the long journey was made in dog trains. Joe Rolette, who represented all the Red River Valley and a good deal of unexplored country besides, in the early sessions of the Minnesota legislature, used to come down from his remote frontier home to St. Paul with his team of dogs. The late Commodore Kitson had a trading post in early times at Pembina, and often made the trip by the same sort of conveyance. The first steamboat on the river was built in part at St. Paul, and engine and boiler were hauled overland on trucks. The basis for this enterprise was a transportation contract with the Hudson's Bay Company. J. J. Hill, the eminent railway builder and manager, bought furs and sold goods at Pembina when a young man in the employ of Kitson and then obtained the information concerning the natural resources of the Red River Valley which served him in after years as the basis of his great enterprises.

The first military expedition to traverse the valley was that of Major Long, in 1823. Major Long set up a post to mark the international boundary at Pembina, and continuing to descend the river into British country he returned East with his forces by way of the Lake of the Woods, Lake Superior and the Saulte. The expeditions of Sibley and Sully in 1863 and 1864 drove the Sioux out of the valley and chased them across the Missouri. There was no permanent settlement except at the fur-trading posts until railways reached the valley in the early seventies. Then the farmers poured in to occupy the rich

soil and raise wheat. The valley has since been transformed from a sea of waving grass in summer and a waste of snow in winter into one of the most productive agricultural regions in the world, rivalling the valley of the Nile in its fertility—a region aptly termed the "Bread-basket of America." Well may the pioneers of this fair and favored land feel proud of their home and cherish the memories of their early privations and adventures.

ASTORIA.

On the 22nd day of March, 1811, the ship *Tonquin*, dispatched from New York the previous September by John Jacob Astor, to establish a fur-trading station on the North Pacific Coast, crossed the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River. After a few days spent in examining the shores of the estuary of that noble stream, the site of the present city of Astoria was selected for the post and the name of the shrewd German merchant who sent out the expedition was formally bestowed upon it. Astoria is therefore eighty-four years old. It is much the oldest American settlement on the Pacific Coast, but the Spanish settlements antedate it by more than two centuries. Astoria is in many respects a peculiar town, but its most striking peculiarity in this modern time of universal railway facilities is that it is wholly without rail connection with the rest of the world. It is probably the largest town in the United States not accessible by rail. Its population is at least five or six thousand and in the days of sanguine estimates the figure was locally placed as high as eight or ten thousand. A road is to be built the coming season, by the aid of land subsidies furnished by the citizens of the place, up the Columbia Valley to Goble, a small station on the Portland-Tacoma line of the Northern Pacific, and if the contracts already signed are carried out, the iron horse will enter the historic town at the mouth of what the early map makers called the "Great River of the West," by the first of November next. The new road will no doubt be operated by the N. P. company.

A number of circumstances have combined to keep Astoria so long out of the range of railway enterprise. The place furnishes a great deal of freight, but it is chiefly lumber, which goes out to sea, and salmon, which is economically transported up the Columbia and Willamette by steamboats to Portland, the railway center of Oregon. The three great transcontinental lines operating in Portland, the Northern, Union and Southern Pacific, have been able to do business in Astoria by steamboat connection and each has felt that it would gain no special advantage in the matter of freights over its competitors by having a rail line of its own to the place, because there are so many boats looking for traffic that whatever all-rail rates might be made would promptly be met by the water route in connection with the other roads. Then, the country between Astoria and any point where connection can be made with an existing road is rugged, heavily timbered and not likely to become productive of traffic, nor is there any prospect of a considerable development of population around the mouth of the Columbia from agricultural settlement. Besides, the river route will always be attractive to travelers as well as economical for freight carriage. All these considerations have operated to deter each of the three systems having lines in Oregon from building a branch down to Astoria. Some years ago a local company was chartered to build a road to Forest Grove, in the Willamette Valley, where it would connect with one of the lines of the Southern Pacific running out of Portland. Some money was spent on this enterprise, mainly in piling across a tidewater bay to get out of Astoria, but the capital to go on with the road could not be raised. The merit of this line lay in the fact that it would run for some distance

in the valley of the Nehalem River, where there is a good deal of fine agricultural land, and in the further fact that it would afford a direct route to the sea for the wheat of the eastern side of the Willamette Valley, which now goes to Portland. The road to be built to reach Forest Grove would be considerably longer and much more expensive, however, than that to Goble, on the Northern Pacific, and it would have to cross the Coast range of mountains, whereas the Goble line follows the Columbia River.

Astoria is a very picturesque town and a very interesting town. Theoretically it should be the city of the Columbia Valley, its position being similar to that of New York at the mouth of the Hudson, and New Orleans, near the mouth of the Mississippi; but the early settlement of Oregon was all on the open prairies of the Willamette Valley and the city of Oregon grew up at Portland, the nearest point to the wheat farms of that valley which could be reached by the sea-going vessel. A good deal of the business part of the town is built on piles over the salt water and the tide ebbs and flows under the streets and the stores. There is plenty of solid and tolerably level ground, however, for the future extension of the place at either end of this Venice-like district where the first business gathered because of the deep-water frontage at that point. The place could grow to a population of fifty thousand without the necessity for its suburbs to climb the steep, wooded hills that hem in the narrow valley. Astoria is the center of the most important salmon-catching and canning industry in the world. A large colony of fishermen, coming from many lands and speaking many tongues, inhabit the place and live by netting the salmon that every year enter the river in enormous schools, impelled by the instinct to plant their spawn in fresh water. The fishermen sell their catch to the canneries at a price per fish, without regard to size, agreed upon at the opening of the season. They are a hardy race and their life is one of adventure and peril. The sailors form another interesting element in the population. Crews are recruited for the ships that go out with wheat, bound for Liverpool, Havre and Hamburg, and for those that take lumber to the South American and Mexican ports, and there is a distinct seafaring flavor about the place. With the fishermen and the sailors mingle the loggers from the woods and the sawyers from the mills along the river.

To what extent a railroad will benefit Astoria is a matter of conjecture, but some gain will unquestionably result from putting the old historic town in touch with the transportation systems of the Pacific Northwest. The special hope and ambition of the Astoria people is to secure for shipment the wheat which is now transferred from the cars to vessels at Portland, 150 miles inland; but to accomplish this important change in commerce they will have to contend with powerful interests in the wealthy metropolis on the Willamette.

A NORTH DAKOTA MILLING CONCERN.

The North Dakota Milling Association consists of thirteen mills, located in different parts of North Dakota and Minnesota. When run to their full capacity these mills are capable of turning out 5,000 barrels of flour a day. In order to keep them running an average of \$11,000 a day is paid out for wheat. This will buy 22,500 bushels of wheat or thereabouts, and that kept up for a month or two makes quite a snug pile of grain. Up to the time of the close of navigation the mills ran full capacity in order to secure the benefit of the twenty cents per barrel difference in freight rates by water over those prevailing by rail. It costs sixty-eight cents per barrel to ship flour from Crookston, Minn., to the seaboard.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The steamship *Tacoma*, which arrived at Tacoma last Wednesday direct from the Orient, brings a strange tale of the sea. The *Ledger* says: "The ship left Yokohama October 7th and experienced strong northeasterly winds and heavy seas to the meridian, which was crossed the 15th; thence to port strong westerly winds and enormous seas. On the 18th while in latitude 50 n, and longitude 156 w, a floating fir tree was sighted. Several of the officers, among whom was Chief Officer Berner and Second Officer Shaw, said last evening that they never saw or heard of such a thing before. Mr. Shaw said: 'About twenty feet of it was above water. It was standing perpendicular. The leaves were green and it had the appearance of a tree that was growing in the ocean. It did not rise and fall with the waves, but the waves broke around it. At the approach of our ship, which bore down upon it, a bevy of birds flew out of the thick branches of the top.' Chief Officer Berner said the tree was about 1,500 miles from the American coast and over 1,000 miles from the Asiatic coast. Interesting questions with those who saw the tree are, how did it get there and what made it stand perpendicular instead of floating lengthwise? One of the officers said he knew it to be a fir from this coast because an American eagle flew out of its top. He thought Pacific Coast timber had begun growing so thickly that some of the trees were being crowded off into the ocean." It was probably a Christmas tree, consigned to Queen Lil at Honolulu, but who sent it remains a problem.

NORTH DAKOTA REALTY FIGURES.

The total valuation of the lands of North Dakota, as equalized by the State Board of Equalization this year, is \$45,887,303, exclusive of improvement. The number of acres upon which this valuation is figured is 13,928,196, making an average value of the land of the State of about \$3.59 per acre. The improvements upon these lands are valued at \$2,608,016. The town and city lots in the State are valued at \$400,642, and improvements thereon at \$3,766,381, making the total real value of the State of all kinds and classes \$67,662,492. The total value of real property in the State exempt from taxation is \$3,659,634.

THE PARK REGION.

To the industrious farmer of limited means, the Park Region of Minnesota offers unrivalled facilities for profitable employment of labor and capital. Its diversity of soil and physical conditions make possible the widest range of endeavor, and with positive assurance that success will attend earnest and well-directed effort. Failure of crops—even partial failure to a degree that has refused to return a handsome profit, has never been experienced in this vicinity, even when the season has been most detrimental to crop yields. —*Sauk Centre Avalanche.*

THE STORY OF LIFE.

At twenty, youth still undetermined stands,
Sipping from those full cups which from each side
Life presses on him. All is new, untried,
And oft he chooses, then withdraws his hands.
At thirty he has seen Hope's fairest lands,
But others pass him by with restless stride,
And leave him waiting a more favoring tide.
At forty, habits press like iron bands
And hold him from the harvest he would reap.
At fifty—ah, at fifty, what he can,
Not what he would, he wrests from adverse fate;
No more Hope whispers softly in his sleep;
He sees his wasted life, a narrow span,
And sighs to find that knowledge comes too late.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Rock Elm, Wis.



FROM our record of Northwestern necrology we can no longer omit the name of Frederick James Grant, late editor of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, who left that city on September 27th on board a sailing ship bound for San Francisco. The ship has never been heard from and no doubt went down at sea with all her crew and passengers. The Government has caused a search to be made by a revenue cutter in the hope that the vessel was driven ashore and that survivors from the wreck might be found among the Indians inhabiting the coast between the mouth of the Columbia and the Strait of De Fuca. Nothing was discovered and funeral services have been held in Seattle in honor of the lost journalist. Mr. Grant was a man of talent and of high character and was a potent force in the public life and business development of his city and State. Another prominent journalist recently gone from this brief phase of existence is Waldo M. Potter, editor of the *Cassellonian*, of Casselton, North Dakota, who died on November 25th at the age of seventy-one. Mr. Potter had a long and successful career in newspaper work and politics in the State of New York before he settled in Dakota, in 1881. He was for twenty years connected with the *Saratogian*, at Saratoga Springs, and was a personal friend of Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed and a host of other famous men of the last generation. His influence in the affairs of North Dakota was always on the side of wholesome politics, honest government and the substantial progress of that young community.

A PORTRAIT of Hon. Henry C. Payne, one of the three receivers of the Northern Pacific Railroad, will interest a large number of our readers who met this gentleman during his recent tour to the Pacific Coast in company with the attorneys and principal officers of the road. While on this trip Mr. Payne made careful and conscientious inquiry into many important matters connected with the operations of the company that will come up for action at future meetings of the receivers, such as the relations of the branch lines to the main road, the irrigation and settlement of the Yellowstone Valley, the completion to Lewiston, Idaho, of the Spokane and Palouse road, the extension of the Eastern Washington line to Waterville, the condition of the irrigation enterprises in the Yakima Valley, the ownership of the tide lands at Tacoma, and the general operations and policy of the land department. Mr. Payne is a man of large experience in business affairs, of quick observation and sound judgment. He was formerly very active in the politics of Wisconsin and for a time was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, but he now has his hands full with his duties to the Northern Pacific property and is out of the harness as a working politician. He has a pleasant home in Milwaukee and is prominent in the highest business and social circles of his city and State. Our picture is from a recent photograph.

TACOMA people are not agreed yet upon the probable cause of the singular phenomenon which occurred on the harbor front of their city a few weeks ago, when about two acres of made land, covered by a wharf and warehouse and occupied by railroad tracks, disappeared in the bay. The Northern Pacific company had filled in under the wharf around the piles by hydraulic washing of earth down from the adjacent bluff, supporting the material by a stout crib wall of planking filled in with stone. There were eighteen feet of water in front of the wharf before the disaster and the Puget Sound steamers made their landings there. Without any sort of a warning about an acre and a half of the wharf, including one end of the warehouse and the dwelling of a family that let row boats for a living, went under the water; and the wonderful feature of the affair was that after all this mass of earth had taken a header into the salt tide, there was fifty-odd feet of water where there had been only eighteen before. The engineers have about come to the conclusion that the bottom of the bay at that place was composed of a crust of hard material resting on a stratum of soft silt, washed down in old geologic ages by the Puyallup River, and that the weight of the new material placed on this crust caused it to give way and thus squeeze



HON. HENRY C. PAYNE, OF MILWAUKEE, ONE OF THE RECEIVERS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

the underlying soft mud out into the deep water of the bay like so much mush. Some people insist that there must have been a gradual undermining of the crust, and others connect the phenomenon with light shocks of earthquake felt in the Sound country just before it took place. There is no record in the region of any such singular landslide under water having ever before occurred.

THE recent arrest of a number of settlers in the vicinity of Mandan for carrying off piecemeal the unoccupied buildings of the abandoned military post of Fort Abraham Lincoln reminds me of a talk I had lately with a lawyer living in Grafton, North Dakota. This lawyer tried farming for a time and when he moved into town to begin to practice his profession he left his farm house without a tenant. Occasionally he drove out to look at his place and every time he found that some part of the house was missing; first the front door, then two or three windows, then

the back-door and next the stairs. He could not learn who was committing the depredations. The neighbors protested their innocence and ignorance. Finally, after the building had been pretty well dismantled, a Norwegian farmer boldly moved off the frame and set it up for a stable on his own land. This was going a little too far for the patience of the lawyer and he had the man arrested; but reflecting that no good would come of sending him to jail, he compromised by taking the man's note for the estimated value of the stolen framework. The note was never paid. The lawyer told me that he had come to the conclusion that settlers in a new country who are honest in all the ordinary transactions of life and would not take a cent's worth of property from a neighbor, have little or no respect for the property rights of a non-resident in anything which is not put to use. They will cut the hay on a non-resident's land or dismantle his buildings without any scruple; but if you lived among them you would never think it necessary to bolt your doors at night or lock up your granary or chicken coop. The foreign settlers, usually a little tinged with communistic notions, are most ready to act on the theory that nobody has a right to hold what he does not use. The people who systematically looted old Fort Abra-

ham Lincoln were German-speaking Russians from the country near Odessa. They could not understand why Uncle Sam should keep a lot of good lumber going to decay in abandoned buildings when they could make good use of it for their houses and barns. Yet these same people are church members and are scrupulous about paying their debts.

THE demise of the *Seattle Telegraph*, which has been swallowed up by the *Post-Intelligencer*, calls for but one comment; namely, that there are too many newspapers in the West. No city west of Minneapolis has any business to try to support more than two dailies—one morning and one evening. A third paper is of no more use than a fifth wheel to a wagon. Such a paper has no valid reason for existence, and the politicians who are bled for its support find this fact out to their cost sooner or later and cease to put up for it. The *Telegraph* lived four years and was an excellent newspaper, but there was no field in Seattle for two morning papers and the old *Post-Intelligencer* naturally illustrated the law of survival of the fittest. Some one has just started a third daily in Spokane and some one in Helena keeps talking about resuscitating the long-dead *Journal*. These people had better be warned by the fate of the *Telegraph* and turn their energies to farming, or mining, or some other pursuit for the product of which there is a market.

Is it not about time for a general disarmament in this country? From the daily reports of shooting affairs growing out of sudden anger or murderous instincts inflamed by whiskey, it would appear that there must be tens of thousands of men in the United States who go about provided with revolvers bought for the express purpose of using them to kill their fellow men if occasion arises. These deadly weapons are displayed in shop windows and are so cheap that they are bought by young fellows who earn little more than enough to pay their board. These young scamps think it heroic to exhibit their death tools to their comrades and make threats of how they will "do up" some policeman who has interfered with their predatory and riotous habits or

some companion who has incurred their animosity. Such fellows are as a rule too cowardly to carry out their threats, but under the influence of bad liquor they become more dangerous than mad dogs. Often a man of higher intelligence is led into crime by the possession of such a weapon. Such a case was that of the bank clerk in Omaha, who, when sharply questioned by two lawyers about an apparent shortage in his accounts, pulled a pistol and dangerously wounded two of them, ending his career by blowing his own brains out. All the criminal classes carry revolvers and a multitude of young men who live on the borderland between crime and honesty are also equipped with these murderous contrivances before they can command money enough to buy watches. If we could have a despotic government long enough to confiscate and destroy all these pernicious weapons and break up the business of manufacturing and selling them, hundreds of lives would be saved every year. If policemen could be detailed without previous notice to stand on Seventh Street, St. Paul, and Washington Avenue, Minneapolis, some evening and search every passer-by for concealed weapons, the harvest that would be gathered of all sorts of small fire-arms would amaze honest, law-abiding people.

THERE are over a hundred miles of rotten wood pavement in St. Paul and Minneapolis that must come up during the next few years. The question of what sort of material shall be used for new paving has become of immediate interest in both cities. Wood is out of date. It has been tried and has failed. It was a good enough makeshift, when honestly laid, to last until the question of the best permanent paving material could be solved by ample experience. Now the mature judgment of engineers and of the business public has settled upon asphalt and brick as the only two materials to be considered. Asphalt has stood the test of eight years in St. Paul on residence streets. It is not adapted for sloping streets, however, because horses do not get a secure footing upon it, and it is very expensive. Brick was put down some years ago on a short stretch of Virginia Avenue, but the quality of the material used was poor and the work was not well done. Another experiment is now being made with better brick, well-laid, on a single block of Summit Avenue. In Minneapolis, Nicollet Avenue is to be paved with brick next spring from Eighth Street to Washington Ave. Columbus, Ohio, has paved ninety-miles of streets with brick. The paving brick used in the two cities comes from either Ohio or Illinois. A bed of clay has recently been discovered about ten miles from Minneapolis from which sample bricks have been made and thoroughly tested, with the result that they stand at the head of all the paving bricks for the important qualities of imperviousness to water and of endurance under abrasion and pressure. A great industry in the making of brick from this clay will no doubt grow up in time.

THE Government of the United States is unquestionably the richest in resources and credit of all the governments of the world. It certainly ought not to be a beggar or a receiver of gifts. Yet the citizens of Spokane deem it necessary, to ensure the establishment of a military post near their city, to raise a hundred thousand dollars, purchase a site for the proposed post and then offer the same as a free gift to Uncle Sam. The military authorities desire to build the new post in the interest of economy and of the efficiency of the service. Old Fort Spokane, established before railways were built in Eastern Washington, is located at the bottom of a deep canyon, near the mouth of the Spokane River, and is about twenty-five miles from the nearest railway station. All supplies have to be wagoned

to it at a heavy cost. It ought to be abandoned. Fort Sherman is on Lake Cœur d'Alene, at the terminus of a branch road from Spokane. The situation is a beautiful and healthful one. Gen. Sherman used to speak of this post as the handsomest in the West, in its situation and surroundings. The present policy of the Government is to concentrate troops in large posts near important railway centers where they can obtain supplies at the lowest cost and from which they can speedily be dispatched to any point where an emergency may require their prompt presence. In pursuance of this policy it is proposed to abandon Fort Cœur d'Alene as well as Fort Spokane and concentrate their garrisons in a new fort to stand on the handsome plateau just north of the city of Spokane. This ought to be done without calling on the public-spirited citizens of Spokane to buy the site.

THE famous Bishop Berkeley, who died in 1753 at the age of sixty-nine, was a crank on the medicinal virtues of tar-water. He always carried tar with him on his travels and mixed it with his drinking water. He wrote two books to convince the world that tar was a universal remedy. It is a curious fact that a century and a half after his death medical science has discovered wonderful properties in products distilled from coal tar. From these products are now obtained a number of medicines that are in general use to alleviate pain, to prevent nervous reaction and to act upon the heart. They come in the class of what the doctors call synthetic remedies. Perhaps the old bishop, who was a subtle philosopher, an active churchman and a graceful writer, was something of a prophet in relation to the future of medical science.

At the custom-house in Winnipeg I was told that an important item in the receipts of the Dominion at that point comes from the collection of the duty on a peculiar kind of felt shoe made in Philadelphia, which has jumped into sudden popularity throughout Manitoba. These shoes have thick felt soles as well as felt uppers and are made in presentable shapes for both men and women. They keep the feet warm in the coldest weather and although a little clumsy in their appearance they are worn by people of fashion as well as by the common run of folks who do not care much for looks so long as they are comfortable.



We have received from Charles B. Reed & Co., 164 Fulton Street, New York, a curious and instructive little book that seeks to classify and explain, in the form of a system of philosophy, the many phases of mysterious phenomena that go under the general name of occult and that are now interesting inquiring and speculative minds in all countries. The title of the book is "The Other World and This: A Compendium of Spiritual Laws." No author's name appears on the title page. The price is \$1.50. A few of the chapter headings will indicate the scope of the work: "The body, spirit and soul; the physical and natural nature; the spirit and its sphere of action; the aura; mental states; mental healers; crime by inheritance; idiosyncrasy; insanity; obsession; the mystery of sleep; do we travel when we sleep; what is death; modern spiritualism; are there evil spirits; mediumship and physical phenomena; theosophy and occultism; a glimpse into the spiritual world; some of the subtle laws of life; has man lived more lives than one." The book, which is written in a clear and vigorous style, maintains that the body is only the

outer covering of the spirit and its external, temporary representation. The mind is the connecting link between the spirit and the human organism, as a window becomes a medium for transmitting light. The spirit is limited by the organism in which it is clothed. Soul is regarded as something vastly higher than spirit, a direct emanation from the infinite, which can never be embodied and knows no limitations of time or space. With the soul and soul-life the individual has little to do beyond the recognizing that there is a state where the functions of life are not apparent and where peace and happiness abound. The spirit is the expression which the soul makes in its contact with matter. The spirit only imperfectly manifests itself on this plane of existence and no one phase of human life, or perhaps a hundred, is sufficient to unfold its hidden possibilities. Death is the separation of the spirit from contact with coarser material elements; but the spirit will have a body of more refined elements, corresponding to that earthly one which it formerly inhabited. Death is but the portal through which man, the mortal, passes into his immortal estate and receives a nobler and ampler life.

The author holds that thought is a substance—has form and color, texture and vibration. It is unlimited in its scope and possibilities. It creates and conquers disease, makes and destroys happiness, separates and unites nations and institutions, assists and retards individual development, according to its power and direction; and this over planets of space as readily as if within the personality of man. There is no forgiveness of sin, either in this world or the next; salvation comes only when the sin is conquered and overcome, since like a sword-cut it is bound to leave its scar. Sins are like open sores, and goodness is the only ointment that will heal them. To conquer self and eliminate evil tendencies are the real purposes of life. The doctrine of reincarnation is taught; not, however, that re-embodiment follows directly after death, but only when the spirit requires that development which it can get in no other way. There are some interesting theories on the subject of sex, which is held to pertain to the spirit nature as well as to physical life. Each sex possesses the complement of the other; and, when both are united in their threefold natures for noble purposes, no human ambition can exceed their possible attainment. Sex holds the secret of all power that has been and is to come; and he who possesses the revelation is victorious over self, and can conquer the world.

The poems of Ella Higginson have been collected and printed in a dainty little brochure by Edson & Irish, of New Whatcom, Wash., under the title of "A Bunch of Western Clover." A number of these delicate and charming poems have already appeared in this magazine and in a former number we had occasion to express our appreciation of the genius of the poet and novelist whose home is in the most northwestern city of our most northwestern State. In the December issue of *McClure's Magazine* appeared the story which won for Mrs. Higginson the prize of \$500 offered by the publisher of that enterprising monthly for the best short tale of American life. It is a thoroughly wholesome, natural and sympathetic story of how a good woman and her daughter—plain farmer people, living on the shores of Puget Sound—saved an old, broken-down crabbed and eccentric creature, deserted by her own children, from being sent to the poor house, and gave her a home with them for the remainder of her days. Mrs. Higginson is now fairly launched as a successful writer of realistic fiction. A late number of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* contains an excellent story from her pen.



ABSTRUSE MATHEMATICS.

"Now," Johnny, said the arithmetic teacher, "suppose that one man were to put a stone two feet thick on top of another like stone, and the next day another on top of that, and kept on thus for seventy years, what would be the result?"

"I dunno," replied the student, "but I guess he'd have a pretty good start for a new post-office."—*Walla Walla Statesman.*

HE WAS INELIGIBLE.

Rev. J. R. N. Bell was among the bystanders yesterday subpoenaed as juror in the case of the State vs. William Merrill. He was taken wholly unawares and when his name was called by the clerk, by the way of an excuse, the gentleman blushing said:

"If the court please, I cannot serve on the jury, as I do not know anything at all about the case at issue." He was excused.—*Baker City (Or.) Democrat.*

A LONG TIME BETWEEN.

The assistant postmaster in a thriving Idaho town of 2,000 inhabitants is a very busy man, yet he remembers every detail of his business transactions for years. His phenomenal memory even surpasses that of the ancient Grecian ship captains, who carried a



AND YET HE LINGERED.

Maud—"Come, child, it's time for you to go to bed."
Little Sister—"I ain't sleepy."
Maud—"You ought to be—I am."

full record of their entire cargoes, with all addresses of consignees, in their minds, but they first committed it all to memory in verse or rhyme. The following is a sample from the pen of the Idaho man, who writes concerning his subscription to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*:

"On February 17, 1891, I sent you a subscription and remitted twenty cents too much. In your acknowledgment you told me to keep out twenty cents in my next. M—."

CHARLEY'S APOLOGY.

A humorous incident which occurred in court during the trial of a vexatious lawsuit is related by the trial judge, who was so badly worked up that he had to leave the bench. A guileless old German was on the stand, and he was so badgered and brow-beaten by the attorney for the plaintiff that he grew very angry. The attorney asked him:

"Now, Charlie, didn't you say so and so?"
"Hell, no," the old man replied.

The spectators smiled. The judge gazed at the witness, but seeing his innocent expression, let it pass. Again the lawyer said: "Isn't it a fact, Charlie, that you said so and so?"

"Hell, no," he answered in a voice so loud that it was audible in the farthest corner of the room.

"Charlie," said the judge, "you must understand that we cannot tolerate swearing in the courtroom." The witness turned his innocent, pleading face to the judge and replied:

"Well, shudge, he make me so cot tem mad!"

There was a wild burst of laughter in which every-

body joined. Court was hastily adjourned, while the judge fled to the clerk's private room and laughed till his sides ached. At the end of a long ten minutes he resumed his seat on the bench, and turning to Charlie, said:

"Charlie, the court accepts your apology."—*St. Paul Globe.*

JUSTICE WAS DEFRAUDED.

Levi Ankeny of Walla Walla has a house full of children, and once in three or four months Mrs. Ankeny will say when he comes home, "Levi, Tommy or Johnny has broken a window or had a fight, or has not behaved today and you must punish him." It is then Mr. Ankeny's painful duty to take the culprit out into the shed and administer punishment. On one occasion he took Bob out into the woodshed to whale him. Bob is a pretty good sort of a fellow, and Mr. Ankeny said to him, "Now, Bob, you cry like fury and I will hit the side of the shed with a stick." Bob did as directed and yelled like a Comanche, while Mr. Ankeny belabored the side of the shed for a quarter of an hour. Finally Mrs. Ankeny came to the door and said: "That will do, Levi; do you want to kill the poor child?" Then the father and son went into the house and the three parties to the transaction seemed perfectly satisfied.—*Spokane Review.*

NEXT TO HAM.

They are telling a pretty good story of a tourist who ventured beyond Deadwood. He was determined to see all there was that could be called wild and woolly, and immediately demanded to know where he could ride on a real stage coach. The Deadwood stage coaches of dime novel fame are rotting, unused and unhonored, on the sides of the hill, but a stage line still runs between Deadwood and Spearfish. Perched

rubbed the stars out of his eyes and some of the soreness out of his legs and other places, his accumulated wisdom summed itself up in these words: "It's easy flying, but durned hard lighting!"—*Railway Age.*

HE NEVER SLEEPS.

About 10 o'clock Saturday evening an enormous freight engine, with a feeble old tin lantern for a headlight, thundered up to the Union Depot. One long observation car, from which not a single ray of light was shining, made up the train.

"Private party. Guess they're all asleep," remarked a belated loafer to a brakeman.

Just then a stout, middle-aged man, in his shirt sleeves, emerged from the darkness of the car and beckoned to the conductor.

"What's your orders, conductor?"

"To Havre, sir, straight."

"All right," and he disappeared in the darkness.

"That one ain't asleep, anyhow," said the loafer. The brakemen turned on him contemptuously:

"Asleep! That man asleep? Huh! That's Jim Hill!"

And the big engine carrying the famous president and General Manager Warren, thundered away to the east.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

THE HOST'S JOKE.

"A feat attributed to many eminent artists of painting on a plain surface a fly or bee so illusively true to nature that the innocent observer would attempt to brush it away, is not so difficult as is generally supposed," remarked a painter of still-life. "The art lies in making the insect stand out from the background. Not long ago a patron brought me a half-dozen saucers and a card, upon which was pinned a house centipede, or 'thousand legs,' requesting me to copy it exactly upon each of the saucers, so that the base of the cup would cover it. I did so without expressing any curiosity. Afterwards he told me that he had given a little tea party and, without the knowledge of his wife, had substituted the painted saucers for the plain ones. His amusement consisted in observing the horrified expression on the faces of the guests when they raised their cups and the quickness with which they put them down again to keep the monster imprisoned. It was only when the hostess noticed that none of the guests drank their tea that the deception was discovered."

YON AND THE BUNCO GAME

Al laft may daae leetle Susie Sovde
Way beek dere in Nord Dakota,
An' Al gat on dem steam engine cars
An' kom oa, hare toe Tac-o-ma.

Knute hay tole may toe look oat
For der "bunco-man," see!
An' Al tole ham det bane all raight
Al bane way up in "Yee."

A faller hey meet may whan Al gat off,
Hey say "hello Yon, how you doe anyhow,"
An' den hey ask may how Al bane
An' bout dem fallers beek dere now.

Al not know det faller but hey know may,
An' all may friends beek dere,
An' whan Al go wid ham doan straat
All dem fallers et us dey stare.

Hey ware nalce clothes an' big plug het
An' shirt det bane red an' white,
Hey hev beg gold chain an' nalce watch toe.
Al tank hey bane "oat o salte."

Den wae went into leetle s'loon
An' dere wae meet noder faller,
An' whan hey ask may of Al hed money
Al showed ham saxeen doller.

Noder faller den hey kom up
An' say hey show us leetle game,
Dey oder fallers say dey would play
An' Al tole ham Al would do der same.

Hey took three cards an' laid dem doan,
Dey wore de King, de Queen an' Yak,
An' den hey say Al couldn't call der Queen
An' on det hey bet hes stack.

Al watch ham close whan hey lay dem doan
An' Al know where hey lay det Queen,
So Al say all right Al take det bet
An' Al lay doan may saxeen.

Hey tole may den toe pack up may card,
Ts' mig fa'n! det Queen hey turn up Yak,
An' den hey laf an' grin at may
An' hey rake in det whole stack.

Al doan tank dey play foolishness wid may
Any more laike det way,
An' Al tank Al smash next faller's face
What say Tree Card Mon-tay.

—*Tacoma News.*

beside the driver of this stage, the tourist was delighted to find that his man had really driven a stage in the good old days. All efforts to draw out some story, or even a sage remark which could be carefully treasured and repeated, were failures. They were bawling along the side of a creek and the tourist finally said:

"I hear you've got some fine trout in these stream."

No response.

"Isn't there trout in this stream?"

"Umph!"

"Fine, fish, sir."

No response.

"Don't you like trout?" asked the traveler in desperation, turning in his seat in a way that demanded an answer.

"Next to ham," was the surly response.

The astonished tourist was delighted with the result of his efforts when he finally figured out that ham was once a luxury, and trout an everyday diet in that country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A DIFFERENCE.

Darius Green was a Yankee boy of poor but honest parents and with wheels in his head. For many years, while he was driving home the cows and feeding the pigs, he ruminated. In spare moments he whittled. He built a flying machine. On the ground he tested every part. The wings flapped evenly, the tail wagged properly, but he failed to rise. "I see what's the matter," said the astute Darius; "I must get a start." The roof of the barn afforded a vantage ground. A few seconds after Darius had picked himself up and

THE WILDCAT MINER.

The arrest of a "wildcat" miner recently in Madison County on the charge of stealing specimens from rich gold properties for the purpose of palming them off to tenderfeet as "samples from his newly discovered mine" brings to mind an incident which occurred in Butte last spring, says the *Inter Mountain*.

Late last fall a fellow with a sun-burned face and a prospector's apparel wandered into Butte. He was a stranger here, he said, and he had been out prospecting all summer in Madison County. He had prospected every peak in the snowy range from "skyhigh" down to Ed Adams' ranch on Indian Creek, and he had succeeded in uncovering another Drum Lummon. He made the acquaintance of two prominent mining men of Butte, both of whom are well fixed in this world's goods, and he succeeded admirably in impressing upon them the great value of his discovery. He carried with him a beautiful specimen of gold quartz in which the native gold could be seen clinging to its every side. The ledge, he assured the mining men, was fully four feet wide, and he would like to dispose of an interest for the purpose of securing enough wealth to work it. The mining men swallowed the bait and wanted to go out and take a look at the mines. But the "prospector" advised them to wait until spring, as the snow was so deep then on the mountains that it would be an impossibility to reach it. Feeling satisfied that they had a fortune within their grasp they consented to wait until spring. The prospector, however, was "dead broke" and had to be provided for. A comfortable room was secured for him, and his board paid at a respectable hotel and a few dollars advanced occasionally to supply him in "grog."

Through that long and darkest winter in Butte's history that "prospector" lived like a nabob at the seaside. The merry month of May

rolled around and the snow began to disappear from the hills. The mining men made extensive preparations to visit the wonderful "diggings." Their intimate friends wondered what expedition they were about to start on, but they were as mum as the proverbial oyster. The preparations were completed, the day was set on which the start was to be made, but at the appointed hour there was another "mysterious disappearance" added to Butte's long roll and the "prospector" could not be found. Inquiry at the hotel resulted in the information that the gentleman with the sun-browned countenance had departed on the previous day, taking with him the knowledge of the exact location of "what was destined to be the greatest gold mine in the world." The mining men are yet of the opinion that somebody learned of the "prospector's" rich discovery, and after ascertaining its location, murdered him; but the knowing ones smile when this proposition is advanced.

TOO GOOD FOR THE BUSINESS.

I notice that a clergyman in Norfolk preached a sermon to bar-keepers the other Sunday, and a number of them were glad to hear it. He spoke very sensibly and temperately, but he urged the bar-keepers to give up the business. The good man is probably not aware that there is scarcely a more temperate class of men than these same bar-keepers are. It may be an awful knowledge of the destructive character of the wet goods uttered at bars that makes the bar-keepers austere abstemious; for so they are, whatever be the cause. I am inclined to think that a bar-keeper who understands his trade is not the least useful of American citizens. He is clean, polite, respectful, and he minds his own business. These qualities are not so common as not to deserve notice. I fancy that a good bar-keeper has acquired but deep scorn for the world. When you

think of all the rant and bluster and folly that he hears and endures from his customers, you cannot but pity him. I agree with the Norfolk clergyman in urging the bar-keepers to go out of the business. They are much too good for it. Their only consolation is that they may exert a refining influence upon their customers.—*Town Topics*.

A LESSON IN HONESTY.

It doesn't pay to be dishonest, and the Wisconsin cheese-makers are finding it out, says the *St. Paul Morning Call*. A few years ago the cheese made in the Badger State found a ready sale in the market at a better price than the article made in New York, for the reason that it was a better grade. But a few of the Wisconsin makers were not satisfied with the good profits they were realizing, and undertook to increase them by filling the insides with the refuse from the creameries. A load or two of this doctored stuff was enough to turn the tide of trade to other producing States, and now Wisconsin cheese has fallen in price and is practically unsalable, and all through the petty dishonesty of one or two grasping manufacturers. The lesson has been a dear one, and it will take years for the cheese-makers of the State to recover from the loss they have sustained.

A SHEEP KING.—Says the *La Grande, Or., Chronicle*: Charles Cunningham, who is called the sheep king of Umatilla County, and deserves the title, passed through La Grande Saturday, going East. Mr. Cunningham sells many blooded rams in the Baker City section and throughout Idaho, and his trip is for the purpose of collecting up on his sales. Year by year the energetic sheep-raiser has added to his herds, until now he counts among his possessions 24,000 head of sheep, 8,000 of which are thoroughbreds.

1869.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

1894.

A. M. DOLPH, Pioneer of the LAUNDRY MACHINERY Business and FOUNDER of
AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY CO.

Originator of
the Famous

DOLPH WASHERS, Imitated by All,
Equalled by None.

Manufacturers of

AMERICAN
CENTRIFUGALS,

AMERICAN
STARCHERS,

AMERICAN
MANGLES,

AMERICAN
IRONERS.



Laundry Machinery

FOR

HOSPITALS,

ASYLUMS,

HOTELS,

CONVENTS,

COLLEGES,

CUSTOM

LAUNDRIES.

Anything Needed for the Laundry Supplied by us.

For Catalogue, Estimates and Plants, address us at either of the above named places.



A CORPS of surveyors are running a line from Tomahawk to Harrison, a town on the Lake Shore railway fourteen miles distant. It is said that the road will be built at once and that it will be known as the Marinette, Tomahawk & Western. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is also active at Tomahawk.

ARTICLES were filed with the secretary of State incorporating the Superior & Southeastern Railway Company on Dec. 8. The company is capitalized at \$3,000,000. The road is to be 400 miles in length. It is to be constructed from Superior to Manitowoc or Sheboygan County on the banks of Lake Michigan. It will run through Douglas, Bayfield, Ashland, Chippewa, Taylor, Washburn, Sawyer, Price, Lincoln, Langlade, Oconto, Marinette, Marathon, Shawano, Waupaca, Outagamie, Winnebago, Calumet, Manitowoc and Sheboygan counties. Mr. Hunner said that the road would run through some of the best farming country in the world. Work on the construction of the road, Mr. Hunner says, will probably begin in the spring.

Minnesota.

The *Thirteen Towns* says that 168 deer and 23,000 prairie chickens have been shipped from Fosston this season.

A VEIN of lignite coal has been found seven miles south of Jackson. A tunnel is being sunk and the quality improves as the work progresses.

MAX BASS, immigration agent of the Great Northern passed through the city on his way to Chicago recently. Mr. Bass says there is a good prospect of bringing a colony of Dunkards to Northern Minnesota to locate in the spring, and assures the *Times* that as a class they are among the best people who can be induced to colonize in a new country.—*Crookston Times*.

As a suggestion in the direction of diversified farming, Gen. M. D. Flower, president of the St. Paul Union Stock Yards Company, states that in the month of November there were marketed at the yards over 57,000 hogs, for which the packers paid something more than \$85,000. This is much below the capacity of that market, but is a nice little sum for the limited number of hog growers among the farmers of this tributary region to absorb in thirty days. More than that could be had in every month of the year if the farmers had the hogs to send to market.—*N. W. Farmer*.

By the action of the council in voting to accept the deed of gift of forty-five acres of land from Mr. Lowry for a reservoir site at Columbia Heights, and by the passage of the resolution to issue \$300,000 worth of bonds, the proceeds to be used in the work on the new reservoir system, Minneapolis is at last assured of a pure and adequate water supply. This has been a matter of crying need for many years, and the city is to be congratulated on having selected the system that is best calculated to give her pure water and all the water she needs, with sufficient pressure at all times and with no danger of a short supply at any time from breakage of pumps or trouble with the machinery.—*Minneapolis Times*.

LAST week was a famous one for the Minneapolis millers, says the *Journal* of Dec. 3. All milling records in Minneapolis were smashed to smithereens, and a new mark is set for outside mills to follow in the matter of output. The Pillsbury-Washburn Company made its banner "run." Four of their mills were operated, and the enormous output of 122,483½ barrels were turned out. The mills making the record were the Pillsbury A, the Pillsbury B, the Anchor and the Palisade. The Lincoln mill, at Anoka, with a daily capacity of 8,390 barrels, was not operated. The previous largest week's output of the Pillsbury company was 107,215 barrels, with five mills in operation. The conditions were favorable for a liberal output, there being a good run of water, which, with the steam power furnished additional, enabled the company to make the above splendid record. The daily statement for the Pillsbury-Washburn Company shows a daily average for the Pillsbury A mill of 9,329 barrels, an amount that leaves it beyond a challenge as the flour mill of greatest capacity in the world.

North Dakota.

The *LaMoure Chronicle* says that Elmer Underwood and Chas. Haas have, after the usual amount of ex-

perimenting and changing of detail in perfecting an invention, gotten what they claim is "just the thing" for burning cactus, stubble and fire-breaks.

NORTH DAKOTA has an appropriation of \$11,000 for the survey of public lands for this year.

FROM reports now in the office of the commissioner of agriculture of North Dakota it appears that 38,000 acres of corn were raised in that State last year. The increase over 1893 is more than 100 per cent.

LEADING farmers in the vicinity of Leonard have decided to erect a starch factory. Over \$4,000 has been subscribed and the directors expect to raise \$4,000 more to build and equip a factory which will turn out 9,000 pounds of starch daily.—*Fargo Forum*.

The North Dakota wheat raiser may think he pays a high freight rate of thirteen cents, but the Canada wheat grower has to pay as high as twenty-seven and one-half cents to the C. P. R. to get his grain to market, and gets no more for his wheat.—*Jamestown Alert*.

TWO more cars of timber for the new steamboat arrived from Oregon recently and the Red River Transportation Company will soon have a large crew of men at work in their boat yard, near Chisholm's mill, building the largest steamer ever floated on the raging Red.—*Grand Forks Herald*.

A CAR load of twenty-one elk, consigned to Eton Bros. of Medora, North Dakota, was unloaded and fed at the stock yards Sunday night by Billy Miles & Bro. They are a part of a herd purchased by Howard Eton, in Henry's Lake County, Idaho, last summer, and will be taken to the ranch of the Eton Bros., who will engage in elk-raising in connection with their other stock interests.—*Livingston (Mont.) Enterprise*.

THE mining and sale of lignite coal is on the increase in this county, and is becoming quite a source of revenue to the farmers who are engaged in it. Already this fall large quantities of the fuel have been brought into the city and sold, and the traffic seems rather on the increase than otherwise. The greater part of the coal comes from the Casino and Anderson mines up north, and is of an excellent quality. A traveler on the road north recently remarks that he encountered from thirty to forty teams, all en route to the city, and loaded with coal. Many of the farmers have trail teams and bring in three or four loads at once. The industry is one that should be encouraged, and it is reassuring to witness the development of these home mines for the furnishing of home fuel.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

WONDERFUL improvements have been made at Bismarck during the past two years, but more especially during the present summer, writes a correspondent to the *Fargo Argus*. Of course the leading improvement is the capitol extension. It is doubtful if ever \$50,000 was spent to better advantage on public work. The main part of the building, in one way and another, has cost over \$150,000. The new wing fully doubles the capacity, so far as office room is concerned, and adds greatly to the appearance of the other. But the most noticeable improvement is in the cottages and modern-built houses, which have been moved into the central portion from the far-away parts of the city. A score or more of these have been placed on available corners nearer the churches and schools and on the streets leading toward the capitol.

South Dakota.

ANOTHER reduction plant has been added to Deadwood's facilities for handling the ore of the Black Hills. The new cyanide mill erected by the Golden Reward Company was started up recently and given a trial run. It worked smoothly and satisfactorily. The new plant is one of the most complete ever erected in the Black Hills and will be an innovation so far as the cyanide process is concerned.

Montana.

KALISPELL last year had a busy building season. It hardly seems possible that this flourishing city of 3,000 to 4,000 population was not in existence at all four years ago. C. E. Conrad, the banker, predicts some important improvements for this year.

MISSOULA is rejoicing over the resumption of the Higgins bank, the completion of the Higgins opera house and the Masonic Temple, the inauguration of a mammoth commercial institution and the coming of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific railroads.

THERE is practically no silver mining going on in Butte now. The safe dependence of the people is copper mining, which is being prosecuted upon the usual magnificent scale and with the usual great output;

but in the silver and lead sections of Utah, Colorado and Nevada there is great depression.—*Inter Mountain*.

A PROJECT is under way in Ravalli County to build a large canal along the east side of the Bitter Root Valley to irrigate the rich bench lands between Willow Creek and Three-Mile. A number of prominent men, including Marcus Daly, are back of the scheme. The canal would irrigate from 50,000 to 100,000 acres, and the cost is estimated at upwards of half a million dollars.

THE Montana Coal and Coke Company, in which Helena capitalists are interested, has been preparing to work the Horr coal mines on an extensive scale. The company will coke most of the product of the mines. The resumption of work in Horr properties means much to Park County. The mines there are very extensive and the product is of splendid quality.

THE *Rocky Mountain Husbandman* says that the Cumberland mine has been sold at the receiver's sale by an order of court, and the mine has become the property of J. Kennedy Todd, of New York. The Cumberland is probably the richest carbonate mine ever discovered in Montana. Its sale may mean that it is to be worked by its new owner, and in that case Castle and the Castle district will become prominent once again.

UNCLE SAM is going to have one of the finest troop stations in the country at Fort Harrison, near Helena. The sewer and water systems have been recently completed and there are now a score of buildings under construction. The buildings are of brick and stone, all modern in style and equipment. The site is a fine one and in all respects this will take its place as a model station. An expenditure of \$300,000 to \$400,000 is involved.

THE *Helena Evening Telegram* says that the owners of mines and prospects along the surveyed route of the Summit Mineral Railroad from Rimini to Deer Lodge are looking over the ground with a view to making developments, and the raising of ore to the surface will be in full blast simultaneously with the commencement of grading on the line of the road. To judge by the number of known good mines that line the right of way from one end to the other, and considering that a percentage of the prospects along the surveyed route, but which on account of their promising character have been held on to for years, their owners knowing full well that there was a good time coming, it is safe to say that the Summit Mineral Railway, once completed and in operation, will be one of the best paying roads on the continent. Before the close of the first season of its operation it will be taxed to its full capacity for carrying ores, concentrates, etc.

Idaho.

THE Coeur d'Alene land office has received notice from the department at Washington that the forest reserve on the St. Marie's and in the Santa neighborhood is now open to settlement. The reserve embraces from 12,000 to 15,000 acres of the best farm and timber lands in the State, and will undoubtedly be filed upon in short order. This means a great deal for the development of that prolific section.

At Caldwell one day last week five hundred hogs were marketed at from four and a half to five cents a pound, realizing to the farmers over \$3,500. A company started a packing house and the hog business is beginning to flourish, and the farmers open an industry which will be a lasting benefit to the country. In the country where irrigation prevails alfalfa is planted for pasture for hogs and they thrive on it. In Latah County and Northern Idaho, alfalfa will produce wonderful crops.—*Moscow Mirror*.

MR. H. E. HEPPNER, who owns and conducts one of the richest placer gold mines in the Elk City district, in Idaho, has returned to his home in this city, after a successful summer season's work on his property. Mr. Heppner is one of the best known mining men in Idaho, although he spends but seven months of each year there, during which time only he can work his placers. The Elk City mining region is one of the most celebrated in the West. Gold was discovered there in 1862, and a great mining excitement followed. The town of Elk City soon sprang up, and contained at one time several thousand inhabitants. Miners worked in the placers and dug out from \$4 to \$8 per day, but soon became dissatisfied with this small sum, and migrated to Montana to more inviting fields. The region, in two or three years more, was practically deserted, a few white men and several Chinese being left in possession of the entire country.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Oregon.

ALTHOUGH Sauvie's Island was almost entirely submerged by the great flood of last spring, the farmers on that favored tract have but little reason for complaint. As soon as the water subsided they went to work replanting their crops, and as a sample of the re-

sult Messrs. Reeder and Sons have left at the rooms of the Oregon Immigration Board a number of specimens of the purple top, strap-leaved turnip, raised from seed sown July 15, which are the largest of that variety ever seen here. They are as big as a man's head, and some of them much larger. They are perfectly solid, and sweet all the way through. The flood left a deposit of fertile soil on the island, which will be of much more value than the flood did damage.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Washington.

THE steamship Sikh, when she cleared from Tacoma for the Orient, carried 28,905 barrels of flour, valued at \$68,138. This is the largest shipment ever made by the Northern Pacific Steamship Company's liners.

SOME Ilwaco druggists have about twenty pounds of ambergris, picked up on the beach there last spring. They have been offered \$52 per ounce for it on the strength of a sample recently sent to London.

A COMPANY was organized in the early part of December to construct a hotel and sanitarium, and a plant for the manufacture of salts, soap and other products of the water, at Medical Lake. It will expend \$75,000 in the enterprise.

ACCORDING to a report received by Special Treasury Agent Leslie Cullom, which is a copy of the original made by Special Agent Crowley to Secretary of the Treasury, Carlisle, the district of Puget Sound ranks fourth in the United States in the number of vessels entered. The first being New York, the second Boston and third Oswego, New York.

DR. N. G. BLALOCK, chairman of the Washington irrigation commission, estimates that there are 2,400,000 acres of land susceptible of irrigation in Eastern Washington. Of this amount about one million and a quarter acres are in the Yakima Valley. On the basis of twenty-acre farms, Yakima could therefore support 60,000 people on irrigated land.

J. C. HENDERSON, of New York, and T. H. Tyndall, of Seattle, filed articles of incorporation on Thursday with the county auditor for the Yakima Central Irrigation Company. The concern is capitalized for \$180,000, and it is the purpose, so announced, of the incorporators, to engage in the irrigation business, the main project being to take water from the Natchez and carry it on to the higher land of the Moxee.—*Yakima Herald*.

THE operation of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad with the Northern Pacific is already proving advantageous to this section. It is said that the North-

ern Pacific has already handled nearly one thousand cars belonging to the Q road, and that all these cars were returned filled chiefly with lumber consigned to points in Nebraska and Kansas, a section of the country which the local shippers found difficult to reach before the tariff arrangement in question was entered into.—*Everett Herald*.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad Co. has completed plans for the expenditure of \$20,000 in improvements and repairs at the ocean dock. A new Sound warehouse, 300x80 feet, will be constructed a little further south than the old structure, and work on the building will be commenced immediately. Two piers, 200 feet in length, will be built adjacent to the commercial dock bridge, and between them and the wharf will be two steamboat slips, where four boats may be accommodated at once. Superintendent Dickinson says that the new arrangements will give by far more room for steamers than the old wharves did. It is also proposed to move the Pacific Coast warehouse south about sixty feet, leaving that much space between the coast and ocean warehouse.—*West Coast Trade, Tacoma*.

THE Prosser American says that the survey for the railroad between Prosser and North Yakima, via Sunnyside, will be made early in the spring. As this is the only feasible railroad proposition on the north side of the Yakima River there is more than strong probability that the road will be commenced at an early date. By leaving the main line of the Northern Pacific at Prosser and crossing the Yakima River, thence to Sunnyside, on to Zillah, through the Kone-wock pass to Moxee, thence to North Yakima is covered, say prominent railroad men, the only legitimate opportunity for a road through the great and rapidly growing irrigated section of the Yakima Valley. The road from Prosser to North Yakima by this route will be fifty-seven miles long.

The Canadian Northwest.

WINNIPEG real estate dealers report the market for city property very firm. The amount of property changing hands is not very large, but the prices being realized are very good indeed.

UNION Steamship and city wharves at Vancouver were alive with workmen, boxing, icing and packing halibut last month. Two steamers were in loaded down. The Coquitlam with 60,000 pounds and Thistle (first trip, chartered by Victoria B. C. company) 80,000, latter largest load on record. The halibut business is booming in British Columbia.

THE country tributary to the Manitoba Northwestern Railway has made a splendid record this year in live stock and produce exports. Over 8,000 head of

cattle have been shipped out of that territory, besides large quantities of butter, eggs, cheese, etc. This portion of Manitoba has made better progress in mixed farming than any other section of the country, and the result is obvious.

North Dakota Lignite Coal.

J. F. Brodie, an experienced Pennsylvania miner, has recently opened a coal mine on the thickest vein discovered in North Dakota. The mine is called the East Lehigh and is located at Lehigh station, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, four miles east of the town of Dickinson. The vein is twenty-six feet thick and is entered on a level from the side of a hill a few hundred feet from the railroad track. Mr. Brodie owns 240 acres of ground under which this enormous vein is known to extend without a fault. For quality the coal is unsurpassed by any North Dakota lignite. It comes out in clean, large chunks, free from clay and analysis shows that its value for fuel is about eighty percent of that of Ohio bituminous coal. Mr. Brodie puts this coal on the cars for shipment at the mouth of the mine at a cost to the purchaser of one dollar per ton. The coal deposit is so large and is so easily and cheaply worked that operations at the mine can be extended to keep pace with the demand for the coal, and orders can be filled as fast as received. North Dakota lignite is growing in favor all over the State as an economical home and manufacturing fuel. It is fast supplanting Eastern coals. Address orders to J. F. Brodie, Dickinson, North Dakota.

C. B. MENDENHALL,
Proprietor.

W. T. COLLINS,
Resident Physician.

HUNTERS Hot Springs, Pleasure Resort and Sanitarium, SPRINGDALE, MONT.

Ingredients.	Gr's to U. S. Gal.	1,000,000 Parts.
Silica.....	4.517	77.4
Alumina.....	.070	1.2
Ferri Carbonate.....	Trace	Trace
Calcium.....	.231	4.6
Magnesium " Na. Salt.....	Trace	Trace
Lithium.....	Trace	Trace
Potassium.....	3.21	5.5
" Iodide.....	Trace	Trace
" Bromide.....	Trace	Trace
Sodium Chloride Co. Salt.....	1.442	24.7
" Sulphide.....	.852	14.6
" Sulphate Gl. Salt.....	.607	10.4
" Phosphate.....	Trace	Trace
" Borate Borax.....	Trace	Trace
" Carbonate.....	8.788	150.5
Ammonia Free.....	.025	.43
Albuminoid Ammonia.....	.003	.05
Total.....	16.858	280.38

Northern Trust Company

OF WISCONSIN.

Capital Stock, \$500,000 (fully paid.)

ROBERT LENOX BELKNAP, President.

Offices, 1721 Winter St., Cor. Tower Ave., WEST SUPERIOR, WIS.

Transacts a General Trust Business.

Acts as Agent, Guardian, Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Receiver, Assignee, Depositary, and as Transfer Agent or Registrar.

Mortgages and other first-class investments constantly on hand. A large list of desirable real estate (improved and unimproved) for sale or rent.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Bonds of Suretyship furnished.

WM. B. BANKS, Vice President.

P. G. STRATTON, Treasurer.

OGDEN H. HAMMOND, Secretary.

KENNEWICK IRRIGATED LANDS

In the famous Columbia River and Kennewick valleys, in all sized tracts—5 to 100 acres, at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

This is the greatest peach, fruit and hop region in the world. Write for information to

C. J. BEACH & SON, Kennewick, Wash.,

Also owners of the original townsite of Kennewick. Business and residence lots on easy payments.

YAKIMA IRRIGATED LANDS. We have tracts of FIVE, TEN, TWENTY, FORTY and FIFTY acres of improved IRRIGATED LANDS, in FRUITS, HOPS and ALFALFA, ranging in price from \$50 to \$300 per acre, on reasonable terms. Write for circulars and information to
H. SPINNING & CO., North Yakima, Washington.

IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Opportunities for Settlers.

We print on this page the business cards of a number of responsible firms in Northern Minnesota that deal in farm lands and that invite correspondence from people who would like to secure homes on a fertile soil and in a good climate at a low cost. Considerable new settlement has gone into that part of the State during the past year and a much larger movement is expected for the coming year. This region has many special attractions. The winters are no more severe than those of Vermont or Northern New York, and for the most part consist of bright, sunny days, when the mercury ranges from zero to twenty above. There are a few spells of below-zero weather but they are never accompanied by storms. The snowfall is comparatively light and when sleighing begins in December it lasts until spring—a great convenience to all who work in the woods or have teaming to do. In the spring there is no long, tedious season of muddy roads, and in the autumn but little rain falls and the first snow often comes upon dry, hard roads.

Much of the land now attracting settlers is lightly timbered with hardwood and the people make a living cutting railroad ties and cord wood while clearing up their fields. A special beauty of the region is the almost countless number of small lakes and ponds, all abounding in fish. In the northwestern part of the State there is still a good deal of unoccupied prairie land in the Red River Valley and on the belt of rolling country that lies between the valley and the forest region. A strong point in favor of all the Northern Minnesota country for farming is the fact that it lies on two great transcontinental highways and is directly in the current of econom-

ical freight movement to the head of Lake Superior and to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Feeding Wheat to Hogs.

Here is an experience of a Polk County farmer in feeding wheat to hogs, as detailed in the *Crookston Times*: "He is feeding wheat to his hogs, and in order to know just the returns in pork per bushel of wheat, he weighed hogs and wheat. The experiment has progressed far enough to assure him of at least sixty cents per bushel for his wheat. He has made 366 pounds of pork out of eighteen bushels of wheat, which makes the pork cost him two and one-half cents per pound. At this rate the wheat would net him nearer \$1.20 than sixty cents. To carry the experiment still farther he kept a record on one, a pig, and the result was a gain of sixty-six pounds in eighteen days. This is remarkable and proves that if the farmer can have his pigs littered early in March, he can turn off his pork in the fall weighing 250 pounds per hog. The food is rich and a hog will eat of it until he can't hold any more, and the quality of the pork is fully up to the corn-fed product."

Lumber Output of the Duluth District.

Using calculations on an output of 400,000,000 feet of lumber for the Duluth district, for the year that is just closing, it is safe to estimate the output for 1895 in this district at 500,000,000 feet. In addition to the mills which have been in operation up to the present time, there will be added several new plants, while some of the old ones will be materially enlarged, and their capacities increased. The mills which are now in course of construction are those of the Lesure Lumber Company; Johnson & Wentworth at Cloquet; the B. B. Richards at New Duluth, and the rebuild-

ing of the old Huntress & Brown mill by A. H. Petrie and William McMillan. Other improvements in the district will give at least 100,000,000 feet additional capacity to the mill here.—*Northwestern Lumberman*.

Opened for Settlement.

The St. Cloud land office publishes the following notice of the opening for settlement of two townships in Northern Minnesota:

Notice is hereby given that the plat of Township No. 149 N., Range No. 31 W., of the Fifth Principal Meridian, Minnesota, has been filed in this office. On and after the 24th day of January, 1895, at 9 o'clock A. M., this office will be prepared to receive applications for entry of the public lands in said township. Notice is also hereby given that the plat of Township No. 150 N., of Range 30 W., has been filed in this office. On and after the 22nd day of January, 1895, at 9 o'clock A. M., this office will be prepared to receive applications for entry of the public lands in said township.

Minnesota's Great Iron Product.

The Mesaba Range's total of 1,793,988 tons the past season is regarded as only a prophesy of what can be put out in another season, with all the development work that is arranged for the coming winter. Estimates of the proportion of Bessemer found on the new range vary from twenty-five to forty per cent, an indication that non-Bessemer ores are to be a heavy drug for some years.—*Iron Trade Review*.

A New Town.

There is a new town on the Mesaba Range called Evelette. The people have petitioned for a post-office, and a newspaper is already talked of as an institution that will soon be needed.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

ST. PAUL & NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

CENTRAL MINNESOTA LANDS
IN MORRISON AND CROW WING COUNTIES.
\$2.50 to \$6 per acre; 15 per cent down, balance in seven annual installments with interest at 7 per cent per annum.
A. G. POSTLETHWAITE, Land Commissioner,
St. Paul, Minn.

WILD LANDS AND IMPROVED FARMS

IN NORTHEASTERN POLK CO., ON RED LAKE RIVER,
\$5 to \$10 per acre.
Red Lake Reservation to open soon. Locators and Engineers. Plats and Maps. Do you want to loan money—I have prime security in Minnesota improved farms.
J. W. SWANSTROM, Thief River Falls, Minn.

REAL ESTATE, LOANS AND INSURANCE.

FOR SALE OR RENT
FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES
Choice Polk Co. farm lands, improved and unimproved. Also best business and residence property in city of Crookston.
References: First National Bank,
E. M. WALSH, - - - CROOKSTON, MINN.

250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS.

TIMBER, PRAIRIE AND NATURAL MEADOWS.
\$2.50 to \$12 per acre, in TODD COUNTY,
one of the richest in the famous Park Region. Big list improved farms; cheap, long time. Have you money to loan on improved farms at 7 per cent net to you?
VAN DYKE & VAN DYKE,
Long Prairie, Todd County, Minn.

HOMESTEAD LANDS.

20,000 acres still open for settlers in Wadena Co.
100,000 acres railroad land at \$2 to \$4 per acre.
One-sixth cash; balance 5 years' time at 7 per cent.
Brush, timber and meadow lands. Improved farms.
Address,
A. MURRAY, Wadena, Minn.

IMPROVED FARMS AND WILD LANDS

in Polk and Beltrami Counties,
\$5 to \$15 per acre.
Nearest point to the Red Lake Reservation, to open soon. Have you money to loan on first-class improved farms? Principal and interest guaranteed.
BENNETT & STREET, Attorneys at Law,
Fosston, Polk Co., Minn.

J. M. ELDER, Brainerd, Minn.,

SELLS
N. P. R. R. Lands and St. Paul & Duluth R. R.
Lands at \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.
HAS 20,000 ACRES OF IMPROVED FARMS
from \$3 to \$5 per acre.

DO YOU WANT A FARM,

Improved or Unimproved?
Write me. I have sixty improved farms, \$4 to \$20 per acre, in sizes to suit you. Thousands of acres of wild lands, \$1.25 to \$6 per acre, on your own time. I can use your money, on improved farms, at 8 per cent, and give you good security.
H. L. GAYLORD, Fertile, Polk Co., Minn.

100,000 ACRES N. P. R. R. LANDS,

\$1.75 to \$7 per acre;
50,000 ACRES IMPROVED FARMS,
\$8 TO \$20 PER ACRE.
Gilt-edge 8 per cent Minnesota farm mortgages
FOR SALE.
ISAIAH H. BRADFORD, Banking & Real Estate,
HUBBARD, MINN.

RAILROAD LANDS.

20,000 acres. Convenient to market towns,
in well-settled neighborhood,
on 6 years' time at 6 per cent.
Large list of improved farms. Send for maps and price lists.
CHARLES J. WRIGHT, Fergus Falls, Minn.

250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS

at \$5 to \$12 per acre. Improved Farms.
Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in Western Morrison County.
Agent for St. Paul & Northern Pacific Ry. Lands.
Local Ag't for N. P. R. R. Co. Write for information.
W. J. SULLIVAN,
SWANVILLE, MORRISON CO., MINN.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

Offers for sale a large amount of good land in Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming. Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of payment. For maps and information address
W. H. PHIPPS, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

FOR SALE, 300,000 ACRES

CHOICE NORTHERN PACIFIC LANDS
IN AITKIN AND CROW WING COUNTIES.
Also 250,000 acres of other lands at from \$2 to \$5 per acre. If you want a farm, improved or unimproved, write me.
F. P. MCQUILLIN, AITKIN, MINN.

Corn, Pork, Cattle, Poultry, Potatoes.

Improved Farms and Wild Lands
in Pope County, Central Minnesota;
REASONABLE PRICES.
Improved farms at \$8 to \$15 per acre, on long time.
Write for list.
W. J. CARSON, GLENWOOD, MINN.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

Gives reliable information every month about
NORTHERN MINNESOTA—
its resources, climate, and the inducements offered to settlers. If you are interested there or in any part of the Northwest, send for a sample copy.

NORTH DAKOTA'S INEXHAUSTIBLE WELLS.

Commissioner Barrett, of the North Dakota State Bureau of Forestry and Irrigation, has prepared some data in regard to irrigation of small farms by wind-mill power, water to be derived from underground wells, if not artesian wells. The commissioner says:

I consider that for North Dakota and the other States of the Union the wind-mill irrigation system is one of the very best that can be devised at small expense for a general application. Assurance of crops and profits in the cultivation of small tracts of lands. The phreatic water or underflow of our State is very abundant. At first thought the amount of water found underground is surprising, but when we consider the great absorbent qualities of our soils, imbibing, in my judgement, at least one-half of the rainfall over the entire State, the quantity discovered beneath the surface but confirms the philosophical and common sense reasoning in relation thereto.

The reasonableness of this conclusion is made apparent by the fact that the precipitation in North Dakota on an average is eighteen inches per annum, equal to 23,246,085,544.561 gallons, one-half of which doubtless goes to feed the underground waters. Evidences seem to indicate to the studious investigators that such waters are almost inexhaustible. I am inclined to the opinion that the average depth of our common water wells is not far from thirty to thirty-five feet. I am acquainted with many of this uniform depth, though throughout the State they vary from 10 to 75 feet and sometimes deeper. The source of water in the shallowest wells is generally found in layers of quicksand and occasionally in shale or clay. But in deeper wells the blue clay is passed through, when the water is almost invariably found in abundance in the coarse sand or gravel, much waterworn, just below the clay, often called "caprock;" and as such waters

are generally of an artesian nature, they often rise and remain nearly stationary ten to twenty or even thirty feet, as is often the case, above the point of contact. And I will here say, generally the waters found in our wells are pure, healthy and most agreeable to the taste.

I will name a few sample wells. In 1892 I put down a bored well on my Arbor Hill farm in Coulee, Ramsey County, to a depth of thirty-five feet, going five feet below point of contact into the coarse gravel, and it rose eighteen feet in about three minutes. In another well sunk by a neighbor, three miles away, the water rose thirty feet in five minutes. My own well named above furnishes a sufficient amount of water for 300 sheep, seven horses, six cows and calves and for all domestic purposes. Ole Johnson sunk a well in Irvine, Ramsey County, three by three feet, for twenty-six feet, and then a boring with a two-inch auger was made twenty-six feet more, when the water rose thirty-eight feet in one and one-half hours. From that well Mr. Johnson waters from 150 to 250 head of stock each day, and the supply remains undiminished. A few years ago John Yill put down a well in Coulee, Ramsey County. The excavation was four feet in diameter and forty feet deep, with boring below with a small auger to a distance of twenty feet more, and in a few hours the water rose thirty-six feet. The water has its source in quicksand and it is as sweet and pure as any water of the earth. On cleaning out the pipe a few seasons ago the water rose forty-two feet. This well furnishes sufficient water for a very large number of horses and cattle. Mark Henderson's well in Towner County is nothing but a gas pipe, one and one-half inches in diameter, driven into the ground about ten feet, which supplies the farmers around for many miles. Occasionally an excavation of seventy-five or eighty-five feet, or sometimes more, must be made before reaching the water, which in such cases almost inevitably rises to a great height. A few years

ago Hon. Frank Palmer put down a well near his house at Fort Totten. The boring was made with a fourteen-inch auger. The surface consisted of soil followed by yellow clay for seven feet when quicksand was encountered for thirty-five feet. When at a depth of forty-two feet from the surface the hard-pan was reached consisting of blue clay and shale or slate-rock, wherein the water was found. The galvanized iron curbing was put in from top to bottom. The water is pure and most palatable to the taste and stands twenty-four feet high throughout the season, though by means of a pump a very large quantity of water is daily elevated for stock and the use of the family and the inhabitants of the place.

Nearly every farmer in North Dakota could sink and stone up a well in a short time and not pay out a dollar for the work. This could be done by himself and boys or by exchange of work with his neighbors.

FARMING ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

When a man is out of debt there is no reason why he should not make a fair living and a margin of profit besides at the business of farming. D. O'Malley conducts his farming operations on strict business principles. He keeps as close account of his business affairs as any manufacturing concern. On Dec. 1, each year, Mr. O'Malley takes an inventory, and this year upon that date he found that over and above all expenses, the cost of living for himself and family included, he had made a net profit of twenty-five per cent on the capital invested. And Mr. O'Malley is in better shape today to successfully conduct farming operations than ever before. He is working into improved breeds of stock, and with the return of better times will surely reap larger rewards for his labor. Will somebody please mention any other business than farming that has been so profitable the past year? —Valley City (N. D.) Times-Record.

NORTH DAKOTA FARM LANDS.

North Dakota offers excellent opportunities for new settlers to engage in diversified farming. Climate and soil are well adapted for wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, flax, potatoes, millet and hay. Land is very cheap. It is a peculiarly healthy country. The population of the State is only about 200,000, and at least a million people can be supported in comfort on the soil. The firms advertised below are recommended by this magazine as responsible. They solicit correspondence from intending settlers.

WELLS & DICKEY COMPANY. Established 1884.
Offer for sale and to rent IMPROVED FARMS
in every county in the James River Valley.
ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN.
Write for full list of lands, with prices.
JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

**NOW IS YOUR CHANCE
TO GET GOOD CHEAP LANDS.**
If you want a Farm, improved or unimproved,
large or small, I can suit you. My terms and
prices are within the reach of all. For full in-
formation write me. THOS. J. BAIRD,
Lakota, Nelson Co., N. Dak.

BEISEKER, DAVIDSON & CO. Immigration
Agents, Carrington, N. Dak. T. L. BEISEKER,
Pres. Wells County Bank, Sykeston, N. D. C. H.
DAVIDSON, JR., Pres. Carrington State Bank,
Ag'ts in N. Dak. of the Sykes Estate of England.
100,000 acres of Farm Lands for sale in Wells,
Foster and adjoining counties, North Dakota.

For prices on choice Farm and Grazing Lands,
in the great Pomona Valley, LaMoure Co.,
address EDGELEY LAND INV. CO., Edgeley, N. D.

**IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED
FARM LANDS FOR SALE.
ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN.**
Also N. P. R. Co.'s cheap Wild Lands, a very
choice and cheap list.
Call on me before purchasing.
WM. GLASS, Cooperstown, N. Dak.

ADOLPHE BESSIE, County Justice of the Peace.
DANIEL BESSIE. Established, 1884.
ADOLPHE BESSIE & SON.
Real Estate, Loans and Investment Brokers.
Improved and unimproved farms in the Red
River Valley a specialty.
WAHPETON, N. DAK.

Lands in the Red River Valley and State of N. D.
Low prices. Easy terms. Very desirable
AND tracts on crop payment plan.
Loans negotiated upon first-class security, first
mortgage lien, title perfect, at good rates
of interest. Red River Valley loans a specialty.
J. B. FOLLOM, Box 1731, Fargo, N. Dak.

ALBERT M. POWELL, Real Estate, Immigra-
tion Agent and Land Attorney. Choice
Farms for sale or rent. DEVILS LAKE, N. Dak.

J. L. RICHMOND & SON. Established 1884.
MINNEAPOLIS, N. DAK.
Farm Lands and Loans. Write us.

90,000 acres choice wild lands and improved
farms in Steele Co. Cash or crop payment plan.
Cor. invited. M. B. CASSELL & Co, Sherbrooke, N. D.

FOR SALE—Coal Mines, Stock Ranches, and
Farms, both improved and unimproved.
Address C. B. LITTLE, Pres. Capital Nat. Bank,
Bismarck, N. Dak.
CAPITAL NATIONAL BANK buys and sells County
Warrants, State, County and School Bonds.
Collections made. Correspondence solicited.

ADAMS & FREES, Lisbon, N. Dak.
IMPROVED FARM LANDS
In Ransom and Sargent Counties.
We sell on crop payment plan if desired.
All correspondence will be replied to.

**I HAVE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY
THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND.**
Improved and unimproved, for sale or rent on
most favorable terms as to price and time of
payment, situated in Central North Dakota.
Address or call on B. S. RUSSELL,
Jamestown, N. Dak.

**TWO HUNDRED IMPROVED FARMS FOR
SALE OR RENT** in Wells and Eddy Coun-
ties, on easy cash terms or on crop payment
plan. Also unimproved Farm Lands very
cheap. Write for prices and terms to F. E. OWEN,
State Bank, New Rockford, N. Dak. Collections
for non-residents attended to promptly.

HENRY U. THOMAS, County Judge,
MINNEAPOLIS, N. DAK. For rent or sale,
over fifty improved Farms in Benson County.

**BARNES COUNTY.
REAL ESTATE, LOANS
AND COLLECTIONS.**
I have on my books a large list of the finest
farms in the State; also 300,000 acres unimproved
Barnes Co. land. Correspondence solicited.
JOS. J. BARCLAY, Valley City, N. Dak.

ST. PAUL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOYES BROS. & CUTLER,

Importers and

Wholesale Druggists,

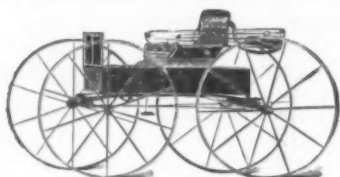
Jobbers in

Paints, Oils, Glass, Chemicals, etc.,

SAINT PAUL,

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, SIBLEY ST., COR. SIXTH.

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO.,



Manufacturers of FINE CARRIAGES, TRAPS and PORTLAND CUTTERS. Fine Concord a specialty.

For terms and prices address

A. C. THOMSON, General Agent,
50 E. 3d Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

L. EISENMENGER MEAT CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in MEATS, GAME, POULTRY, LARD, etc.

Hotel trade a specialty.

We supply Northern Pacific dining cars, also many hotels along the railroad. Our trade extends generally throughout the Northwest. Ask for prices.
455 Wabasha St. ST. PAUL, MINN. Telephone 143.

ERIESSON, BRADY & CO.,

Distillers' Agents

AND

Wholesale Liquor Dealers.

M. ERIESSON, F. G. BRADY,
F. J. HUBER, JULIUS KESSLER.
42-50 East 7th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.THE
J. D. Hess Shorthand College.Thorough,
Practical and Progressive.LESSONS IN
DAY, SESSION
EVENING THE
AND YEAR
BY MAIL. 'ROUND.

NO VACATIONS.

Send for Catalogue. † Send for Catalogue.

EARLY
BREAKFAST
Steel Range

FOR

Hard or Soft
Coal, Wood or
LIGNITE.Over 200 sent
into North Da-
kota in past three
months.Dealers who
have had them
are writing for
more.Our new
LIGNITE
CATALOGUE
is now ready.
Send for copy.

THE ST. PAUL STOVE WORKS,

Manufacturers of EARLY BREAKFAST STOVES AND FAULTLESS HEATERS.

Office and Salesrooms, 71-73 West Seventh St.

H. D. MATHEWS, R. C. BROWN, J. WHARRY,
Pres. & Treas. Vice Pres. Secretary.

THE NORTHWESTERN LIME CO.,

Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Etc.

GENERAL OFFICE:

108 East Fourth St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Wholesale Warehouses at

St. Paul, Duluth, Minneapolis and Minnesota Transfer

NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO.,

Coal Shippers.

Wharves: { Duluth, West Superior, Washburn,
Green Bay, Milwaukee.

General Office, Endicott Bld'g, ST. PAUL, MINN.

CRANE & ORDWAY CO.,

ST. PAUL. MINNEAPOLIS. DULUTH.

Manufacturers IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS.
Plumbers', Steam Fitters', Engineers' Supplies.
Pumps, Well Machinery, Belting and Hose, etc.

T. L. BLOOD & CO.,

Manufacturers and Jobbers of

PAINTS

And PAINTERS' MATERIALS.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FARWELL, OZMUN, KIRK & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale

Hardware Jobbers

Complete lines of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Butchers' Tools and Supplies. Send for catalogue.

213, 215, 217, 219, 221 & 223 EAST 3d St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL FOUNDRY CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Architectural Iron Works.

STEEL BEAMS CARRIED IN STOCK.

Write for prices and designs of Columns.

Works on Great Northern Railway.

Office, Nos. 211 & 212 Manhattan Building.

N. LEHNEN, Ph. D.,

Analytical and Technical Chemist.

Office and Laboratory, No. 123 E. 5th st., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Personal attention given to all kinds of Assaying, Analyzing and Testing Ores, Food, Water, etc. Samples by mail or express attended to promptly. Write for terms.

WILLARD S. DENNIS,

Importer & Jobber of Havana Cigars,

Wholesale Dept.: 328 Jackson Street.

Branches: Globe Building and Ryan Hotel.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

OHIO COAL CO.,

Hard and Soft Coal.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

DOCKS: Duluth, West Superior, Ashland.

General Office: Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn.



SPECIAL-MENTION

The Revised Encyclopedia Britannica.

It requires no extravagant language to emphasize the offer which we make to our readers in connection with the greatest educational enterprise of the age. This offer stands without parallel and is an opportunity never before presented anywhere.

As announced on this page, ten cents a day, for a very short period, will enable our readers to acquire a complete set of that greatest of all Reference Libraries, the Revised *Encyclopedia Britannica*. This work is beyond question one of the grandest monuments of scholarly research and patient endeavor in the whole realm of literature.

The first edition of this comprehensive work was published more than a century ago, and the last or ninth edition was issued about fifteen years ago. In this revised edition, the Britannica has been condensed, revised and added to with the intention of adapting it especially to the needs of American readers, and at the same time bringing it within reach of the purses of many who could not possibly obtain the original work.

In the process of condensation, superfluous matter has been taken out in order to make room for a large amount of matter not to be found in the English edition, dealing with most important American affairs. This Encyclopedia, which we have the pleasure of offering to our readers, is the Revised Britannica, complete in twenty octavo volumes of over 7,000 pages; 14,000 columns, and 8,000,000 words, printed on a fine quality of paper, from new type, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which, with proper care, will last for years.

The most wonderful fact in connection with our offer is that we send the entire twenty volumes, with all charges prepaid on receipt of only two dollars, and allow you to pay the remaining \$4 at the rate of seven cents a day for sixty days, payable in monthly installments, thus placing it within easy reach of every one. We send with each set a dime savings bank wherein a dime can be deposited each day.

This is certainly a golden opportunity and one which our readers should take advantage of at once as the offer will continue for a limited period only.

A Wonderful Library.

For many years the most eminent experts in every branch of human knowledge were employed in putting in concise form the substance of their particular department of education. These wise men labored patiently and they labored well. In history, geography, mathematics, in every sub branch of these subjects, they studied to portray the facts in the most clear manner. They used not a word too much and not a word too little. Each scholar treated his subject in such a way that when read, it mentally photographed itself on the mind of the reader. These wonderful essays on every subject where then gathered together and published in volumes, which, notwithstanding the enormous outlay of time, brains and money, now form the cheapest and most complete educational library in the world. This shrine of self-education is called the Revised *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and its very latest edition revised and brought up to date for American readers can now be had for seven cents a day for the short period of sixty days.

Educate yourself at home.

To California Without Change via The Milwaukee.

On every Saturday an elegant Pullman Tourist Sleeper will leave Minneapolis (8:25 A. M.), St. Paul (8:35 A. M.), and arrive Los Angeles, California, at 6:30 P. M., following Wednesday.

Via "The Milwaukee's" famous "Hedrick Route" to Kansas City, thence via the A., T. & S. F. Ry through Southern California.

A most delight winter route to the coast.

This car is "personally conducted"—in immediate charge of an official and an attendant through to destination.

Rate per berth, \$6.00 through from St. Paul and Minneapolis.

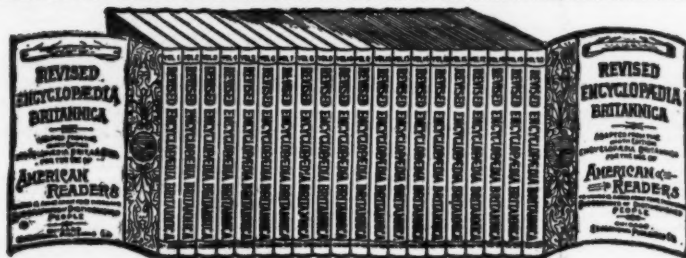
Leave St. Paul and Minneapolis every Saturday morning, arriving Los Angeles every Wednesday afternoon.

For berths, complete information, and lowest rates, apply to "The Milwaukee" agents, St. Paul or Minneapolis, or address,

J. T. CONLEY,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.
St. Paul, Minn.

what a dime a day will do

a college
education
for **ten cents a day**



REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

Adapted from the
NINTH EDITION
ENCYCLOPEDIA
BRITANNICA
for the use of
**AMERICAN
READERS**

20 Octavo Volumes, 7000 Pages, 14,000 Columns
8,000,000 Words 96 Maps in Colors

PRICE \$10- \$100 on delivery of the Complete Set Balance at a DIME A DAY

By special arrangements with the publishers, this magnificent reference library is offered to the

Readers of this Magazine

For only \$10.00—one dollar with order and the balance at a dime a day. For this month we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER

The first hundred (100) parties sending list of twenty (20) names of non-subscribers to this paper with \$2.00 down and agreeing to remit \$2.00 per month for two months following, we will accept \$6.00 per set, the regular price being \$10.00. Immediately on receipt of these names and \$2.00, the entire set of twenty volumes, bound in heavy manilla paper covers, flexible, with a pretty Dime Savings Bank (wherein the 10 cents a day to pay the installments may be deposited), will be sent, charges prepaid.

HOW
CAN
YOU
MAKE

\$4.00
MORE EASILY?

This offer will remain open but a short time—it will be withdrawn as soon as our Address List is sufficiently filled.

Cut this out and send to—

Cut out this Coupon

JANUARY 5—

Publisher of **The Northwest Magazine, St. Paul, Minn.**

Herewith I enclose \$2.00 and the names and addresses of 20 persons (none of them, I think, takes your magazine), for which please send me the entire set of Revised Encyclopedia Britannica, 20 volumes as described, together with your Dime Savings Bank. I agree to pay \$2.00 per month for two months until the remaining \$4.00 is paid.

Name

Postoffice

County State

RUPTURE



PERMANENTLY
CURED OR NO
PAY.

Financial Reference:—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
We refer you to

3,800 PATIENTS.

No Operation. No Detention from Business.

Written guarantee to absolute CURE of all kinds of RUPTURE of either sex without use of knife, from one to five weeks, no matter how long standing.

EXAMINATION FREE.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

THE O. E. MILLER CO.
Suite 516 Guaranty Loan Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE DAVY ELECTRIC BELT



IS THE BEST NERVE-TONIC
IN THE WORLD.

Its battery is powerful, but our new electrodes PREVENT blisters.

This is a body battery that can be worn all day.

CATALOGUE FREE.
We guarantee that our ELECTRIC TRUSS

It is doing so right along in spite of unbelief. Isn't there anything new under the sun?

Is everything and everybody false?

THE DAVY ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.,

Cor. Washington & Hennipin Aves., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE
TO
LADIES
ONLY.

A valuable book, entitled "SECRETS OF THE TOILET," containing new receipts, sent FREE, explaining a new method of easily producing an exquisite complexion without paint, powders, or poisonous compounds; rational method of curing all skin diseases, improving the form, etc. Many ladies made beautiful by following directions contained in this book. Address, with 2 cent stamp, Bordeaux Toilet Co., 132 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

You Dye in 30 minutes

Our turkey red dye on cotton won't freeze, boil or wash out—all others will. Tonk's French Dyes are different from others. Just the thing for hard times. Make the carpets, dresses, capes and clothing as bright and attractive as new. Anyone can do it. No misses if you have Tonk's. Try them and see. Send 40c. for 6 pkgs., or 10c. for one, any color. Big pay for agents. Write quick. Mention this paper.

FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.

WORK

ING people, male or female, old or young, earn \$30 to \$60 a week, day or evening, in their own town. Requires no capital. Samples free. KENDALL & CO., Manchester, N. H.

WANTED—REPORTERS for special newspaper work; also capable contributors; either sex. Over 1,300 newspapers and magazines on our list. Address with stamp, INTERSTATE PRESS ASSOCIATION, Indianapolis, Ind.

PATENTS

THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C.
No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide

NEW EYE'S Cataracts, Scars or Films ABOLISHED. Our home treatment CURES Diseased Eyes or Lids when all others fail. 'Hundreds convinced.' Pamphlet free. No Risk. Address THE EYE, Glens Falls, N. Y.



FREE!

and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you the best and only GENUINE WATCH ever offered at this price by express for examination.

A GUARANTEE FOR 5 YEARS sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price \$1.00 and it is yours. It is the handsomest and best timekeeper in the world for the money and better than many watches sold for four times the price.

FREE With every watch we send absolutely free of charge a lovely gold plate chain and charm, also our big catalogue full of bargains. WRITE TO-DAY, this offer will not appear again. Address

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 DEARBORN STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.



FREE

A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$2.00, and it is yours. We send who the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, good if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you five Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 30 days only. Address

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM OR MORPHINE HABIT
PAINLESSLY & PERMANENTLY CURED
DR. S. B. COLLINS' OPIUM ANTIDOTE.
PAINLESS
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE REMEDY
Discovered in 1808. "THERIAKI" Book Free.
Office 27, 78 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
P. O. Drawer 601.

"I
Think
Very
Hard

That the Buffet-Smoking Library Coach on the North-Western Limited between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago is the greatest institution in modern railway travel I ever ran across—or rather rode in—and I have traveled a few miles myself since I was able to go it alone. That coach means solid comfort to a fellow and makes a long journey a delightfully short one. By all odds it is the best feature of the best train I ever rode on.—The Globe, St. Paul.

J. D. ALLEN, Mandan, N. D.

Taxidermist.

Prepares and Mounts
HEADS, ANIMALS AND BIRDS.
FUR RUGS TO ORDER.
A full line of Northwestern Specimens for sale.

TANSY PILLS!
ALL DRUG STORES
SAFE AND SURE. SEND 4c. FOR "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD!" WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

FREE TO F. A. M. A Colored Engraving of Chinese Masons at work, also, large Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. New Illustrated History of Freemasonry for Agents. Beware of the spurious Masonic books. BEEDING & CO., Publishers and Manufacturers of Masonic Goods, 731 Broadway, New York.

FRUIT LANDS, HOP LANDS,

Midway between Seattle and Tacoma, in the famous

WHITE RIVER VALLEY, WASHINGTON,

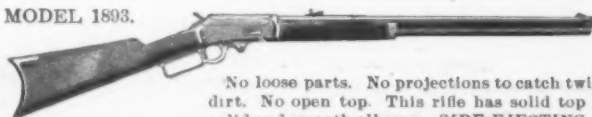
In Five, Ten and Twenty Acre Tracts.

For information write

WILL J. SHINN,

Kent, Washington.

MODEL 1893.



No loose parts. No projections to catch twigs and dirt. No open top. This rifle has solid top and is solid and smooth all over. SIDE EJECTING.

Write for catalogues to

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

32-40 & 38-55

The Simplest, Strongest,
Safest and
Easiest Working.

SPECIAL MENTION.

What Will He Do With It?

Such is the title of one of Bulwer's most fascinating and powerful novels, and readers will recollect how satisfactorily the problem was solved. Something more than a novelist's query confronts every one of us as to what we will do with the year 1895, now almost here. It may be called a book of blank pages, on every one of which we must set down, whether we will or not, our successes, failures, or even the record of nothing done. Some planning ought to be done as to what we will do in the days that are before us, and how we shall accomplish our purposes, whether they be entering upon a profession, engaging in a new or prosecuting an old business, building a house, running for office or taking a wedding journey. In the course of what we may do in pursuit of any of these, it is probable that we shall find it necessary to travel more or less. If so, it will be profitable to have some previous acquaintance with the railroad systems of the country. A brief study of the maps, especially that of the great Central West, will certainly convince the traveller that he can reach most prominent cities most quickly, most directly and most comfortably by patronizing the splendidly equipped Burlington Route, the terminal points of which are Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, Cheyenne, Deadwood, Billings, St. Paul and Minneapolis. Apply to your home ticket agent for information, or address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., who will tell you "what to do with it."

Pure Cocoa

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. . . . Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Youghiogheny & Lehigh Coal Co.

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superior, where they handle their own production of genuine Youghiogheny coal with the best grades of Hocking and anthracite, specially prepared for this market. Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond with them when in the market to buy. Address them at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 367 Marshall, Mich.

"I
Never,
Never
Smoke

With more genuine comfort," said an old smoker last night, "than when I am reclining in one of those big, easy chairs in the Buffet-Smoking Library Coach on the North-Western Limited between Minneapolis and Chicago. In that 'Smoker's Paradise on Wheels,' everything is conducive to solid comfort, rest and enjoyment.—The Journal, Minneapolis.



Bill Nye's Opinion of a Postoffice Money Order.

Here is Bill Nye's opinion of a postoffice money order, and the red tape it requires to cash it:

"I would like to see a good postoffice where a man can go and present a money order without being indicted by a grand jury before he can get away," says he. "I believe, generally, that a man who leads a good Christian life ought not to be jumped on and trod to the earth just because he has presented a money order for payment. We are all liable to make mistakes. I presented a money order once, thinking that the office was as eager to pay an order as it was to sell me one; but I was young then,—had seen very little of the world,—anybody could fool me with a kind word then; now I have my remittances sent me by freight, inside a joint of gaspipe, and do not have to wait so long."

Since Mr. Nye acquired the above experience express money orders have been introduced, and the rapidity with which they have come into general use is remarkable.

The convenience of the money order system of express companies is perhaps best illustrated in the facsimile of form in use by the Northern Pacific Express Co. shown on this page. In this form not only can the amount of the order be collected at any express office in the United States, but at certain fixed places named in the orders, viz: The American Exchange National Bank of New York, the First National Bank of Chicago and the Merchants National Bank of St. Paul. This definiteness of payment at three of the principal cities of this country enables the person entitled to the money to obtain it without difficulty at any point, whether near or remote from an express office. In fact, to say that the express company becomes your banker and enables you thus to issue checks in the same form as those in use by banks, is not an exaggeration, but an every-day experience; and if this is not overlooked when taxes, bills, dues, etc., are to be paid, or money remitted for any purpose in any direction, the advantage of an express money order over a bank check or draft becomes apparent.

The European feature of the business is a most important one. Provision is made for the cashing of orders throughout Europe at fixed rates printed on the orders. A little reflection will lead the experienced foreign traveler to appreciate the advantage of these forms over the ordinary letters of credit and other means of rendering money available in foreign countries.

Money orders are sold and paid at all offices of the Northern Pacific Express Co., during business hours, from one cent to fifty dollars, and there is no limit to the number of orders sold to any person; moreover, the difference between business hours of an express office and those of a bank or postoffice is worthy of note. Purchasers are not required to fill out blank applications, the methods being so simple that a child can buy an order. This is the only system of sending money through the mails that gives a receipt which can be kept by the purchaser. In case orders are lost, delayed, stolen or destroyed, this receipt insures against loss. The amount of the order will be refunded to remitter or payee at any time, without delay, inconvenience or additional expense, on execution of a bond of indemnity. Orders are negotiable by indorsement and can be used as exchange, payable at over 15,000 places in the United States, Canada and Europe. What other way of remitting money gives such feature of exchange with such absolute security, simplicity, economy and convenience? Orders are

often deposited and handled through banks the same as checks and drafts, being redeemed through bank clearing houses in all the principal cities of the world.

The express companies of North America cover the country as completely as the postal service, and the chief comparative advantages of express money orders lie in their interchangeability. They are cashed on presentation at all offices of the American, Adams, United States, National, Southern, Wells-Fargo, Pacific, Great Northern, Canadian and other express companies.

RATES—For orders payable in United States, Canada and Europe:

Not over \$5.....	5 cts.	Not over \$50.....	18 cts.
Not over 10.....	8 cts.	Not over 60.....	20 cts.
Not over 20.....	10 cts.	Not over 75.....	25 cts.
Not over 30.....	12 cts.	Not over 100.....	30 cts.
Not over 40.....	15 cts.		

The Wise Traveler

In selecting his railroad route, selects the road

That affords excellent and most comfortable facilities—"The Milwaukee."

That traverses a delightful and picturesque portion of the country—"The Milwaukee."

That has—and merits—the reputation of strength and reliability—"The Milwaukee."

That enjoys popularity and is stamped with public approval—"The Milwaukee."

That has a substantial roadbed and most frequent train service—"The Milwaukee."

That regards, always, the comfort, ease and safety of its patrons—"The Milwaukee."

That furnishes the latest private compartment cars and latest library-buffet-smoking cars—"The Milwaukee."

That furnishes elegant drawing-room parlor cars, free reclining chair cars and sumptuous dining cars—"The Milwaukee."

That has exclusive use of the electric berth reading lamp—"The Milwaukee."

"The Milwaukee" combines all the above and more, too. Its trains are vestibuled, heated by steam, electric lighted and unsurpassed in luxurious appointments.

The immortal Lincoln said: "Follow the people and you cannot be far from right." The People use "The Milwaukee."

J. T. CONLEY, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.
St. Paul, Minn.

NOTE—Five trains daily from Twin Cities to Chicago; one to St. Louis and one to Kansas City.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, HELENA, MONTANA.

Paid up Capital, \$500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000

Designated Depository of the United States.

Interest allowed on time deposits. General banking business transacted. Safety deposit boxes for rent.

S. T. HAUSER, President.

J. C. CURTIN, Vice President.

E. W. KNIGHT, Second Vice President.

T. H. KLEINSCHMIDT, Cashier.

GEO. H. HILL, Asst. Cashier.

Directors: S. T. Hauser, E. W. Bach, A. J. Davis, Warren C. Gillette, J. C. Curtin, R. S. Hale, James A. Talbott, E. W. Knight, R. S. Hamilton, Conrad Kohrs, Henry Klein.

Associate Banks: Northwestern National Bank, Great Falls; First National Bank, Missoula; First National Bank, Butte.

Yakima Valley Lands.

FRUIT, HOP, FARM and GARDEN LANDS,

{ In tracts of ten acres and upwards, improved and }
{ unimproved; also desirable city property for sale. }
The subscriber has had over eight years' practical experience in the Valley. WILLIAM KER,

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.
References: President American Security & Trust Co., Washington, D. C.; First National Bank, North Yakima, Wash.

First National Bank

OF

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

J. R. LEWIS, President.

CHAS. CARPENTER, Vice President.

W. L. STEINWEG, Cashier.

HENRY TEAL, Asst. Cashier

Capital and Surplus, - - - \$130,000.

Write for information relative to
YAKIMA COUNTY.

Farm Lands FOR SALE In Northern Minnesota

At low prices and on easy terms of payment. These lands lie in the vicinity of railway stations and are well situated for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The climate is invigorating and healthful. Pine and hardwood timber, fine streams and numerous small lakes abounding in fish. Address

WM. H. PHIPPS

Land Commissioner N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn

THE BEST HOLIDAY BOOKS.

TAN FILE JIM; or, A Yankee Waif Among the Bluesoes.

A bright, wholesome, interesting and instructive story. Size of book 7½x9 in. 139 illustrations. Unique scenes of forest, stream, incident and adventure. Unexcelled as a gift for boys, girls, teachers and parents. PRICE—SILK CLOTH, GOLD EMBOSSED, ELABORATE DESIGN, GILT TOP, \$1. BOARDS, LITHOGRAPHED IN COLORS, 50c.

W. H. THOMES' BOOKS OF Adventures on Land and Sea.

Ten volumes, averaging nearly 500 pages each, illustrated and well bound. These thrilling stories are high-classed and full of information. PRICE—SILK CLOTH, GILT TOP, \$1.00 PER VOLUME.

VEST POCKET WEBSTER PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY.

The most complete language instructor on the market. Do not be deceived, get the best. PRICE—RUSSIA LEATHER, FULL GILT, INDEXED, 50c. CLOTH, INDEXED, 25c.

EDISON'S HANDY ENCYCLOPEDIA.

REVISED AND PERFECTED UP TO DATE. 520 pages, 2,000 subjects, 1,000,000 facts, 50 pages of colored maps locating every country in the world. The TARIFF LAWS compared side by side. A marvel of completeness. 500,000 sold. Bound in the best and most durable manner. PRICE—STIFF CLOTH, 50c. LIMP CLOTH, 25c.

BEAUTIFUL SCENES OF THE WHITE CITY.

FAREWELL EDITION. Size 11x13½ in. 240 of the most characteristic views covering the entire Columbia Exposition and famous Midway Plaisance. Lost opportunities never return. No more appropriate gift in all the range of Holiday Books. Full description under each scene. A complete history of the great Fair. These pictures are from new and original copper-plate half-tones. Former price, \$3.00. Substantially bound in silk cloth, elaborate design, now closing out at \$1.25; in strong paper covers, 75 cents.

Above books for sale everywhere. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted.

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers, 263 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Printing,
Lithographing,
Bookbinding, Engraving,
Electrotyping, Legal Blanks,
Office and Bank Supplies,
PIONEER PRESS CO.
We can do anything in this
line, and at lowest prices.
Send to us for estimates.
70 to 80 E. Third St.
ST. PAUL,
MINN.

BUY THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME



FINEST
WOOD WORK,
BEST
ATTACHMENTS,
MOST
DURABLE,
EASIEST
TO MANAGE.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Send TEN cents to 28 Union Sq., N. Y., for our prize game, "Blind Luck," and win a New Home Sewing Machine.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co.
ORANGE, MASS.

CHICAGO ILL. BOSTON MASS. ATLANTA GA. SAN FRANCISCO CAL. DALLAS TEX.
FOR SALE BY

W. F. ELWESS, 687 Wabasha St., St. Paul, Minn.



ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day. One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by anyone, never out of order, no repairing, last a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

CARDS

FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles AND LIST OF 40 PREMIUM ARTICLES FREE. HAYFIELD PUB CO, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Bind
Your
Magazines
with
Our
Handy
Klip
Binder.



Directions:
Place
the
Magazines
in the binder
Cover and
Snap the
Klip on.

You can do it in ten seconds.

We will send you a handsome Cloth Cover lettered in gold, with set of Klips and Klip Keys, for 50 cents.

Save your Magazines.

They make a handsome
and valuable volume.

Send stamp, money or express order for 50 cents.
Address

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.



SPARE-MOMENTS.

COSTLY NEWS—It may be of interest to know that the transmission of news from China costs \$1 87 per word. If the scene of action is transferred from Corea to Japan the cable charges will amount to \$2 60 per word.

NO RAIN IN THEIRS.—The driest place in the world is that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not believe travelers when told that water can fall from the sky.

SOME LAND FIGURES.—The United States has more cultivated land within its limits than any other country in the world, except Russia. According to the latest statistics there are in the United States 208,000,000 acres under cultivation, while Russia is said to have 345,000,000. These latter figures are, however, open to suspicion.

"FUR COATS AT COST."—The hottest place on earth is in the vicinity of Massowah. When the northwest wind blows from the desert the thermometer has been known to go to 160. The men of the Italian garrison there can sleep only by the assistance of the natives employed to go to fro all night and sprinkle the bodies of the sufferers with water.

A CHICAGO CHECK.—One of the largest checks ever given for a sum of money in Chicago was drawn the other day by N. W. Harris & Co. in favor of Melville E. Stone, treasurer of the drainage board. It was in payment for drainage bonds and called for \$3,029,139. It was the largest check that ever passed through the First National Bank of Chicago.

ONE WAY OF SPELLING IT.—Postoffice officials were recently puzzling their brains over a letter addressed "Husungs Kompani." The name was finally decided to be a corruption of Hudson's Bay Company. The word "Bay" was evidently omitted for the sake of brevity, the first syllable of "Hudson" was then softened by the omission of the d, and g was added to the second syllable for euphony.—Winnipeg Free Press.

AN ALASKA PHENOMENON.—During the past eight or ten years a curious phenomenon has been regularly observed at Glacier Bay, Alaska. It always occurs immediately after the full moon of June, and is said to be a beautiful mirage of some unknown city suspended in the rarefied air directly over the bay. A Juneau (Alaska) photographer has taken pictures of it on four different occasions, but so far no one has been able to identify a single one of the ghastly buildings outlined on his plates.

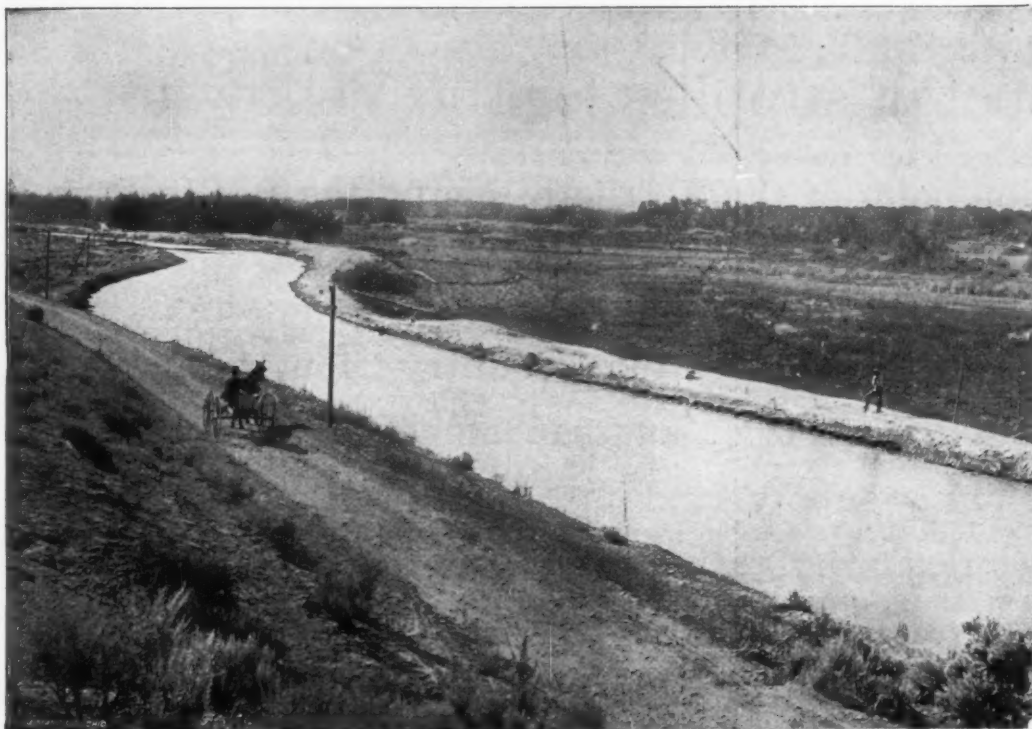
MAKE YOUR OWN BAROMETER.—Anybody can make his own barometer at an expense of a very few cents, says an exchange. Two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of saltpeter, the same amount of muriate of ammonia and two ounces of pure alcohol mixed together and inclosed in a long bottle will furnish as good a barometer as any one needs. As long as the weather is to be fine the liquid will be perfectly clear, but whenever a change is impending, small crystals will be seen in the bottle, and the contents will become cloudy, the cloudiness increasing in proportion to the violence of the approaching change. The indication is infallible, and the little bottle with its contents is as sure a test of the weather as the best fifty-dollar instrument ever made.

IRRIGATED LANDS

For Fruit Growing, Hop Raising and General Farming in the
"Sunnyside Country" of the

FERTILE AND BEAUTIFUL YAKIMA VALLEY

In the New State of Washington.



VIEW ON SUNNYSIDE CANAL, YAKIMA COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

The Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

TERMS OF SALE:

The lands of the Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from \$45 to \$65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

For maps, pamphlets and further particulars, address

NORTHERN PACIFIC, YAKIMA & KITTITAS IRRIGATION CO., Tacoma, Wash.

Or, **WALTER N. GRANGER, General Manager, Zillah, Wash.**

BILLINGS, MONTANA,

The county seat of Yellowstone County,

The greatest wool market in the United States,

The depot of supplies for the Yellowstone Valley,

The junction point of the Northern Pacific, the Rocky Fork Branch of the N. P., and the Burlington & Missouri R. R.

No other railroad within 250 miles.

400 square miles of agricultural country tributary to the town.

The best qualities of brick and sandstone for building purposes.

Unlimited water supply.

Over 200 miles of irrigating ditches in the county.

Five tons of alfalfa average yearly yield per acre.

1,215 bushels of potatoes raised on one acre of land in this valley in 1892,
THE PROOF OF THE SUCCESS OF IRRIGATION.

Water rent cheap, with lots of magnificent farming land for sale at from \$4 to \$15 per acre at a distance of from five to ten miles from railroad.

Desirable location for flouring mill, oat meal mill, linseed oil mill, starch factory, paper mill, smelters and numerous other enterprises.

Fuel very cheap, being adjacent to the largest and best coal fields in Montana.

Great facilities for diversified farming.

A family independent on 40 acres.

For full particulars, prices of land, etc., address

I. D. O'DONNELL, Sec. Minn. & Mont. Land and Imp. Co.;

AUSTIN NORTH CO., Real Estate Agents;

BILLINGS REALTY CO.;

P. YEGEN & CO., General Merchandise;

THOS. COLLINS, Manufacturer,

BILLINGS WATER POWER CO.,

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

Billings, Montana.

CLEVELAND WHEEL AND FOUNDRY WORKS,

MAHER & BRAYTON, Proprietors,

MANUFACTURERS OF

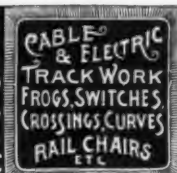
Car, Engine, Truck and Tender Wheels; Railroad, Rolling Mill and Machinery Castings, and Street Railroad Wheels and Turnouts;
Also, Chilled Faced Railroad Frogs.

Office, 20 Carter Street.

Works, Corner Carter and Collins Sts., CLEVELAND, O.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF FRED. C. WEIR'S
IMPROVED RIGID & SPRING FROGS, CROSSINGS
SINGLE & THREE THROW SPLIT SWITCHES.
FIXED & AUTOMATIC SWITCH STANDS. STEEL
DIE FORMED RAIL BRACES, SWITCH FIXTURES, ETC.



Sligo Rolling Mills. PHILLIPS, NIMICK & CO.

PITTSBURGH, PA. MANUFACTURERS OF

"SLIGO" Boiler Plate and Fire-Box Iron.

"SLIGO" Bar, Band, Sheet and Angle Iron.

"SLIGO" Stay Bolt Iron.

Used by the principal railroads in the United States and warranted unexcelled.

"CROWN" Stay, Bolt and Bar Iron. "TYRONE" brand of Bar, Sheet, Tank Plate and ANGLE IRON.

Quality our specialty.

Homogeneous Boiler Plates and Soft Sheet Steel.

Boiler Heads and Fuel Holes Flanged to order by machinery.

Send for Price List.

H. C. McNAIR, Northwestern Agent,

326-328 Endicott Building, ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE JANNEY COUPLER

For Freight Cars,
For Passenger Cars,
For Locomotive Tenders.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

THE McCONWAY & TORLEY COMPANY,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WESTERN BANK NOTE CO.,

New Fire Proof Building, CHICAGO,

OF BONDS,

ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS STOCKS, TICKETS,
PAY CHECKS,
and General Stationery. Securities engraved by this company accepted for listing on N. Y. Stock Exchange.

CHICAGO BLUE PRINT PAPER CO.,

Importers and Manufacturers of

Blue Process Paper.

211 & 213 Randolph St., CHICAGO.

THE MECHANICAL RUBBER CO.,

Successor to CHICAGO RUBBER WORKS,
Manufacturers of

Rubber Goods for Mechanical Purposes, Rubber Belting,
Hose Packing, Tubing Valves, Mould Goods, etc.

OFFICE: 230 Randolph St., CHICAGO.
FACTORY: Grand Ave., Cor. Rockwell St., CHICAGO.

YOU CAN
BIND



SNAP
THE
KLIP ON

Your papers, pamphlets, and magazines in ten seconds. etc. \$5 per 100. Sample doz. mailed for 75c. Covers to order. Price list free. Address "213" H. H. BALLARD, PITTSFIELD, MASS

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Every Day in the Week.

Every Week in the Month.

Every Month in the Year.

All the Year Around.

Double Daily Train Service

BETWEEN

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,

AND

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE

AND

All points in Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and full information, apply to agents of these lines, or agents of any railway in the United States or Canadian Provinces.

JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pass. Agt., MILWAUKEE, WIS.



A COLD SMOKE.—In the snowy regions of the Himalayas, it is said, little smoking funnels are made in the frozen snow, at one end of which is placed some tobacco, along with a piece of burning charcoal, while to the other the mountaineers place their mouths, lying flat on their stomachs, and inhale the smoke.

HER NEW TITLE.—The up-to-date woman does not call herself a housekeeper now. She is an "oekologist." Oekology is the new name for domestic science, including cooking, mending, washing, scrubbing, etc. What's in a name, however. The oekologist probably does not enjoy dish washing any more than the cook did.—*Spokane Chronicle*.

SPARED IT NOT.—On the Austin ranch, near Whatcom, Wash., there is a fir tree seven feet in diameter growing over a half-buried, perfectly sound cedar which is five feet in diameter. It is estimated that the cedar must be several hundred years old. Instead of sparing the arboreal curiosity, the Isensee choppers cut the fir tree off about nineteen feet from the ground.

DON'T CALL HIM "DOC."—The *National Medical Review* says: "A man may be called a thief, a liar and a dead-beat, and yet he may prosper and live upon the fat of the land. But once let him be called 'Doc,' and his professional success is at an end. If a man calls you 'Doc,' you need never expect a penny from him for any professional services you could render. This may not always be the case, but it is so near the truth that it may pass for a rule."

HOW "BLACK MARIA" GOT ITS NAME.—When New England was filling with immigrants from the mother country, a negress named Maria Lee kept a sailors' boarding house in Boston. She was a woman of gigantic size and prodigious strength, and was of great assistance to the authorities in keeping the peace. When an unusually troublesome fellow was on the way to the lockup, "Black Maria" would come to the assistance of the policeman. Her services were in such requisition for this purpose that the saying, "Send for Black Maria" came to mean "Take him to jail." At one time she took three riotous sailors to prison single-handed. Her charges were frequently British seamen, and their stories of her prowess led to the name of "Black Maria" being given to the prison van.—*Chicago Times*.

CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHWEST.—Contrasting California with the Northwest, a friend who lately visited the land of oranges writes: "Let any industrious man with an average family, and from two to five thousand dollars in cash, go into any of the valleys in Washington or Western Montana and make a home, and at the end of ten years he will be worth five times as much money as he would have been worth had he gone to Southern California with the same capital, family, and for the same purpose. In the mean-time he will have enjoyed better health, had a better variety of pleasure, and raised a much better family. A fruit grower in the North Yakima Valley can grow more and better fruits, and in greater variety than is possible at any point in California. And he can do this at less cost and more profit."

THOMAS PROSSER & SON,

15 Gold Street,

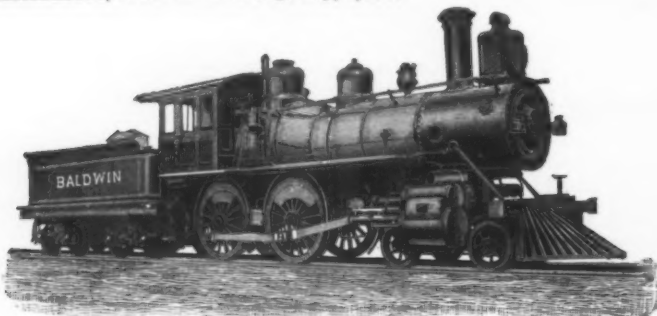
NEW YORK.



STEEL TIRES

On Locomotive Driving Wheels
And on Steel Tired Wheels
GIVE THE BEST RESULTS
For Every Variety of Service.

Established, 1831. Annual Capacity, 1,000.



BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

BURNHAM, WILLIAMS & CO., Proprietors,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES,

Adapted to every variety of service, and built accurately to Standard Gauges, and Templates. Like parts of different Engines of same class perfectly interchangeable.

COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVES,

Passenger and Freight Locomotives, Mine Locomotives, Narrow Gauge Locomotives, Noiseless Motors and Steam Cars for Street Railways, etc.

ALL WORK THOROUGHLY GUARANTEED.

J. E. WESTINGHOUSE, JR.,
President.T. W. WELSH,
Superintendent.JOHN CALDWELL,
Treasurer.W. W. CARD,
Secretary.H. H. WESTINGHOUSE,
Gen. Manager.

THE WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE CO.,
WILMEDIING, PA., U. S. A.,

Manufacturers of the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, Westinghouse Automatic Freight Brake, Westinghouse Locomotive Driver Brake

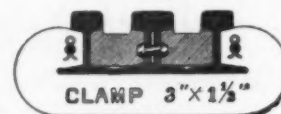
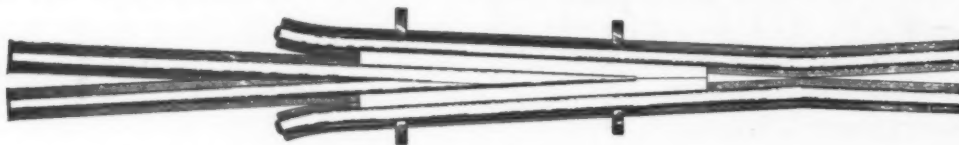
The "AUTOMATIC" has proved itself to be the most efficient train and safety brake known. Its application is INSTANTANEOUS; it can be operated from any car in train, if desired, and should the train separate, or a hose or pipe fail, it applies automatically. A GUARANTEE is given customers against LOSS from PATENT SUITS on the apparatus sold them. FULL INFORMATION FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

The Automatic Freight Brake is essentially the same apparatus as the Automatic Brake for passenger cars, except that the various parts are so combined as to form practically one piece of mechanism, and is sold at a very low price. The saving in accidents, flat wheels, brakemen's wages, and the increased speed possible with perfect safety, repay the cost of its application within a very short time.

The WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC BRAKE is now in use on 24,000 engines and 325,000 cars. This includes (with plain brakes) 225,000 freight cars, which is about 25 per cent of the entire freight car equipment of this country, and about 80 per cent of these are engaged in interstate traffic, affording the opportunity of controlling the speed of trains by their railways over which they may pass. Orders have been received for 173,000 of the improved quick-action brakes since December, 1897.

PETTIBONE, MULLIKEN & CO., Manufacturers, The Rookery, Chicago.

STROM CLAMP FROG



PATENTED.

Alkin's Forged Steel Rail Braces.

Perfection and Union Track Drills.

Samson Head Chairs.

Jenne Track Jacks.

Roller Rail Benders.

Crossings.

Channel Split Switches. Banner Switch Stands.

WILLIAM C. BAKER,

Successor to

THE BAKER HEATER CO.,

143 Liberty St., NEW YORK.

Inventor and Sole Manufacturer of

THE
FIRE PROOF BAKER CAR HEATER

AND

Six Other Different Styles.

CHICAGO VARNISH CO.,

41 & 43 Dearborn Ave., Chicago,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Railway, Carriage
and Architectural

VARNISHES OF HIGHEST GRADES.

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON,
PHILADELPHIA.

IMPORTANT TO

Railroad Managers & Master Mechanics

SIBLEY'S
PERFECTION VALVE OIL.

Most perfect lubrication insured, and guarantee entire freedom from corrosion and honey-combing of Cylinders, and destruction of joints of Steam Chest by fatty acids.

In exclusive use upon eighty railroads. References furnished upon application.

Make exclusive specialty of Valve and Signal Oils for railroad use.

SIGNAL OIL WORKS,

J. C. SIBLEY, Pres't,
FRANKLIN, PA.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,

NEWARK, BOSTON, CLEVELAND,
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.

Send for our primer. It will give you valuable information on the subject of varnish.

GALENA OIL WORKS, LIMITED.

Galena Engine, Coach and Car Oils, the Standard Lubricating Oils of America.

SAFETY, SPEED and ECONOMY are the results of the use of Galena Oils. Cold test 10 to 15 below zero. These oils do not freeze in the coldest weather, while they are adaptable to the hottest climates.

In the use of Galena Oils there is entire freedom from hot boxes, except when these are caused by mechanical defects.

The adoption of Galena Oils as standard railway lubricants by a majority of the leading railways of this country, is an evidence of their superiority; while the fact that the same roads use these oils to-day that used them more than twenty years ago, is an evidence of their uniformity from year to year and year in and out.

Galena Oils are in exclusive use upon three continuous lines of railway from Boston and New York to the Pacific Coast, and upon one continuous line from the City of Mexico to New York, thus demonstrating their adaptability to all temperatures and climates. Inasmuch as they are entirely free from gum, these oils are not affected by dust and sand as are other oils.

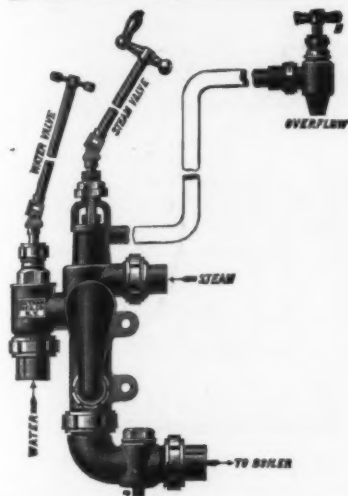
We have in connection with our business, a well organized mechanical experts department, composed of skillful mechanics and railway men of long experience. The services of our experts are furnished to our patrons free of charge.

We also furnish our patrons Sibley's Perfection Valve Oil, which is likewise in use upon a majority of the leading railways of this country.

GALENA OIL WORKS, LIMITED.

CHARLES MILLER, President,
FRANKLIN, PA.Chicago Branch Office:
Phoenix Building, 138 Jackson St.

"Thrice With Good traveling accommodations is
Blessed mankind today. But Good is not enough
for the traveling public who are used to
luxury when they are at home. They must have the
Best and up in this country when we say Best we mean
The North-Western Line.—Improvement Bulletin, Min-
neapolis.



The New Nathan Injector FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

"Nathan" Sight Feed Lubricators
For Cylinders and Air Brakes.

Steam Fire Extinguishers
FOR SWITCHING AND YARD ENGINES.

Boiler Washers, Rod and Guide Oil Cups, etc.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO.,
92 and 94 Liberty St., NEW YORK.



Richardson's Patent Encased Locomotive Valve.

Compact and Durable.

The Valve and Muffler have been adopted by many of the largest railroads and are giving entire satisfaction.

Made in the following sizes: 2¼ inch, 2½ inch, 3 inch.

Sample Valve and Muffler will be sent on trial, subject to approval.

THE CONSOLIDATED SAFETY VALVE CO.,
SOLE OWNERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALESROOMS:
111 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK.

WORKS:
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

PITTSBURGH FORGE AND IRON COMPANY,

CALVIN WELLS, Pres and Treas.

MANUFACTURERS OF

F. E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.



MERCHANT IRON.

General Forgings.

Draw Bars, Links and Pins, Follower Plates, Railroad Forgings, Arch Bars, Splice Bars, Track Bolts; Bridge Rods, with Plain or Upset Ends. All sizes.
Office: 10th Street, near Penn Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

CHAS. A. OTIS, C. B. HOLLAND, Managing Directors.

The OTIS STEEL CO., Limited,

Manufacturers of

CAST STEEL, Boiler, Fire Box and Tank Plates,
Steel Driving Truck, Tender, Car Axles and Forgings.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE W. S. TYLER WIRE WORKS CO.,

Cleveland, Ohio.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Double - Crimp - Mining - Cloths,

From Brass, Copper, Steel and Iron Wire.

Office Railings, Wire Guards and Wire Work of every description.

National Tube Works Co.,

(WORKS, BOSTON-McKEESPORT.)

Manufacturers of

Lap-Welded Wrought Iron Pipe
and Boiler Tubes,

Mack's Injector, Cast and Malleable Iron Fittings, Brass Goods, Tools, etc. Gas and Steam Fitting Supplies.

Cor. Clinton & Fulton Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

CHAS. A. LAMB, Local Manager.

PARKER RUSSELL
Mining and Manufacturing Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

FIRE BRICK, Locomotive Fire Box Tiles.
Specialties in Fire Clay Goods.



Designed by the Northern Pacific R. R.

THE PUGET SOUND KELP.

From a paper by Judge James G. Swan, in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*: The giant kelp, which lines the shores of the Northwest coast, is the *Nereocystis* of the order of *Laminariceae*. Harvey, in his *Nereis Boreali Americana*, thus describes this species:

"Olive-colored, inarticulate seaweeds, usually tough and leathery in substance. The plants of this order are almost always large, frequently of gigantic size, with a solid cylindrical stem, which expands into a hollow cylinder or tube, terminating in a globular head, from which fronds or aprons float on the surface of the water."

The *Nereocystis* of the Northwest coast is said, when fully grown, to have a stem measuring 300 feet in length, which bears at its summit an air bulb, from which a tuft of upwards of fifty long streamer-like leaves extend, each of which is from thirty to forty feet in length. The stem, which anchors this floating mass, though no thicker than a common window cord, is of great strength and flexibility, and has for ages been used by the natives as fishing lines, being first cut of the required length, which is where the stem begins to expand into the hollow tube, and varies from ten to fifteen fathoms, then soaked in fresh water in a running brook until it is nearly bleached, then stretched, rubbed to the required size, and dried in the smoke in the lodge. When dried it is very brittle, but when wet it is exceedingly strong, and equal to the best flax or cotton fishing lines of the white fisherman.

These pieces, varying from ten to fifteen fathoms each, are knotted together to the required length of eighty fathoms, required in the deep-water fishing around the entrance to Foca Strait, or 200 fathoms at Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia, where the natives take the black cod at that profound depth.

Until within a few years the coast Indians used the upper or hollow portion of these great kelp stems as receptacles for holding dogfish oil, which, together with the paunches of seals and sea lions and whale gut, properly prepared, were the utensils found in every house for holding the family supplies of whale, seal or salmon oil, which are used as articles of food, or dogfish oil, which is used for trading purposes only. Now, however, the Indians use coal-oil cans, barrels and other utensils easily procured from the white traders, and the use of kelp for holding oil is nearly abandoned.

Among my collections for the national museum in 1885 I received a number of specimens of this kelp which had been used for dogfish oil. I split one open and found that the oil had hardened the inside of the kelp tube to the consistency of leather. This specimen I washed with soap and water, then wiped it to remove the moisture, and then rubbed and manipulated it after the manner used by natives in dressing deer skins, and when perfectly dry by this process of continual rubbing, it was soft and flexible, presenting an appearance of wash leather, but if allowed to dry without manipulation it would be hard and brittle. A party of coast Indians were camped at the beach at Port Townsend, and, at my request, they showed me their method of preparing kelp for holding oil. The great stems of the *Nereocystis* are covered with a thin coating of siliceous matter, which is carefully peeled off as one might peel the skin from an apple; only the hollow or upper part of the stem is used. When the skin is removed the tube is placed above the fire and smoked in the lodge, and, as it dries, the salt it contains exudes on the surface; this is carefully removed by rubbing, which also serves to soften the kelp and render it pliable. It is then again placed over the fire and the process continued until the salt is removed; then the tube is blown up like a bladder and allowed to dry until it will retain its shape, and it is then filled with dogfish oil and is ready for market.



A SURE SIGN.—"Business is business." "Who have you been cheating now?"—*Puck.*

He—"Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?"
She—"Yes, if you are not too far gone."

HIS SHARE.—Judge—"You overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?" Witness—"Yis, sor." Judge—"Tell the Court what he seemed to be doing." Witness—"He seemed to be doin' the listen-in'."—*Judge.*

Tailor-made girl—"I should like to look at some neckties."

New Boy—"The necktie department is farther back. This is the toilet department. I can show you some mustache invigorators, though."—*Good News.*



"Great thing, this. If the ice breaks, why then I can't possibly drown—don't you see?"

A South Dakota Indian is reported to have wooed a dusky maiden with a war club. In all probability he made a great hit.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"Who will take care of the babies when the women have their rights?" someone asks. There won't be any babies.—*Atchison Globe.*

General (in the near future)—"Quick! What news?"

Alde (breathlessly)—"The enemy's bicycle brigade is attacking our flank."

General (promptly)—"Tell the gunners to load with tacks."

"Woman will be famed as well as man!" she ejaculated, as she threw down the book. "Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."

"They say it is electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent light, "but I'll be hanged if I see how it is they make the hairpin burn in the bottle."—*Yale Record.*

"Is your rector high church?" "Oh, yes." "I suppose he calls sin, then, a moral obliquity?" "Higher than that. He calls it a psychological eccentricity."

He—"You are a poem!"
She—"Sir! Do you mean that I am insipid?"
He—"Oh, I don't mean a magazine poem."—*New York Weekly.*

TO GET EVEN.—"Visitor—"When you are a man what do you want to be—an author, like your papa?" Johnny (who has just been thrashed)—"No! a critic."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

O'TOOLE—"There, begorra, I've tied Barry's goat on the railroad track, and that train coming u'll kill 'um."

Goat—"Now, if I hadn't swallowed Mrs. Hoolihan's red petticoat yesterday, I couldn't have coughed it up to flag that train."

A mustard plaster is not a very poetic subject; but, ah, how warmly it appeals to a man's feelings!

A man's curiosity never reaches the feminine standard until someone tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.

Jack—"Why do they call the living skeleton the Napoleon of the museum?"

Jimmy—"Because he is the bony part of the show."

Mrs. Oldgirl—"Don't you think, dear, the baby gets its good looks from me?"

Mr. Oldboy—"I guess so; and it seems to have got about all you had."

So many people stretch their clothes lines across their lawns that passers-by get quite a good idea of how a family would look if their house got on fire in the dead of night.—*Thos Cat.*

"What's the subscription price of your paper?"

"Three dollars a year"

"Is it intended for any particular class of readers?"

"Yes—for those who have three dollars."

Teacher—"Why did you hit Willie Winkum with a stone?"

Little Johnny—"He—he got mad, and looked as if he'd like to hit me with something, so I jus' ebucked the stone over to him, so he could throw it at me."—*Good News.*

Treetop—"Now, jes look at that sign, 'Don't Blow Out the Gas.'"

Hayrick—"What does it mean?"

Treetop—"They probably want us to call a boy to do it, so they can charge fifty cents more on our bill"—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Haughty Lady (who has just purchased a stamp)—"Must I put it on myself?"

Post-office Assistant (very politely)—"Not necessary, madam; it will probably accomplish more if you put it on the letter."

Mamma—"What is Willie crying about?"

Bridget—"Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the sthreet to Tommy Brown's."

Mamma—"Well, why didn't you let him go?"

"They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd had 'em yet."

"Grace and Mamie have quarreled and are both miserable." "No, they have made up friends and are perfectly happy again." "How do you know?" "I saw them crying together."

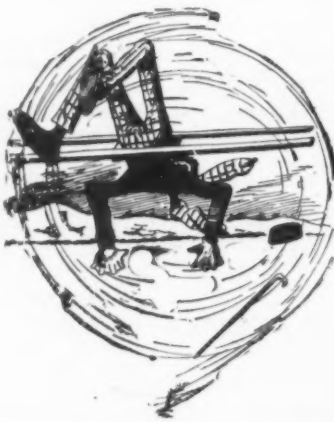
Grumble (confirmed bachelor)—"Don't you sometimes wonder what babies cry about?"

Pater (raised six)—"Don't need to; I know. The most of 'em cry about all the time."

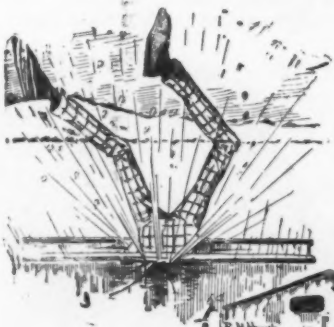
A young poet worked three hours and then produced these fine lines:

It was a cold and wintry night,
A man stood in the street;
His ag'd eyes were full of tears,
His boots were full of feet.

A lawyer of this city found one of his clients building a foundation for a house. The lawyer had supposed his client was a farmer, and said: "Well, Mulcahey, I didn't know you were a mason." "I am not a mason, but only a hod fellow," was Mulcahey's prompt reply.



"Gee Whittaker! This is awfu—"



III.
G-r-g-g-gle
G-r-r-r-l

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. Pamphlet free. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

CARLETON COLLEGE,

Northfield, Minn.

Full Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Wide range of electives. Post-graduate work. Special facilities for study in Pure Mathematics and Astronomy at the Observatory.

THE ACADEMY

fits for college and teaches English branches. Certificates from the State High School Board or from approved high schools and academies will be accepted.

School of Music Fully Equipped.

Open to students of either sex. Expenses very low. For catalogue and circulars address

JAS. W. STRONG, President.



Read what this box contains: 2 yellow roses, 1 light pink rose, 1 dark velvety red, 1 cream white rose, 4 Roman hyacinths, 4 carnations, 3 mignonette, 3 tulips, similar. The contents of this box at regular prices will amount to \$2. We will, however, upon the receipt of \$1.25, express prepaid, to any address.

L. L. MAY & CO., Florists, 23 W. 5th St.

VALLEY PLAIN AND PEAK

FROM MIDLAND LAKES TO WESTERN OCEAN.

This attractive publication contains nearly 100 Northwestern views along the line of the Great Northern Railway, singly or arranged in groups, etched from photographs, ornamentally embellished, and accompanied by descriptive matter and characteristic initials beautifully printed in colors, altogether forming one of the most elegant books of the kind ever issued. It is equal to art books which sell for a dollar or more and contain very much less general information and beauty. Sent for 10 cents in postage by F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., ST. PAUL, MINN.

GEARHART'S FAMILY KNITTER.



Knits a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Knits everything required in the household from homespun or factory wool or cotton yarns. Most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it.

STRONG, DURABLE, SIMPLE, RAPID.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address, J. E. GEARHART, Clearfield, Pa.

"A Observer will not fail to notice that in each large section of our country some one particular railroad will be found always a little in advance of its competitors. In the great Northwest this enviable position belongs to the North-Western Line. —The Health and Home, Minneapolis.

NORTHWESTERN HIDE & FUR COMPANY
Dealers in



How to trap. When to trap. 12 page pamphlet sent free. Mention this magazine.

ASK FOR TICKETS VIA

**ALBERT LEA
ROUTE**

MINNEAPOLIS
AND ST. LOUIS RY
BEST LINE
TO
ST. LOUIS
HOT SPRINGS
CHICAGO
KANSAS CITY
CALIFORNIA

FOR LOW RATES
AND OTHER INFORMATION
ADDRESS
A. B. CUTTS
AGT. GEN. T. & P. AGT.
MINNEAPOLIS

**ENGRAVINGS
OF
ALL KINDS**
SAME AS USED BY NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.
SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.
**COLUMBIAN ENGRAVING AND
ELECTROTYPING CO.**
87 to 91 PLYMOUTH PLACE, CHICAGO.

AN
**ATLAS
OF THE
NORTHWEST**

Contains complete maps of the United States, Minnesota and the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, showing post-offices to June 1, 1894, with every important geographical and topographical feature brought down to date, and printed in the highest style of the map maker's art. These maps ordinarily retail at 25 cts each. Interesting descriptive, historical and statistical information appears with each map. Sent for 15 cents in stamps by F. I. WHITNEY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Northern Pacific RAILROAD LANDS.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Co. owns a large quantity of highly productive
AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

situated along its line in the States traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad
as follows:

In Minnesota,	-	-	Upwards of 1,250,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	-	-	" 6,800,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	" 17,450,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	" 9,375,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

36,600,000 Acres.

CHEAP FARMING LANDS.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company offers large areas of desirable AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS at low prices, ranging chiefly **FROM \$1 TO \$6 PER ACRE** for the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, the best Fruit and Hop-raising Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement.

These Lands are sold on five years' time, if desired, with interest at 7 per cent.

When lands situated in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana are purchased on *five years' time*, one-sixth is required at time of purchase, and the balance in *five equal annual payments*, with interest at 7 per cent.

For prices and terms of sale of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to
WM. WAUGH, Gen'l Land Ag't, ST. PAUL, MINN.

When lands situated in Washington, Idaho and Oregon are purchased on *five years' time*, one-fifth cash is required at time of purchase. At the end of the first year the interest only on the unpaid amount is required. One-fifth of the principal and interest becomes due at the end of each of the next four years. Interest at 7 per cent per annum.

For prices and terms of sale of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to
PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Ag't, TACOMA, WASH.

TIMBER LANDS are sold for cash or by special agreement.

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS. In addition to the millions of acres of low-priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., ON EASY TERMS, there are still larger areas of fertile GOVERNMENT LANDS, lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands open for entry, FREE OF COST, TO SETTLERS, UNDER THE HOMESTEAD AND OTHER LAND LAWS.

DO THIS! WRITE FOR THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS: They contain sectional land maps, and describe the finest large bodies of desirable AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS, CONTAINING VALUABLE MAPS, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, soil, climate and productions; the agricultural and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timber sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantages which the six great Northwestern States, traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, offer to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications are as follows:

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA, showing the lands of Northern Pacific Railroad for sale in the district covered by the map. The leading matter describes the country, climate, soil and productions, the agricultural, timber and mineral resources, the live stock interests, the fisheries, the population and wealth, the educational facilities and the advantages which Northern Minnesota offers for success in diversified farming.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts, and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A MONTANA MAP, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the district covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests, and agricultural sections.

When writing for publications, include the names and addresses of equal stations, and copies will be sent to them also.

FREE. WRITE FOR PUBLICATIONS. They are illustrated and contain valuable maps and descriptive matter, and are mailed free of charge to all applicants. For information relating to lands and the Northern Pacific country, address

P. B. GROAT,
General Emigration Agent,

OR
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

WM. H. PHIPPS,
Land Commissioner,

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**



On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great

**Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.**

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Madison Avenue Hotel,

Madison Ave. and 58th St.,
NEW YORK.

\$3 per day and up. American Plan.

Fire-proof and first-class in every particular.

Two blocks from the Third and Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroads.

The Madison and Fourth Avenue and Belt Line cars pass the door.

H. M. CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

Passenger elevator runs all night.

WINTER Overcoats AND Usters.

We have a larger and better selected line of Winter Overcoats and Usters than all the other clothing houses in St. Paul combined.

A special feature is our
MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

We ship the article the same day the order is received, and pay express charges on all orders of \$20 and over.

BOWLBY
& CO.

*The Boston
St. Paul*

Third
and
Robert.

Mention this magazine

Northern Pacific Railroad.

THOS. F. OAKES, 35 Wall St., New York City.
HENRY C. PAYNE, Milwaukee, Wis.
HENRY C. ROUSE, 45 Wall St., New York City

Receivers

FOR FULL INFORMATION in regard to any particular section of the Northern Pacific Country, rates, routes, tickets, time-tables etc., call on or address any of the following agents:

GENERAL AND SPECIAL AGENTS.

A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt., 121 First street, Portland, Ore.
B. N. AUSTIN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.
A. L. CRAIG, Asst. Genl. Ticket Agt., St. Paul, Minn.
G. R. FITCH, Genl. Eastern Agt., 319 Broadway, New York.
F. H. FOGARTY, Genl. Agt., 210 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
T. K. STATLER, Genl. Agt., Pass. Dept., 638 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
A. D. EDGAR, Genl. Agt., Cor. Main and Grand streets, Helena, Mont.
W. M. TUOHY, Genl. Agt., Butte City, Mont.
R. A. EVA, Genl. Agt., Duluth, Minn.
H. SWINFORD, Genl. Agt., Depot Building, Water street, Winnipeg, Man.
A. TISLING, General Agent, Headquarters Building 625 Pacific avenue, Tacoma, Wash.
I. A. NADDEAU, Genl. Agt., Seattle, Wash.
F. D. GIBBS, Genl. Agt., Spokane, Wash.
F. C. JACKSON, Asst. Gen. Agt., West Superior, Wis.
J. G. BOYD, Gen. Agt., Wallace, Idaho.
C. E. STONE, Ticket Agt., 162 E. Third street, St. Paul.
G. F. MCNEILL, Ticket Agt., 19 Nicollet Bldg., Minneapolis.
F. E. FOSTER, Agt., Ashland, Wis.
F. E. DONAVAN, City Ticket Agt., Duluth, Minn.
J. C. ROBINSON, Tkt. Agt., Union Depot, Duluth, Minn.
E. H. FORESTER, G. A. Freight Dept., 638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
E. M. NEWBIGIN, Commercial Agent, 15 State St., Boston, Mass.
J. B. WICKERY, Commercial Agt., Pittsburgh, Pa.
W. E. BELCHER, Contracting Freight Agt., Toronto, Ont.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENTS

W. N. MEARS, 15 State street, Boston, Mass.
J. H. ROGERS, JR., 47 S. Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
L. L. BILLINGSLEW, 47 S. Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
THOS. HENRY, 128 St. James street, Montreal, Canada.
WM. G. MARSH, 44 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y.
JEO. E. TURNER, 45 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
W. H. WHITAKER, 153 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich.
P. E. NOEL, 108 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.
O. VANDERBILT, 508 W. Locust street, Des Moines, Iowa.
J. J. FERRY, Room 22 Carow Bldg., 5th and Vine streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. N. ROBINSON, 99 Wisconsin street, Milwaukee, Wis.
C. G. LEMMON, 210 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
T. S. PATTY, Road House, Chattanooga, Tenn.
CHAS. E. JOHNSON, General Office, St. Paul, Minn.
F. O'NEILL, Portland, Ore.
E. L. RAYBURN, Portland, Ore.

J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
CHAS. S. FEE, Genl. Pass. and Ticket Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

JAMES P. ELMER,

Railway Specialties.
Metallic Brake Beams, Asphalt Car Roofs,
Trojan Car Couplers, Iron Grain Doors,
Freight Cars and Equipment.
108 Endicott Arcade, - - ST. PAUL, MINN.



67-71 PARK PLACE.

NEW YORK.

OUR PROCESSES:

Photo Tones direct from Photos.
Photo Engravings from Line Copies.
Relief Plates for Color Printing by our new method.
Printing of SOUVENIRS a specialty.

WYMAN, PARTRIDGE & CO., Wholesale DRY GOODS,

And Manufacturers of Fine Shirts,
Jean and Cassimere Pants, Overalls and Lumberman's Wear.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

GEORGE FULLER,

Iron, Steel and Pipe, Railway Material,

514 & 516 Endicott Bldg. ST. PAUL, MINN.

NORTHWEST AGENT

GRiffin WHEEL AND FOUNDRY COMPANY,
Chicago, Illinois.

Manufacturers of

**Chilled Iron Car Wheels
OF ALL SIZES.**

CRESCENT COLOR CO.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.,

Manufacturers of

Silver Seal House Paints,
Gilt Edge White Lead,
Gold Seal Carriage Paints,
Brighton Floor Paints.

Send for Color Cards, Catalogue and prices.

We guarantee our Mixed Paints and White Lead to equal any on the market.

Correspondence solicited.



Prevents

Office Headache.
Mistakes in Addition.
Forward.
Listing Scattered
items to add them.

Saves

60% of time in doing
the work.
And all the time
looking for errors.
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., CHICAGO.

The Best NORTH DAKOTA COAL.

THE LEHIGH
COAL MINING
COMPANY.

OF LEHIGH, NORTH DAKOTA.

Are prepared to fill all orders for coal on short notice from their

**TWENTY-SIX FOOT VEIN
of Clean, Solid LIGNITE COAL.**

This fuel has become the standard domestic and steam coal of North Dakota. Scientific tests show it to contain less ash than any other coal in the world. The percentage of ash is less than four, while anthracite contains six per cent. Former objections on account of the large amount of volatile matter are completely obviated by the new stoves which burn the gas as well as the solid part of the fuel, making this the most economical fuel known.

We have agencies at every station on the N. P. road and its branches in N. Dak. Our coal is sold at all yards of the Gull River Lumber Co. and the Beidler-Robinson Lumber Co. and also at the elevators of the James Johns Elevator Co.

THE LEHIGH
COAL-MINING
COMPANY.

A. C. MCGILLIVRAY, Pres't.
EARL D. FLEMING, Vice Pres't.
R. E. FLEMING, Secretary.
ALEX. MONTAGUE, Treasurer.

DO YOU KNOW that more money can be made on twenty acres of **YAKIMA IRRIGATED LANDS** Than on the best 160 acres of any Eastern farm, and with one-fifth of the labor?

THIS IS A FACT of which abundant proof will be promptly furnished on application to

E. F. BENSON, North Yakima, Washington.